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April 6, 1955

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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APRIL 6, 1955

Vol. 22, No. 45

THE NEW RENAISSANCE

OUR £2000 art prize, the first an-
nouncement of which is made this
week, is one of the largest prizes offered
anywhere in the world for painting.

It is also something more. Implicit in
the prize is recognition of the growing
part fine art is playing in the daily lives
of increasing numbers of people.

Except for rare periods of history, the
pleasures of the arts have tended to be
the preserve of the rich and privileged.

Ancient Greece enjoyed one of those
rare periods when the finest of art was
available to and appreciated by a large
percentage of the ordinary people.

Another rare period came with the
Renaissance, when medieval Europe
blossomed with a beauty of canvas and
stone that enriched the lives of the people
generally.

Another era of renaissance is un-
doubtedly dawning.

Evidence of a widespread interest in art
in present-day Australia is not hard to
find. Art shows are invariably well at-
tended. Art schools are crowded. More
and more factories, banks, business
houses, and municipal councils are be-
coming patrons of the arts.

Individually an informed interest in
the arts is no longer the exclusive property
of the leisured or the long-haired.

Housewives and shop assistants,
politicians and plumbers are now among
those able to tell a Matisse from a
Michelangelo and to live more fully be-
cause of that ability.

Though the genius of a Leonardo or a
Rembrandt is given to very few, the
power of understanding and appreciating
their work is possible for anyone who
cares to take an intelligent interest.

That many Australians are now un-
doubtedly taking this interest must add
richness and variety to the fabric of
national life.

Our art prize, we hope, will stimulate
even further this growing, enriching in-
terest in the arts.

Our cover:

● Film star Jean Simmons sits beside a
swimming-pool with her pet poodle and
tries to control the excitement which has made
her mouth quirk so delightfully in our picture.
The reason? Jean told Court photographer
Baron, who took this and other portraits of
film stars in this issue, that she was at last
going home after more than five years in Holly-
wood—home to England. "I can't tell you how
thrilled I am," she said.

This week:

● Baron took the photographs of Holly-
wood's loveliest women during his first
trip to the U.S.A. since 1948. He went, he
says, in search of glamor, a quality he feels
is quite distinct from beauty, but almost im-
possible to divorce from the theatrical world.
He names only two women not connected with
entertainment who have glamor—Princess
Margaret and Queen Soraya, wife of the Shah
of Persia.

● Details of The Australian Women's
Weekly Portrait Prize, one of the biggest
art awards in the world, are given on pages
12 and 13. Overseas as well as Australian
artists are invited to submit portraits.

● Other features are:—

● Color pictures on New Guinea natives in
tribal head-dresses and some of the birds from
which the waving plumes are obtained.

● The prize-winning portrait in the Blake prize
for religious pictures.

● April in the garden.

● Cookery for the Easter week-end and sug-
gested menus for main meals over the holidays.

Next week:

● A 24-page lift-out booklet on house-
hold matters will give information on
these important subjects:—

● How to care for furniture, from valuable
antiques to modern Swedish types, and the
care of furnishing fabrics.

● Saving time and effort on methods of doing
housework. Short cuts to efficient washing,
ironing, and cleaning.

● Banishing insect pests, such as ants, flies,
fleas, cockroaches, and moths.

● Arranging flowers. Australian women who
have made a hobby of flower arrangement
have contributed to this section.

● The cover and another page of color
pictures will show some charming Easter
bonnets in the American manner. A new bon-
net for the Easter parade is a "must" in New
York, whatever a lady's age may be.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

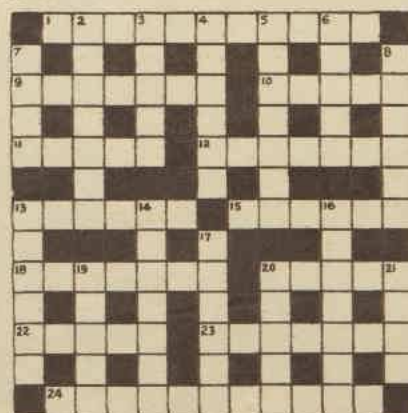
ACROSS

1. No fork, no knife, no spoon. What a poor existence! (4, 2, 8).
9. Arrange in steps a red tag (7).
10. One of the nine muses (5).
11. Stimulate but mostly late (5).
12. No, sarge! They are wild asses (7).
13. Seaport on the Gulf of Salerno (6).
15. He is a joiner yet works in metal (6).
18. Frown upon a textile fabric with slightly twisted-eliver of wool (7).
20. Rope in moonlit wistaria (8).
22. Birthplace of Big Bertha (5).
23. Useless in you if supported by tile (7).
24. The agents of these criminals cannot be women (11).

Solution will be
published next week.

FOOTPAD P P V
I R O ENLARGE
DIAGRAM U I R
O C C O MIMES
LAUGH N S E
E L ASTEROID
A S T R R
P E R I C A R P G G
L A T A I L
U P S E T T A N A
M T H O U T S I D E
P I O N E E R S S
S P S S C A N T L Y

Solution to last week's
Crossword.

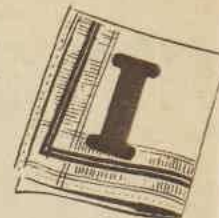


DOWN

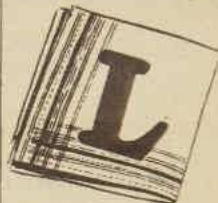
2. The Cotton State (7).
3. Cover a monkey with a doctor (6).
4. King of the faeries (6).
5. Produce an effect to a peer (7).
6. Unsapient hatred stirred up can be good for business (5).
7. Monster full of gore (4).
8. This Australian is haunted by the fear that someone somewhere may be happy (6).
13. Consented (6).
14. Plunge, five-sevenths of which is an ounce (7).
16. If I am in the back of the reed I am a god-maker (7).
17. Nel air (Anagr.) (8).
19. Father's exclamation of surprise for the Turkish officer (5).
20. Reliance on blight after tea (5).
21. According to a well-known poem this plant can be made only by God (4).



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Bath Tangle

BY GEORGETTE HEYER

HIGH-SPIRITED SERENA, only child of the late **EARL OF SPENBOROUGH**, is furious when she finds that her father's will has placed her affairs under the authority of her ex-fiance, the **MARQUIS OF ROTHERHAM**. She and Rotherham broke their engagement because of clashes of temperament, and still rarely meet without quarrelling.

It is also a blow to Serena to have to leave her home, **Milverley**, which now goes to her cousin **HARTLEY**, the new Earl, and his wife, **JANE**. She decides to go and live in the nearby **Dower House** with her youthful stepmother, **FANNY**.

The move suits the mild **Fanny**, who had never grown accustomed to the grandeur of **Milverley** and a husband old enough to be her father, but **Serena** finds her new life very tedious.

Her anger against **Rotherham** reaches its height when he comes in unexpectedly the night of an **Assembly Ball** at the village of **Quenbury**. In a fit of devilment, he had arranged for some young relatives to attend the Assembly with pretty, artless **EMILY LALEHAM**, daughter of a noted social climber. However, he leaves, bored, after dancing only with **Emily**, and **Serena** upbraids him furiously. **NOW READ ON:**

Instalment two of our lively, romantic serial

It was hardly to be expected, **Serena** thought, that the several ladies of their acquaintance in the neighboring district would spare her a description of the **Boxing Day Assembly**, and greatly did she dread being obliged to listen either to animadversions on **Rotherham's** manners, or to bitter criticisms of **Lady Laleham's** encroaching ways. But the weather saved her.

A week of incessant rain made quagmires of all the roads, and rendered the paying of morning-calls ineligible. They were undisturbed by visitors at the **Dower House** until her cousin **Hartley** drove there that afternoon to announce to the ladies **Jane's** safe delivery of a son.

He was a fond and an excellent father, and could scarcely have been more delighted if the child had been his first son, instead of his fourth.

He needed no persuasion to stay to dinner and sat down in a wing-chair beside the fire to discuss, over several glasses of sherry, the doctor's opinion of **Jane's** constitution, the midwife's admiration of her fortitude, and the very diverting things the elder children had said upon being informed that **God** had sent them a new brother.

It was some time before these topics had been talked out, but at last he could think of no more to say on them. He said that he must not go boring on, complimented **Fanny** on her cook's way of dressing a haunch of venison, and suddenly remarked: "So **Rotherham** took his guests to the Assembly on **Boxing Day**? I wouldn't believe it when **Dr. Cliffe** told me so, but it seems to be true enough. I saw **Orrell** the other day, and he vouched for it. A queer start, wasn't it?"

"It was a scheme got up for the entertainment of the young people," said **Fanny** calmly.

"Ay, so I understand. No harm of course but I shouldn't have thought **Rotherham** the man to condescend so far. I am not particularly acquainted with him, but he has always seemed to me pretty high in the instep: one of your haughty care-for-nobodies! However, **Orrell** assures me he was very

To page 46

"I'd look a worse fright than this if I stuffed myself into one of your new-tangled gowns," **Mrs. Flore** told **Serena** easily.





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NO HERO AT HOME

A complete short story by JON CLEARY

IT all began when young Ralph, eyes bright as blue neon and his voice coming out of the top of his head with excitement, said, "Hey, Dad, you know who's coming to the coaching class? Arthur Morris!"

Phil Corderoy looked sideways at his son, a resigned expression on his big dark face. He was a tall man, heavy in the shoulders and now getting slightly heavy around the waist, and though he was a long way from being handsome he was just as far from being ugly. "And who the heck is Arthur Morris?"

"Oh, darling," said Val, and bowed her head in acknowledgment of her husband's pained look. Val was in her thirties, but she could still attract whistles from men in their twenties—or of any age, for that matter. She had red hair, bold eyes, and a figure that had been variously described as provocative (by a model agency), stunning (by one of her more honest girl-friends), and "a bit of all right" (by the boys). She was calm and matter-of-fact and just the right wife for someone like Phil Corderoy.

Ralph looked pityingly at his father, a moron from over the seas. "Gee, Dad, don't you know anyone? He's just about the best left-hand batsman in the world, that's all!"

"He's talking cricket," Val enlightened her husband, and helped herself to another chop. That was another thing Phil loved about her: she never had to diet. "Don't you read the sporting pages?"

"What's the use?" said Phil, who had read very little else back home in the States. "How much space do they give to a ball game?"

"You ought to take an interest in cricket," Ralph sounded worried, as if his father were letting life slip by without experiencing it to the full. "A lot of cricketers play baseball in the winter, just to keep their eye in. That way you could follow the same coveys all the year round."

"Baseball in winter! What a cockeyed country!" said Phil, and pondered how topsy-turvy the world had become. Why, back home the seasons took their cue from baseball: spring didn't begin till the first ball had been thrown in the training camps down south.

And when the last fan filed out from the last game of the World Series, only then was it time for autumn to come in. But down here in Australia—playing ball in winter! It was as much of a disrupting influence on the game as television.

Phil picked up his knife and fork and attacked his chops again. It was only in the last year that he had begun to eat, in the Australian fashion, using his knife and fork both at once. He was slowly being converted to local customs, and recently, for the first time in his life, had voted on a ticket where there was neither a Republican nor a Democrat candidate. But he'd be fried in Hades first before he'd let baseball take second place to cricket.

Who did these cricketers think they were, anyway, only playing ball in the winter because they had nothing better to do? It was an insult to the American national game. Maybe he should write

to Ford Frick or Senator McCarthy or someone.

It was still worrying him when he went to bed. "Ralph wants his outlook broadened," he said. "Every week he's got a new hero. But whoever heard of any of them outside Australia? Landy, Miller, Morris—runners and cricketers!"

"There's no need to grab all the blankets," Val said. "You're my hero."

She lay beside him, after twelve years of marriage still as beautiful as the girl of his youthful dreams. He had known how she would look long before he had met her, and he had fallen for her quicker than it had taken him to learn her name.

He kissed her, suddenly sentimental, a man with his woman in the long golden season of love (for at high school he had thought for a time of being a poet); but all his woman said was, "You didn't shave very closely this morning."

He flopped over on his back and went back to the original subject. "Does Ralph ever look up to me? Am I a hero to him? No, I'm just a onetime ball player. Just a ball player! Heck, I'll have you know—"

He waved an arm at the neutral dark,

thumped the unresponsive bed; Leo Durocher, arguing with a myopic umpire, had never been more demonstrative. "I played in two All-Star games before the war. Some people said I was as good a catcher as Bill Dickey—"

"Who's Bill Dickey?" Val murmured sleepily. "We don't know anyone named Dickey."

Phil writhed, staring disgust at the dark ceiling. It served him right for ever leaving home. As Dizzy Dean would have said, he should have stood where he was. But of course when Uncle Sam had sent him to Australia early in 1942 he had had no option but to do what he was told. A tech sergeant, even if he'd been a major league ball player in civilian life, went where he was sent in the U.S. army.

So he had come Down Under, to the land of aborigines and kangaroos and boomerangs, thinking how lucky were his buddies who had been sent to the civilised countries. And a week after landing he had met Val, one of the natives, who spoke English, had never thrown a boomerang, and looked just as lovely as the girls back home; and two months later they had married, and not one of the guests had brought a woomera or a boomerang to the reception.



He hoped he was a dinkum Aussie, but surely that didn't mean he had to like cricket?

Ten months later Ralph had arrived, and when VJ Day came Phil had returned to Australia, taken out his immigration papers, got a job with the local plant of an American refrigeration company, and settled down in Sydney. They had even been lucky enough to get a house despite the housing shortage, and the future had looked even better than the politicians' promises.

At first he had regretted the early retirement from the big league stuff, but he had known that what he had was worth more: a loving wife, a healthy youngster, and a good job in a country where he had felt at home.

But all that had been before he'd known that his son would grow up to be a cricket lover, a heretic who uttered the names of strange gods about the house and who thought baseball was just another version of rounders.

Next morning Phil made a few phone calls, felt his ego swell at the reception he got, and that evening he took home copies of both afternoon papers. Ralph grabbed them from him and retired, already turning to the sports pages before he had disappeared through the doorway. Phil looked after him, waiting for the cry of surprise, the pleasant sound of

someone just discovering a new hero. There was dead silence.

"When you're ready," Val said, eyes shut, lips pouted for her evening kiss.

Phil gave her an absent-minded peck. Then he put an arm about her shoulders and guided her down toward Ralph's room. "I'm wanted in the kitchen," she said. "There's an Irish stew—"

"Let the Irish stew. They deserve no better," he said, and laughed aloud at his wit. Oh, he felt good tonight! "Anything in the papers, Ralph?"

"Nothing much," Ralph said. "Just a bit about Keith Miller."

"Nothing else?"

"There's my stew—" said Val, and Phil kept a firm grip on her shoulders.

"No . . . Oh, there's a bit about baseball," Ralph bent his head to read, then bent lower and lower till his nose was only inches from the page. The item isn't that small, Phil thought. Suddenly Ralph sat up straight. "Hey, it says you're going to come out of retirement to play baseball again!"

"That's right," said Phil, and tried to look like a hero to his son.

"You're soft in the head," said his wife, and tore herself away and went out to her Irish stew.

Phil sat down on the bed beside Ralph. "You going to come and watch me?" He tried to make it sound more like a question than a threat. But he knew Ralph would be there, if he had to drag him by the scruff of the neck.

Ralph picked up his cricket bat and began to rub an oiled cloth over it. His grandfather, Val's old man and another heretic, had given it to him last Christmas, and he cared for it with the same passion as Phil himself had lavished on his fishing rods when he was Ralph's age. Phil looked at the bat and decided that next week he'd buy Ralph a real piece of wood—a slugging, home-run-in-every-swing baseball bat.

"Well, I don't think much of baseball," Ralph said; and somewhere Phil heard the ghosts of Babe Ruth and Christy Mathewson snort in disgust. "But if you're playing, it'll be different."

"You may even take it up some day, eh?" said Phil hopefully.

"Ah, I dunno. Arthur Morris saw me at the coaching class today, and he reckons I might be a good bat some day. He said I've got the right style."

He stood up and took a pose in front of the long closet mirror. He wove the bat through various patterns that looked like voodoo gestures to Phil, then straightened up and turned round. "How'd you like it, Dad, if some day I played for Australia in a Test?"

"I'd rather you played for the Yankees in the World Series," said Phil, and thought how tragic it was to have a foreigner for a son.

The following Saturday Phil had his first game. He had joined the Yanks, a team of American ex-servicemen who, like himself, had married and settled down in Australia, and they played in what amounted to major league competition here in Sydney. The games were played on suburban cricket ovals, and though the grounds were not large, there were more empty seats than there were spectators.

For a man who had played before sell-out

crowds at Yankee Stadium and Comiskey Park, it amounted to exile. But when Phil trotted out on to the field with the rest of the team he got a reception that was as warm if not as large as any he would have received back home. These locals were a long way from the major leagues, but they knew their ball players.

"It ain't much different to home," That was Hebble, first baseman, who had played semi-pro. stuff back in Oklahoma. "They can razz you just as loud if you make an error."

"Ah, but it's not the same, somehow." Novak was from Brooklyn and had once tried out for the Dodgers at third base; now he was left field on an obscure ground at the end of the world, and he wished he could talk his wife into going back home.

"In my dreams I hear the noise from the bleachers at Ebbets Field. I like it better even than Dinah Shore singing." He sighed and began to amble out to left field, to outer space and a bad bout of home-sickness. "It's the sound of Brooklyn, and they don't make better music."

Phil grinned and looked across at Val and Ralph sitting on the other side of the white picket fence. He wasn't going to be bothered by home-sickness or the missing roar of a larger, more familiar crowd. All he wanted was to look like a hero in the eyes of a boy who had grown up with the wrong interests.

But, though he was a class above the men he was playing with, he had forgotten that time has no respect for heroes. His performance that afternoon was unheroic in the extreme. He didn't actually commit any errors, but it was more by luck than skill that he had nothing marked against him.

The pitcher, Pinestreet, had never been better than a college pitcher, but Phil had trouble holding him, and several times he made blind but fortunate grabs at breaking pitches. Twice he had to throw to second base, and each time the ball seemed to float away from him as if it had been blown in that direction by a light breeze instead of thrown by an arm that had once been famous for its power.

He knew as well as any of the players that

To page 69

When Ralph told his father he didn't want to watch him play baseball that week-end he casually left the room, conscious of his parents watching him.



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Subtlety, rather than direct action, was what the situation demanded, Sally thought

The Professor Awakes

By ISABEL LANGIS

WHEN Professor Stedman came home at three o'clock in the afternoon instead of going to class, his young wife, Sally, knew immediately what was up.

This is it, she told herself when she heard his key in the front door. She glanced in the mirror, pulled her mouth down at the corners becomingly, and went forth to play her part.

"Darling," she cried, hurrying down the stairs, "you home at this hour?" She hugged him because, even though he was the most absent-minded husband in the world, she loved him.

"What a wonderful surprise! I haven't seen you to speak to since last Tuesday. I was going to send out Boy Scouts."

"Now, now, I've been home since then," Professor Stedman said mildly, but he sounded doubtful. He was a scholarly, serious-looking chap, and at the moment he looked older than his thirty-seven years.

Reaching into his pocket, he drew out a letter, which he handed to her. It was in a pink envelope with his name and box number at the college typed on it. Oh, darn, Sally thought, I shouldn't have used my own typewriter—he's sure to recognise that light e.

"Bad news?" she asked, looking blandly innocent; with her blond hair and big eyes, that wasn't difficult.

Professor Stedman continued to look solemn and long-faced. "Read it," he said, passing the half-opened letter to her. They went into the living-room; he sat down on the couch, she at the writing desk in the window.

Sally glanced at the envelope and took out the letter. Oh, he'd never notice a little thing like that light e. And he certainly wouldn't recognise the paper. Even she couldn't remember where she'd bought it or how long ago.

"Professor," she read aloud, "are you keeping an eye on your wife?"

For a second she stared at the paper, looking as bewildered as possible and collecting her forces for the histrionics ahead. Go to it, she told herself firmly, remember how you wowed 'em as Portia in high school.

"Good heavens, Paul," she said. "An anonymous letter! Now who on earth could have sent that? Why, if that isn't the silliest thing you ever heard of! Who could think I need watching? Me, of all people! Who could lead a duller, a more exemplary life?"

"I simply can't understand it," Stedman said. "We are happy, aren't we? It hasn't been a bad three years, has it?"

"Darling, a wonderful three years!" she cried, hurrying to sit beside him on the couch. "Such a silly question! A perfect three years! Why, I've done all the things I always wanted to. Before I married you I never even had time to

get my breath, what with my job and all—"

"And all the men who were running after you," Stedman said with a hollow chuckle.

"Oh, there weren't so many," she said modestly. "What a lighthead I was then, dancing and dashing around. And now—think of it. I've finished that braided rug for the dining-room. That's how domestic I am."

"I love to make rugs. They're company for me when you're out so much in the evening. I've been thinking of taking up weaving this winter. But goodness," she cried, "you didn't come home to hear about all those dull details. Now, I think we should just forget all about that nasty letter."

He nodded, still glum. Sally, afraid he might be taking her at her word, plunged on. "Probably somebody saw me off in a corner with Freddy Phelps at some faculty party. You know how those things are." She permitted herself one wistful sigh. "I always get Freddy."

He looked at her as though she had said she always got chicken-pox. "You do? I never noticed."

Sally bit her lip. "The minute we get in the door, somebody always buttonholes you to talk about your doctorate thesis. I suppose Freddy thinks he's rescuing me."

"Rescuing you? From what?"

"From being alone," she explained, with what she felt was magnificent patience. "You can't help being so popular. Of course, Freddy's a lamb, and he's doing a study of yak breeding in Tibet which is probably fascinating, but—"

"But what?"

This time Sally's sigh was genuine. He was unusually dense today. She had long since discovered that, like Mount Everest, his summit was enveloped in a plume of fog.

"I just don't seem to care for yaks," she said.

"Oh, sometimes I get Dr. Parkhurst. He's a dear, too, but hardly the type one would write an anonymous letter about. After all, he is over eighty. It's simply amazing how much he knows about deep-sea vegetation. Of course, he's a nice dancer."

"Old Iggy?" Stedman asked unbelievably. "You're a beautiful dancer."

"Thank you," Sally said demurely. "As I remember, you are, too. But, of course, Dr. Parkhurst and I only do the two-step. I suppose he feels he's rescuing me, too."

"Gosh," Professor Stedman muttered. "Why, it's a wonder you aren't bored to death at those parties."

At last the fog was beginning to lift! Sally pounced. "Bored?" she cried. "Why, of course not! That's practically the only time I get to see you—even if it is from a distance. You're such a busy man, dear."

Again his face took on that

vaguely puzzled look, and she wondered anxiously if the cloud had descended again.

He said, "Well, yes, I've been away a lot of evenings, now that I think of it."

"Oh, I don't mind," Sally protested warmly. "I've read War and Peace three times since we've been married. And sometimes I go to the pictures with the girls—when they aren't off somewhere with their husbands, of course. It's not as if it were dull or anything." She leaned over and kissed his cheek.

For a time Professor Stedman was silent, and his wife stayed quietly beside him, her fingers crossed to the elbows.

Finally he said in a ringing voice, "By golly, it is dull! It must be! I haven't even been home to dinner since last Wednesday—"

"Tuesday," she corrected.

"Sally, that letter has waked me up. I've been neglecting you!"

Sally opened her eyes wide. "Paul Stedman, what in the world put that idea in your head?"

"It's absolutely true," he cried, giving the coffee table a whack. "You're young, pretty—you shouldn't

"Read it," Paul said, handing the half-opened letter to her.

he making rugs, letting old Freddy Phelps talk your arm off. Good grief, what have I been thinking of? What a selfish—"

"Paul!" She put her arm around him. "Of all the nonsense. Why, a teacher's wife doesn't expect to go anywhere—"

"What a sport you are!" he marvelled. "What a loyal, sweet—and what a lout I am!"

"Now, dear," she soothed him. "You've been busy. I understood. And you've been wonderful about birthdays and anniversaries. Why, only last year on our anniversary you took me to a delightful lecture—on the problems of town management in central Tasmania, I believe."

"A lecture," Stedman groaned. "What did we do this year?"

"Oh, goodness, what does it matter?" Sally protested hastily. "You can't think of everything, with all you have on your mind. Why, we went to the theatre only last month. No, it was the month before, and it was the faculty children's dance recital—"

"Gad, I'm going to miss my four-o'clock," Stedman exclaimed, rising. "Mrs. S., what are you doing to-night?"

"I was planning to polish the silver," Sally said eagerly. "I polish it every Friday night. Did you have something in mind?"

"Dinner at the Blue Door. Steak. A cocktail or two. Maybe a two-step. Yes?"

"Yes, yes, and more yes," Sally said, her eyes dancing. She walked to the door with him.

He bent and kissed her. "Maybe this letter was a good idea. Whoever wrote it did us a favor."

Conscience was prodding at Sally. "Paul," she said in a small voice, "I know who wrote the letter."

Her absent-minded professor grinned. "So do I. I knew who, I wanted to find out why. You see, I gave you that pink stationery last Christmas, dear."

Sally's mouth fell open. "You—I—you knew? But I—how could you pretend—"

"You are a fair actress," the professor said loftily. "But in my last year of high school I played Hamlet!"

(Copyright)



Warm-hearted story of a mother who cherished a dream

Poor man's daughter

By GERTRUDE SCHWEITZER

NORA SWANSON swept the spotless steps for the third time, her broom moving with mechanical briskness as she peered down the street again. Almost six o'clock, and still no Mary. Never had she been this late from school before, not without telephoning.

"Good evening, Mrs. Swanson." Here was Mr. Gregory, already home from business, and Mary not yet back. He stopped and smiled at her, his middle-aged face falling into its kind lines. "Do you never stop cleaning? Some day they'll erect a statue to you with a broom in your hand."

She smiled back at him. She was younger than he was, but until she smiled she looked older—a dumpy little woman with tired eyes. But when she smiled you saw that once she must have been quite beautiful.

"I like to clean," she said.

"Do you?" He looked surprised. "Well."

She watched him go inside, and wished she could cook a good meal for him some time. He was too thin for a big man. His wife never came home until late in the afternoon, and what kind of meal could you cook for a man in half an hour?

But of course she was foolish. Food was not everything. "You shouldn't cook so much, Mom," Mary was always telling her. "I can't eat all that heavy food. I'll get fat."

Probably Mr. Gregory did not want to get fat, either. He and his wife looked so fine when they went out together, like a king and queen. It was one of the reasons why she had come to work here, so that Mary could live where there were such people. They had other things to think of besides cooking.

The thought of Mary made her worry again. If something had happened—but she would not even imagine such a thing. Nothing had happened. Mary was visiting one of her friends from school, and this time she had forgotten to telephone. Was not this what Nora had wanted when she took the cleaning job in this fine neighborhood? That Mary would go to a better school and make friends with nicer girls?

Nora sighed and went back inside. She could not pretend that the steps needed sweeping any more, and, besides, it was time to finish cooking supper. Mary would not come any faster because she was watching.

She let herself into the ground-floor apartment and put away the broom. The rooms were small, and they looked out on a courtyard, but everything was freshly painted and there was a new refrigerator in the kitchen and a new stove, the same as in any of the other apartments in the building. She could never have afforded such a place for Mary, never in her life, but it came with the job, rent free, with a small salary besides.

Sometimes she made extra money, too, cooking after hours for someone in the house who was having guests, or sitting with babies. By planning carefully, it was possible for her to buy Mary some nice clothes, but she knew they were not as nice or as many as the other girls had. Mary did not say, but Nora knew. She saw.

"Eric," she thought, and sat down for a minute on the kitchen chair. "Eric, you see I try. I do my best."

How they had planned, she and Eric, from the time Mary was born! They had lain awake at night, talking of all the advantages they would give her, all the things they had never had. It was possible in America for even a simple man like Eric to make much money.

Nora remembered how she had gasped when he had come home from the factory the first week and poured the coins and bills out on the table from the little envelope.

"We are rich!" she had said.

Eric had smiled and put his big arms around her. "Not rich. Here everything costs more. Not rich," he had repeated. "But our Mary will not work with her hands all day as we did, and she will go to good schools—even college, maybe and be a lady."

If Eric had lived, it would have been so easy, but for a woman alone—

The outside door banged, and Nora sat up straight, holding her breath. Then, as the apartment door opened, she let it out in a long sigh.

"Mom?" the young voice called.

Nora smiled. The short, crisp syllable never failed to please her. It was so American. Before they had moved here, Mary always called her "Mamma," just as Nora had called her own mother, but here all the young people said "Mom."

It made Nora feel like the women she had seen once at the

high school when Mary was in a play—confident and smartly dressed and slender. Only she knew she really could never be like those women, never in a thousand years.

"I am here," she called back. "In the kitchen."

Mary came in. Her cheeks were bright with color and her eyes shone. She pushed her butter-yellow hair back from her face and sat down on the edge of the kitchen table, swinging her legs in their white woollen socks. Like a child's legs, Nora thought. But in the soft blue sweater, she was clearly not a child.

"I was worried," Nora said. She got up and took the lid off the pot on the stove and stirred the thick, rich soup. "I did not know where you were."

"What?" Mary smiled, but she was not smiling at her mother. She did not, Nora saw, really know she was in the room. It was as if someone else were there, someone who made her smile like that and then all at once throw her head back and begin humming a little tune to herself.

"What? Oh." She stopped and looked at her mother. "I'm sorry," she said then. "I forgot to phone. I was—I just forgot."

Nora nodded. "I know how this is," she said. "When you are young, it is easy to forget." She sipped the soup, letting it go down slowly, and then holding her head on one side and testing the after-taste with her lips and her tongue, as though she were savoring the bouquet of a good wine. "But you must try. It is not good to forget."

Mary was not listening. "I met this boy," she said. "Buzz Trevor. I met him at Betty's and he walked me home, and on the way we stopped for a soda. We sat there a long time."

She was not telling it, Nora thought. She was living it again. Buzz Trevor. "We just talked and talked."

"Why did he not come in with you," Nora asked, "so I could meet him?"

"I don't know. He had to get back." She looked out the window. "He has his own car. He said he'd call me up soon and take me out in it."

"You should have asked him in," Nora said.

Mary slid off the table. "Oh, my goodness, you're always preaching," she said.

She ran into the bedroom and closed the door. Nora sat down again, feeling her heart thump like a heavy stone against her ribs. She knew why Mary had not asked this Buzz Trevor to meet her—a boy with his own car, the first boy to make Mary smile in that certain way and sing to herself.

Mary did not want to spoil it. She did not want him to know that her family was not the same as the other families in this building—that she was the daughter of the caretaker. But because Mary was a good girl, she felt guilty, and so she spoke angrily of preaching.

"Eric, it is no use," Nora thought. "No matter how I try, I cannot give her what the other girls have. I cannot even give her a mother like the other mothers, only a fat, stupid one who knows nothing but how to clean and to cook and to preach."

The telephone rang in the hall, and Mary burst out of the bedroom to answer it. In a minute she came and stood in the doorway of the kitchen. "Mom," she said, "I'm sorry. I don't know what got into me."

Nora smiled. "Well, if now it is out and comes back no more, we shall not speak of it," she said. "Sit down and have your supper."

Mary moved slowly to a chair. "That was Kathy Fillmore on the phone," she said.

"Fillmore?" Nora repeated. "This is the Fillmore who owns the bank? She is your friend?"

Mrs. Fillmore had spoken to Nora once in the market. She was a lovely lady with a voice like music, and her family was one of the most important in the town, but she had talked about the cost of meat as if she and Nora were only two women.

"Well, I know Kathy from school," Mary said. "She's giving a big blast Saturday night."

"Big blast?"

"A party," Mary explained patiently.

"And you are invited?" Nora asked eagerly. "Kathy Fillmore has invited you to this big—blast?"

Mary nodded. She crossed her arms as if she were hugging herself, and looked dreamily down into the soup. "Buzz Trevor told her he wants me to be his date."

Nora began to eat. She did not speak for a moment, leaving Mary alone with her dream. Buzz Trevor. He had no

face, no form, only a name that was sweet on Mary's tongue. If he was the wrong one, Nora would not know; there could be nothing she could do.

"Is he a nice boy?" she asked finally, unable to contain herself any longer, not knowing it was an empty question.

"Buzz?" Mary brought her blue eyes slowly up to meet her mother's, as though she could not bear to tear them from her untasted soup.

"They've just moved here," she said. "His father is opening a factory or something. All the girls are crazy about him." She leaned her chin on her hand. "But he likes me," she crooned. "He likes me, Mom."

If she were like the other mothers, Nora thought, Mary would bring this boy to meet her, and she would see if he was right, if he was good. Of course, she could demand that Mary bring him, but she had never demanded anything of Mary. Maybe she had made a mistake in this—she was not a clever woman—but she could not change it now.

Just as Mary had begun to eat a little, the telephone rang again. This time it was so long before the girl came back that Nora had to rehear her soup. She could hear nothing but a low murmuring and once a giggle, a little shrill, not, somehow, like Mary. Then finally the door opened and closed again.

"That was Buzz," Mary said. "He's calling for me Saturday night."

Nora smiled. She looked like Mary when she smiled, the same high color, the same warm, blue eyes.

"I'm glad," she said. "I'll meet him then."

"Well," Mary said, and looked away. "Well, I told him not





Still barely awake, Nora heard Mary say anxiously, "It's eight o'clock. Did you sleep here all night?"

to bother coming in. He said it might be—well, late—and so I said he should just honk and I'd come out."

"Oh," Nora said. "I see."

They did not say very much during the rest of the meal. They did not say very much while they did the dishes together, either, although usually this was the time when they both talked most.

This was the time when they were closest, two women together. Even when Mary had to stand on a stool to reach the sink, it had been like that. Two women together, sharing everything—she remembered the times:

"Today I learned to read the card that says CAT. When I learn to read all the cards then I'll read to you out of a book every night the way Papa used to, and you won't be sad any more." . . . "I will wait, my little one. But in the meantime I will stop being sad. I did not mean to be."

"A boy pulled my hair, Mamma. He called me a dumb Swede and pulled my hair. It hurt" . . . "Him it hurts more, Mary. You must feel sorry for him, because he is not enough loved and so he must find somebody to pick upon."

"Why do you have to work so hard, Mamma, and get so tired? I wish you didn't." . . . "I would get more tired if I did not work. When I look at you, how fine you are growing, then I am rested."

"I feel strange here, Mom, in the new school and everything. Nobody pays any attention to me. I wish I knew how to make them like me." . . . "But this is easy, Mary. You must only like them, and forget yourself, and you will see how easy it comes."

They had talked and talked, all through the years, but now they were silent.

It was Mary who finally spoke, reaching to put the dishes away on the top shelf, tall enough, now, to need no chair.

"Is there any way I could fix over my party dress?" she asked, without turning around. "So it would look different, I mean?"

"The other girls will have new dresses?"

"I don't know. It doesn't matter." Mary closed the door of the china cabinet and stood looking out the window. She stood like Eric, Nora thought, so straight. "I just thought if I could change it a little—"

"She should have a new dress," Nora thought. She had worn the blue one so often. When a girl is young, and she goes to her first important party with the first important boy, she should have a new dress. If Nora had known before, she might have found extra work and made the money, but now there was no time.

"We shall see," she said. "Try it on now, and we shall see what can be done."

Mary whirled around from the window and hugged her, the young arms squeezing out her breath. "Oh, Mom," she said. "you're an angel!" . . .

Nora sat up until after midnight on Wednesday and Thursday, and until almost two on Friday, making over the dress. Her fingers that fitted so comfortably around the handle of a broom, that were so deft and light on a lump of dough, were awkward with a needle.

She could turn up a little girl's hem and mend a sock, but for the cutting and shaping, the fine, clever stitching, her hands had no knack. When the dress was finished at two o'clock

Saturday morning, it did not look like the same dress, but neither, Nora knew, did it look as the other girls' dresses would.

She pressed it and hung it up, and then sat down and cried a little.

The next thing she knew Mary was standing at the door calling to her, and when she opened her eyes the sun was streaming across her face. She closed them again, shutting out the light, still barely awake.

"Mom! It's eight o'clock, Mom," she heard Mary say anxiously. "Did you sleep here all night?"

Nora said, smiling sheepishly, "I did not know it. For a minute I shut my eyes, and it is morning." She stood up and yawned. "Anyway, there is the dress. It is finished."

Mary went over and looked at the dress hanging on the back of the door. In the daylight, Nora saw, it was even worse. It was as if it had a label on it that said "Made over."

"It's wonderful," Mary said, after a second. "It's really beautiful. It really is, Mom." She turned and smiled, and Nora, who knew her face so well, could see the stiffness in the muscles. "Thanks an awful lot."

"You will be the prettiest girl at the party," Nora said. "This boy, Buzz, will have eyes for only you."

Mary's smile was like the one a doll wears, manufactured to last. "Buzz notices clothes," she said. "He noticed my sweater. He said I had good taste."

"You will be the prettiest girl there," Nora said again softly. "It will not matter about the dress."

Mary lifted her chin. "What's wrong with the dress?" she

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Letters from our Readers

THIS WEEK'S BEST LETTER

WHY do so many parents think that their children make fascinating and never-ending subjects for conversation? Stories of children's amazing attributes or escapades make pleasant hearing only if administered to friends in small doses and only at opportune times.

Children can become the innocent victims of jealousy and dislike if their parents are of the "praise-singing" variety. And, what is equally unpleasant, often they have to contend with the cynical amusement of the friends of their parents. I do wish parents would realise how seriously they can handicap their children in this way.

This failing has turned well-meaning women and men, too, into bores; it is well to remember that your children's activities are not half as interesting to others as they are to yourself. Quite unconsciously a parent speaks long and easily on the subject most dear to the heart—"my child." It springs, of course, from natural love and pride. But why prejudice both your children's and your own popularity by broadcasting too much news about them?

£1/1/- to Mrs. Norma Waldron, Frankston, Vic.

ALL of us at times have attacks of depression and the blues. My remedy for them is to clean out all the cupboards and shelves—a job I detest at all times, but I am always cured of my miseries by the time I'm finished and also have the satisfaction of an unpleasant job well done. Different friends I have mentioned this subject to nearly all have their own pet remedy, and to say the least of it some of them are very odd.

10/6 to E.H. (name supplied), Busselton, W.A.

PEOPLE are never satisfied with the weather. Should the sun be shining brightly it is far too hot for them, but if we have rain the next day they bemoan the fact that we never see the sun. Why can't we learn to adjust ourselves and enjoy whatever the good Lord sends us? After all, we can't do anything about it, so why not try to weather the weather?

10/6 to Juvenes (name supplied), Campsie, N.S.W.

IT has been quite frequently said that the average Australian is egotistical, lazy, self-centred, and has no care for his fellow-men. But after the recent devastating floods in New South Wales and the spontaneous response from those unaffected—with money, clothes and food—can we still say the same? It takes such a crisis to bring to light the Aussie heroism, courage, and generosity which is quickly shown. It makes one proud to be an Australian.

10/6 to "Proud Aussie" (name supplied), West Cairns, Qld.

WHY don't department and chain stores in the cities consider the fact that there are hundreds of people who are on special sugarless diets? Nearly every store has a fountain where paper cups filled with orange, lemon, or other varieties of cordial can be bought for a few pence. These cordials are forbidden to a lot of people, though, who must go thirsty for their day's shopping or go to the expense of entering a restaurant for a cup of tea. Isn't it possible for the stores to serve paper cups of iced water? People who cannot drink the cordials because of health would gladly pay a few pence for a cold drink on a hot summer's day.

10/6 to P.C. (name supplied), Cremorne, N.S.W.

WHY do women have to be so ungracious in trams? I am a schoolgirl and travel each day in a tram. Almost every day I give up my seat to a lady (usually one in her twenties) but rarely do I receive thanks. Most of the ladies don't make any attempt

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every letter published on this page.

to say "thank you," but sit down in my seat with a sour expression on their face as if deploring the present generation of teenagers. Am I expecting too much when I ask for just a word of thanks?

10/6 to Joan Scanlon, Bondi, N.S.W.

Princess Margaret

I WOULD like to reply to Mrs. Spraggett (The Australian Women's Weekly, 23/3/55) who says Princess Margaret should keep the laws of her church and not marry a divorced man. I married into the Church of England and wholeheartedly upheld their views on divorce until a few years later. I was able to get out and meet people of various types and religions, and realised what a God-send divorce could be. It is said that people with children should not get divorced. I disagree. Children brought up in a home where quarrels are the rule rather than the exception grow into very bitter adults.

Peter Townsend's wife committed adultery and blatantly admitted it. Is that not breaking one of the commandments? Even Roman Catholics agree that adultery is reason for divorce.

Princess Margaret is beloved by all and, considering her upbringing and lineage, I am sure she will not be one-eyed in her views. No one, except the first Mrs. Townsend, has broken a commandment. I see nothing in the commandments saying, "Thou shalt not marry a divorced person."

10/6 to Mrs. F.T. (name supplied), Newcastle, N.S.W.

I DO not agree with Mrs. Spraggett. We are now living in a modern age, not in the days of Queen Victoria. If Princess Margaret wants to marry her heart's desire let her do so. After all, Townsend is a war hero and women have married men many years their senior and lived happily. Let her have her own way; it is her own life and future that counts.

10/6 to Mrs. A. I. Lymath, Granville, N.S.W.

Family Affairs

● Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

LIKE every other young married, I have my share of in-law trouble. I found early in married life that it just didn't pay to defend myself and my attitude. Not only was I taking the chance of making enemies, but, worse still, I was hurting my husband. But what could I do? One day I really got mad and, as I did not have a screaming room like wealthy Chinese families, I turned to my desk and wrote out everything I would like to say to them.

I was exhausted when I had finished, but I felt fine. I had got the thing right out of my system. Some weeks later, when tidying up my desk, I came across my letter. I sat down and read it right through, and by the time I came to the end I was laughing.

The complaints seemed so silly written down, and I was glad I had never said what I had written in the heat of anger.

Now it is a firm rule with me to write down my feelings every time there is electricity in the air. In this way I hurt no one's feelings and get rid of my own ill-temper.

£1/1/- to J.C.M., (name supplied), Ashfield, N.S.W.



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BROWN HILL CREEK (above), four miles from Adelaide, S.A., is one of the many fertile gullies in the Adelaide Hills which provide the city markets with most of their fruit and vegetables. Picture by Keith Phillips.

BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

WINDSOR (below) with the hay-makers reaping the lucerne crop from the same rich river flats which provided food for N.S.W. pioneers who settled in 1810. This picture was taken by Valerie Lhuède, of Sydney.



**Harsh Detergents
Make Your Hair
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Well-known model Diana Langley uses Colinated Coconut Oil Foam Shampoo. "It's so safe—and so good for my hair," she says.

Everyone admires hair that's silken soft and shining. The trouble is too many women destroy the natural beauty of their hair by using shampoos containing harsh detergents. Harsh detergents are the ruination of beautiful hair. They dry the scalp, making the hair brittle and lifeless. The best shampoo to use for your hair is Colinated Coconut Oil Foam Shampoo. This pure, greaseless shampoo contains no detergents whatever. Colinated Coconut Oil Foam Shampoo removes

every particle of dust, excess oiliness or dandruff, and gives the hair cells a chance to breathe. One or two teaspoonsful is plenty to create a big quantity of rich, creamy lather. It cleanses delightfully and rinses out easily, leaving the hair silken-soft and shining—looking much thicker than it actually is. Colinated Coconut Oil Foam Shampoo is obtainable from all chemists. A small bottle lasts months.



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M3-4-6/DC

WE ANNOUNCE The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize, 1955

This year The Australian Women's Weekly will award the richest art prize in the Commonwealth and one of the biggest portrait prizes in the world. The prizemoney is £2000.

The sum of £1500 will be awarded for the best portrait of a woman, or of a woman with a baby or young child up to 10 years, or of a child under 14 years. The remaining £500 will be awarded for the best portrait by a woman artist.

If the winning portrait is painted by a woman, she will receive the total prizemoney, i.e., £2000.

THE JUDGES

Mr. HAL MISSINGHAM, Director,
National Art Gallery of N.S.W.

Mr. DARYL LINDSAY, Director,
National Gallery of Victoria.

Mr. ROBERT CAMPBELL, Director,
National Gallery of South Australia.

Mr. ROBERT HAINES, Director,
Queensland National Art Gallery.

Mr. LAURENCE THOMAS, Director,
Art Gallery of Western Australia.

Dr. W. BRYDEN, Director, The
Tasmanian Museum and Art Gallery.

THE competition will be held annually, and will be open to artists throughout the world.

It will be judged by the six directors of the National Art Galleries in the six Australian States.

We are proud to announce The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize because we believe that the prizemoney will encourage artists and so raise the standard of portrait painting in Australia.

We also believe that it will help to promote greater public interest in Australian art.

The fact that that interest already exists is indicated by the thousands of Australians who go every year to see the Archibald Prize and other exhibitions.

We have made our Portrait Prize international because we believe that the overseas competition could provide a greater stimulus for Australian artists.

In addition, if an Aus-



"THE WHITE GLOVE," George W. Lambert.
Original in the National Art Gallery of N.S.W.



MISS ALEXANDER, Whistler.
By courtesy of Tate Gallery, London.

OUR £2000 ART AWARD

tralian won the prize it would help to establish the reputation of Australian painters internationally.

The three subjects have been selected to give artists an alternative choice and to provide an interesting variety of portraits for the exhibitions that will follow the judges' decision.

We have nominated women and children as subjects to break away from the present tendency in portrait competitions to concentrate mainly on paintings of men.

Last year only 14 of the 77 portraits selected for hanging in the Archibald exhibition were of women.

This emphasis on male portraiture was due probably to the clause in the Archibald will which says that the prize should be awarded for the best portrait "preferentially of some man or woman distinguished in art, letters, science, or politics."

However, in our Portrait Prize it is not necessary for the sitter to be famous or well known.

In spite of the comparatively few numbers of paintings of women submitted for the Archibald Prize, six have been the

This international contest offers one of the richest art prizes in the world

winning entries since it was first awarded in 1921.

Only one woman painter has ever won the Archibald — Nora Heysen, in 1938, with her portrait of Mme. Elink Schuurman.

We have not restricted artists to one medium. The portraits can be in oils, water-colors, or in pastels.

They must be the original work of competitors and must have been painted during the 12 months preceding the dates fixed for sending in entries suitably framed to the National Art Gallery in Sydney.

The dates for acceptance of entries at the Gallery are from July 25 to July 30, 1955.

No entries will be accepted after 12 noon on Saturday, July 30, 1955.

Competitors are restricted to two entries.

The portraits must be painted from life, must form the major part of the composition, and be no

smaller than 12in. x 16in. A painting of the nude figure will not be accepted as a portrait.

The studies need not necessarily be confined to head and shoulders. They can be full-length.

The name and address of the competitor and the title of the portrait must be printed clearly on the back of the work.

With each entry competitors must also send in a statutory declaration stating that the work complies with the conditions of the competition.

The judges' decision will be final and binding in all matters relating to the awarding of prizes and the subsequent selection of works for exhibition.

After the judges' decision is announced, selected entries will be hung in the National Art Gallery of N.S.W. in Sydney for a minimum period of one month.

They will then be exhibited in other Australian capital cities for a period

of up to 10 months from the closing date of the competition.

Competitors must collect and remove their paintings when notified privately or by advertisement.

The prizewinning picture or pictures and the full copyright of them shall become the property of Consolidated Press Ltd.. All entries shall be available, if required, for reproduction in *The Australian Women's Weekly* without fee.

The entry form, which must be attached to each painting submitted, may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly offices in each State, or by writing to "Portrait Prize," Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Entry forms will also be sent to the major art galleries and societies in each State and abroad.

Full details of the rules of the competition are given in the entry form.



"LA BELLE JARDINIERE,"
Augustus John.
National Gallery of Victoria Collection.
(Felton Bequest)

FIVE FAMOUS PORTRAITS OF THE PAST



"LADY IN GREY," Sir John Longstaff.
National Gallery of Victoria Collection.



THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE AND HER BABY, Sir Joshua Reynolds.
From Devonshire Collection, Chatsworth. Reproduced by courtesy of Chatsworth Settlement Trustees.



Put your bed in a
"Picture Frame"
with glowing new
rainbow borders.

*For the rest
of the night*

WARRNAMBOOL

WARMA-WOOL BLANKETS AND RUGS

The pure soft wool of Warrnambool blankets
with their Hi-pile finish gives a luxurious warmth.
Light and fleecy . . . they keep their lovely
appearance and softness throughout their life
and are guaranteed to last for 10 years.

*Soft "Shadowchecks" and
satin-bound "Bride" blankets
in reversible shades, to match
all colour schemes.*

** at all leading stores*

Air ace helps sufferers



GROUP-CAPTAIN LEONARD CHESHIRE, V.C. (above, left), explains the history of the Holy Shroud of Turin to a visitor to his mission on a London bus. At right is a picture of the Shroud.

V.C. winner uses bus for amazing mission

From our London office

In London this Easter week thousands of people will queue to pay a visit to a blue-painted single-decker bus which Group-Captain Leonard Cheshire, V.C., "the most destructive man in World War II," uses as part of his mission for the relief of suffering.

THIS remarkable ex-bomber pilot, who turned to religion after watching the atom bomb destroy Nagasaki, has opened five homes for incurables in various parts of England over the past seven years, and is himself a sufferer from tuberculosis, from which he is only now slowly recovering.

Modest and shy, but forceful, and of great personal charm, Group-Captain Cheshire will visit Australia as soon as his doctors pronounce him fit enough to travel.

The Cheshire mission bus, parked day and night in bustling Earl's Court Road and Regent Street, or in the mean alleys of the East End, has become part of London's scenery.

Staffed by voluntary helpers—a few of the many who have been attracted to Cheshire's religious crusade—the bus has aroused widespread public interest.

Inside, the rear of the bus has been arranged to represent the appearance of the sepulchre in Jerusalem where the body of Christ was hastily placed after the Crucifixion.

On a long platform, startlingly lit from below, can be seen a full-length photograph of the Holy Shroud of Turin.

The imprint of a figure, which scientists, scholars, and clergy say Christ left on His winding sheet as He lay in the sepulchre, stands out clearly.

The visitors in greasy overalls, or black coat and striped trousers, stop and gaze at it open-mouthed.

Cheshire's maxim

A GIRL'S quiet voice breaks the strange silence. She begins to explain the significance of the Shroud and its connection with Cheshire's homes.

She quotes Cheshire's own maxim: "To relieve suffering you must understand it."

That's what Cheshire and his team of voluntary helpers are trying to do with the mission bus and the Shroud photograph. They explain to the public the suffering of Christ as revealed by the Shroud, and tell how the mission tries to make the last months of chronically ill people of all ages and creeds more bearable.

Cheshire first had his attention directed to the problem of suffering when he came across an old man whom nobody wanted dying of cancer.

After trying hard to find somewhere for the man to go, but without success, Cheshire took him into his own house and kept him until he died.

"I soon discovered others who were in much the same situation," Cheshire explained, "so I took them in, too, and turned the house into a Home for the Incurably Sick."

In 1951 it was found that Cheshire's spacious and pleasant house, Le Court, in Hampshire, was being undermined by an underground stream. The only remedy lay in pulling it down and rebuilding it—or in putting up a modern nursing home nearby at a cost of £65,000. Either way, it looked an impossible project—until the Carnegie Trust contributed the £65,000.

The second Cheshire home, in Cornwall, was converted from a derelict R.A.F. headquarters. The third home is also in Cornwall and was originally used by the Air Force.

It was while laboring there that Cheshire was stricken with tuberculosis.

Despite two major operations and a long period of enforced rest, Cheshire directed his programme from his bed. Under his direction a fourth home was opened in Kent. The fifth home, in Sussex, is now ready.

It was while he was in the T.B. sanatorium that Cheshire was offered his old blue bus, and decided to use it to exhibit the photograph of the Shroud of Turin, which to him was the very symbol of suffering.

In condensed form this is the history of the Shroud.

In 1898, the Shroud, which had been jealously guarded and locked away for 18 centuries, came under the discerning eye of the camera.

A lawyer and talented

photographer, Secondo Pia, went to Turin's cathedral to photograph it. When he examined the Shroud he saw only the vague outline of a figure and a rather distorted masklike face.

Pia took his picture and, on developing it, naturally expected to see the usual negative where blacks and whites are reversed. To his astonishment he found himself gazing at a reproduction of a majestic face and a well-defined body. And the figure was white, not black.

Pia realised he held a positive, not a negative. It could mean only one thing: his camera had reversed the brownish smudgy images on the Shroud.

Christ's image

THIS convinced Pia that he was the first man in the world since Christ to see exactly what He looked like. The shock of the realisation was so great that Pia all but fainted.

Dismissing any notion of a "miracle," investigators have explained the phenomenon as being due to a process of natural photography—the image being left by ammoniac vapors from the body acting on the aloes-soaked sheet.

Over the past 50 years the Shroud has been subjected to the most rigorous scientific examination, notably by French biologist and agnostic Yves Delage. At the time Delage was head of the science department at the Paris Sorbonne. After 18 months' investigation he summed up his findings with the question:

"If the man the Shroud portrays is not Christ, then who is it?"



Jeanette Elphick chooses the high fashion Skirt-of-the-year

We asked lovely Australian model Jeanette Elphick to select the top skirt-of-the-year. She chose SPORTSCRAFT—in her own words: "Because in Centenary's 'Two Forty Five' cloth they equal the world's loveliest. You can take my word for it!" The style Jeanette chose (pictured) is typical of her chic taste, ideal for the Australian girl on a budget.



Slimly sophisticated, schemed to go on big dates, town visits or just relax. In a lovely lustrous pale grey from Centenary's "Two Forty Five" range.



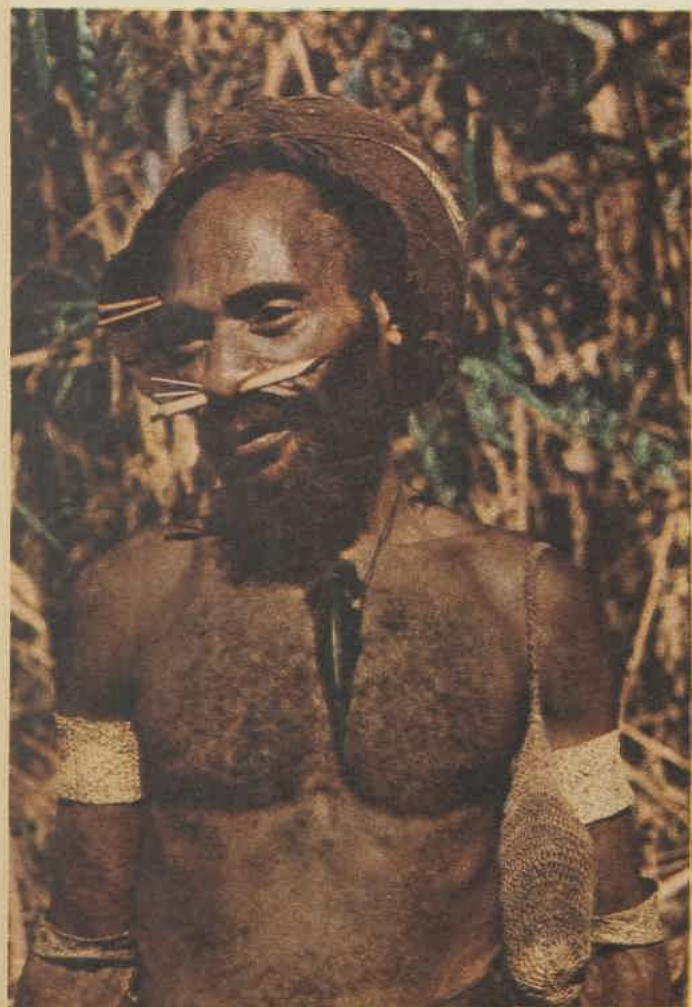


HIGHLY DECORATED. this villager from Magesh, north of the Wahgi Valley, wears prized pearlshell around his neck and in his nose (left). It has been traded far inland from the coast.

BIRD OF PARADISE (above) was once believed to have no feet and was supposed to come to earth only when it died. Natives used to cut off the feet when skinning birds for overseas markets.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER *in New Guinea* RIVAL EACH OTHER

● In most parts of the world it is the female of the species who is decked with bright colors and fancy styles, but in New Guinea the males—both men and birds—leave the ladies in the shade. The pictures on these pages were taken in the Wahgi Valley and Jimmi River areas of New Guinea where the natives use the magnificent plumes of the brightly colored birds to make their own vivid adornment.



PYGMY from the Jimmi River area is fairly quiet in his decoration. He wears a simple bark turban. Pictures by E. Slater.

GRASSLAND dweller of the Wahgi Valley, the quail, speckled in brown and black, is one of its few conservatively dressed birds.





SIGNS OF WEALTH on this intricately painted native are the cowrie shell headband and the red beads. Both shells and beads are used by the natives as currency.



SILKY-FEATHERED Grass Owl lives mainly on prey found on the ground in the open grasslands. As its scientific name implies, *Tyto longimembra* has very long legs.



CEREMONIAL OCCASIONS demand face paint. Once the paint was made from local pigments mixed with grease, but now ready-made pigment is traded in from the coast.



MAGNIFICENT Blue-breasted Pitta lives in areas of rain forests on snails and insects. The natives find it is one of the easiest birds to catch alive because it is so curious.



FUR HEADPIECES are favorite bases for the ceremonial plumes. The whole headdress of shells, fur, and plumes sometimes measures up to three feet or more in height.



MUCH PRIZED, the golden plumes of the Lesser Bird of Paradise make a wonderful display both on the live bird and in the intricate designs of the native headdresses.



IRIDESCENT blue centre-piece (above) for this ornate headdress comes from the lovely feathers of the Lesser Superb Bird of Paradise.

RACKET-TAIL Kingfisher (below) provides some of the sought-after long plumes the natives like to wear through their pierced noses.



Millionaire quins not coddled . . .

But their home has a pool, skating rink, and ballroom

"Don't coddle children if you want them to grow up strong and healthy" is the advice of Senor Franco Diligenti, of Buenos Aires. He should know, because Senor Diligenti, Argentine millionaire, is the papa of the only known quintuplets now in existence since the death of Emilie Dionne.

THERE was no doctor around, only a midwife, when the Diligenti quins, three girls and two boys, were born on July 15, a bitterly cold winter morning in 1943.

Although one of them nearly died at birth, the quins never saw the inside of an incubator.

Ample proof of the success of Senor Diligenti's "bring 'em up tough" principle is demonstrated in the robust appearance and bubbling high spirits of these famous five, now 1½ years old.

They were, however, getting too much of a handful even for Papa Diligenti, who last year wearily packed them off to five different English boarding-schools in Buenos Aires.

"At least I'm not driven crazy any more by getting the same answer to every question I put them," he added.

From a special correspondent in Buenos Aires

Maria Fernandita, a light brunette. She is the smallest, and has for the past year caused her mother deep concern, as she is reported by her school mistress to suffer from periodic fainting fits.

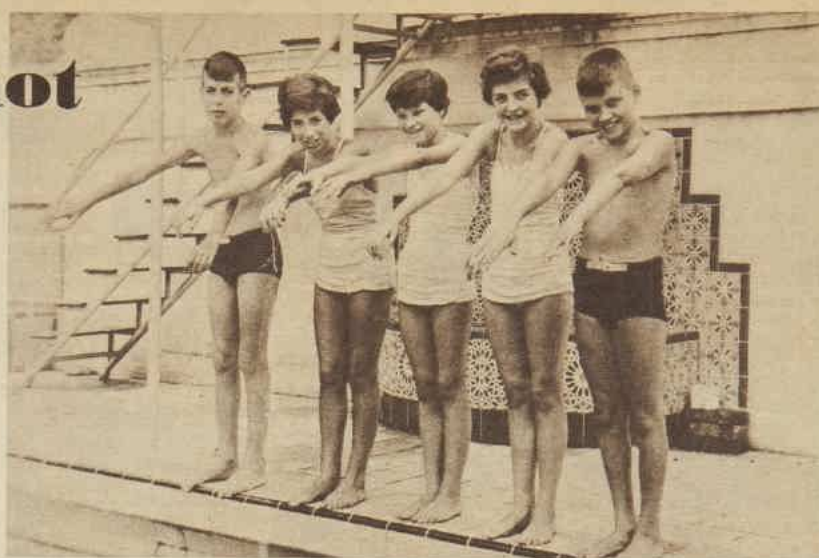
"It's nothing," says her papa, "she'll grow out of it." Attractive Senora Diligenti sighs and recalls what happened to Emilie Dionne.

The most amazing thing about these quins was the fact that their existence was kept secret for eight months. Then an English newspaper woman, Leila Drew, discovered them after following up a rumor that there were quintuplets in the Argentine.

Friends and servants of the Diligenti family had been sworn to secrecy. The father said that he took these precautions in order to avoid publicity and protect his babies from the stares of the curious.

The Diligenti quins had, of course, the advantage of being born into a wealthy family. The father owns several important textile and jute factories, dye works, and besides his palatial Buenos Aires residence, built expressly for the quins, he has two large country estates.

Just after their birth, Senor Diligenti had bought a ten-room mansion standing in spacious grounds a few blocks away in the smart Buenos Aires suburb of Belgrano. Builders, architects, painters, and landscape gardeners were still at



ARGENTINE QUINS, the Diligenti, prepare to dive into the private pool at their luxurious home in Buenos Aires.

work on the alterations, reputed to have cost one million pesos, and Senor Diligenti begged the reporter who discovered the quins to postpone the announcement until everything was ready. But she refused to comply.

Today the quins, who were bottle-fed from birth, are taller than the average child of their age, with the exception of Fernandita.

They have rarely suffered anything worse than a cold, and so far they have been immune from most ailments common to children. When they are home for the school holidays, their father organizes their waking hours after the manner of a Hollywood director producing a picture. Games, recreations, studies, rest periods, and outdoor pursuits are performed and indulged to a schedule.

"My wife and I would go nuts and I would never have

any time to attend to my business," he explained, "if we did not have a system. Besides, my wife needs rest."

Senora Diligenti has been in indifferent health since the birth of the quins and leaves everything to papa.

Undoubtedly the Diligenti residence is the quins' own palace, as everything has been planned with an eye to their comfort and amusement, from the huge swimming-pool, tennis court, outdoor skating rink, and dance floor, to the beautiful gardens and walks, which are constantly tended by three gardeners.

From the age of two the quins have been schooled and drilled by a small army of governesses and physical culture experts and they now speak English, French, Italian, and Spanish with ease.

They love outdoor sports, swim and dive like fish, with the exception of Fernandita, who though she loves to swim

refuses to dive from the spring-board. They are also very musical, a gift they have inherited from their mother, a former singer and musician, and the quins' own band is now the big attraction at Diligenti parties.

Even the quins' home looks like the fabulous setting of a movie star. In addition to the richly furnished ten-roomed mansion, which has an elaborately carved group of cherubs over the French windows of the dining-room, flanked by a life-size statue of a Grecian woman and a huge stork, Papa Diligenti's own idea for commemorating the arrival of his quins, there is the quins' own villa at the rear of the grounds furnished with games rooms and apartments for guests.

The famous Diligenti quins are now also known as the "lucky quins." Last year they won 250,000 pesos each, the second prize in the big Argentine Christmas lottery.



MAMA DILIGENTI.

eyed Maria Cristina and Francisco, and the fair-haired, blue-eyed Carlos Alberto, and Maria Esther.

The "odd woman" of the quintet is shy and lovable

Remember this Shape to keep in good shape



She holds in her hand the secret of better sleep. It's one of the 12 shock absorbers that support all edges of your Springwall mattress.

TIRED MUSCLES REALLY REST ON SPRINGWALL—because it gives support at the 4 vital pressure points.

Made by C. C. Rawson Limited under exclusive Australian Licence with Eclipse Sleep Products Inc., New York



TRADE MARK

Guaranteed for 10 years against structural defect.



Why this shape is so important!

Cut-away inside view of side-walls in a Springwall mattress, showing 4 of the 12 scientifically-shaped shock absorbers. Their resilient one-piece construction absorbs the shocks that cause mattress sag. It firmly anchors the entire sleeping surface—at the edges and from edge to edge. It adds years of sleep comfort and extra years of wear.

FIRST BY LABORATORY TEST

Exposes D. Snell Laboratories tested four leading U.S. mattresses—Springwall, Posturguard, De Luxe Posturguard, and Vertepedic—on all three factors specified by orthopedic specialists:

SPRINGWALL	POSTURGUARD	DE LUXE POSTURGUARD	VERTEPEDIC
MATRESS C	MATRESS C	MATRESS A	MATRESS C
MATRESS B	MATRESS B	MATRESS B	MATRESS B
MATRESS A	MATRESS A	MATRESS C	MATRESS A

NR UNDER 120 LBS. AT CHINESE OR 100 LBS.

PAPER SUPPORT AT PRESSURE POINTS

MAINTENANCE OF TEND TO DECK YAMMETS

Note that shape! It explains why famous U.S. Foster D. Snell Testing Laboratories rate Springwall FIRST in all three primary factors specified by American doctors in a recent nation-wide survey. Springwall: FIRST for firmness . . . FIRST for correct sleep posture . . . FIRST for maintaining sag-free support years longer than ordinary innerspring mattresses. It explains why Springwall relaxes, rests, supports you as doctors say a mattress should for relaxing sleep . . . and as only Springwall can. To ensure ideal relaxing sleep, look for the Rawson Springwall label on your mattress.

AT ALL LEADING STORES IN 4 STANDARD SIZES
2' 6" . . . from £15/19/6 3' . . . from £17/19/6
3' 6" . . . from £20/19/6 4' 6" . . . from £23/19/6
Sprung base extra

Write for free booklet "What Does the Doctor Say?" to "Springwall," Box 371, G.P.O., Sydney.

Rawson Springwall mattresses — "DREAMAKER," "POSTURGUARD," "DE LUXE POSTURGUARD," "VERTEREST" and "VERTEPEDIC"

**Every woman
should know**

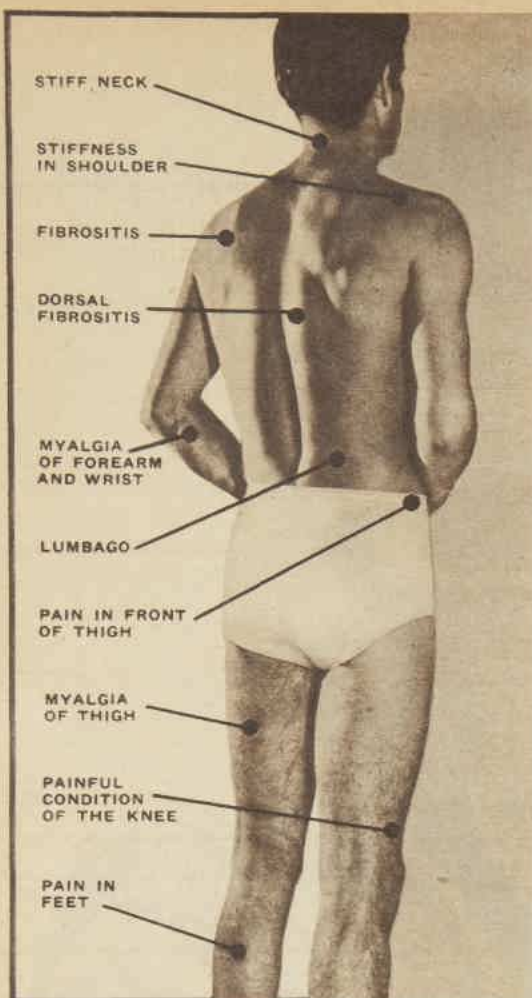


... **whether you drive or ride**, new Goodyear Tubeless Tyres on your motor car will give you and your family increased safety. The blowout and puncture protection of Goodyear "ply-welded" Tubeless will give you new peace of mind on the road and freedom from annoying road delays. Ask your man—as he values your safety—to give you the protection, the convenience of Goodyear Tubeless Tyres.

Every woman will want **NEW**

**GOOD YEAR
TUBELESS**

THE TYRE OF TOMORROW — TODAY



Where Rheumatism strikes and how to detect it . . .

Malgic Home-Treatment Chart enables every Rheumatic Sufferer to trace the REAL source of pain . . . and to apply Malgic so that relief is gained in an amazingly short time.

Medical science has established that the actual source of rheumatic pain is not always where the sufferer feels it most. The pain originates from what are now known as "trigger" spots. A muscle becomes rheumatic because certain parts of it get into a state of constriction—a state of "cramp." These muscle knots "trigger" off much of the pain called rheumatism. That is why they are called Trigger Spots. The diagram shown in this advertisement is intended as a general guide as to where various trigger spots are located; but it is not a complete guide. With every jar of Malgic Adrenalin Cream, however, is a fully detailed "trigger" spot chart covering virtually every form of rheumatic pain and stiffness. This chart makes it perfectly easy for you, in your own home, to locate the actual source of the pain you are suffering and to apply Malgic accordingly. Malgic enables the knotted muscles to relax. It penetrates to the root of the pain and carries adrenalin to the cramped fibres. Swiftly, surely the pain and stiffness cease. Malgic Adrenalin Cream is sold only by chemists. Get your jar right away. Study the chart . . . and start the treatment . . . and quickly you'll be free from pain.

MALGIC ADRENALIN CREAM



for the safe, speedy relief of rheumatism, lumbago, neuritis, fibrositis and kindred rheumatic pains.

Manufactured and distributed by World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

THIS IS ON ME

By

Bob Hope

Frank, amusing, and intelligent, this is an autobiography to appeal to every type of reader.

Hope's candid comment on personalities and events is hilarious, and shrewdly penetrating as well.

Price 15/-
From all Booksellers

Has your child got WORMS?

HERE ARE THE SYMPTOMS

Itchy nose, irritability, furred tongue, loss of appetite, disagreeable breath, grinding teeth, bowel disorders, disturbed sleep. If these are present don't take chances—get Comstock's Worm Tablets. Completely destroy worms without injuring stomach or bowels. Purely vegetable. Taste like sweets. W. H. Comstock Co. Ltd., 23 Lang Street, Sydney.

Destroy worms by taking
Comstock's Worm Tablets

Fruits of the earth



TUMBARUMBA orchardist Frank Johnson and his wife, Norma, select Jonathan apples for the fresh-fruit display in the Southern District Exhibit at Sydney's Royal Easter Show. District Exhibit headquarters are in Tumbarumba.



FARMER'S WIFE Mrs. Daphne Blow, of Foxground, chooses cattle pumpkins for the exhibit, with the help of her small daughter, Shirley, 3 (centre), and niece, Diana, 6.

Preparing for a district exhibit

● Ever since they were first displayed some 50 years ago, the District Exhibits have been a major attraction of Sydney's 133-year-old Royal Easter Show.

Five districts (four in N.S.W. and one in Queensland) are represented by the exhibits, which cost the Royal Agricultural Society £10,000 a year to stage, and represent a rural wealth of many millions. Competition is keen among the districts to win the prize for the best exhibit. Last year the Southern District, which covers an area stretching from Sutherland south to the Murray and from the coast west to the Lachlan, had its first win for 30 years. It beat the Western District by only .05 of a point. This year the Southern District has struggled hard to win again. Five hundred people throughout the area have been working for almost a year to prepare the exhibit. On these pages staff reporter Helen Gordon and photographer Ron Berg, who recently visited the district, record some of these preparations.



FRUIT PRESERVING expert Mrs. Winnie Todd, of Mannus, Southern Tablelands, contributes bottles of her sauces, pickles, jellies, and preserves to the exhibit. Mrs. Todd won 52 prizes in the last local Show.



VEGETABLE-GROWER Ray James, of Bega, who won first prize at Bega Show with this table pumpkin, gives it a kiss for luck.

FOR THE SHOW



SOUTHERN DISTRICT organiser, Mr. Linden Roth, and the secretary of the exhibit, Miss Kate Sinclair, harvest Japanese millet grown on Miss Sinclair's property near Tumburumba. Miss Sinclair spends all her spare time preparing the Show exhibits.



BATLOW peaches were picked at their best and kept in cold storage at Batlow Cannery. Cannery hand Keith Temple inspects them.



GRAZIER Claude Medway, of Gunning, used the back verandah of his house as a woolshed to store fleeces for the exhibition.



VOLUNTARY HELPERS Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lyons, of Tumburumba, spent their weekends and evenings sitting in their garage sorting oatens hay head by head, rejecting imperfect heads, and tying the rest into neat sheaves to be used in the District stand.

WHY PAY CEILING PRICES?

Save money
on longer-wearing
ATLAS
Work Clothes



Double-sewn
seams
Multiple sizes—
cut for comfort
Guaranteed
fast colours
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ATLAS Work Clothes wear like iron. They cost you less simply because they're more efficiently produced! One giant factory handles the whole job—even to the spinning, dyeing and weaving of the special, super-strong ATLAS Work Cloth!

**NO WONDER THEY'RE BETTER
NO WONDER THEY'RE CHEAPER!**

ATLAS Work Clothes are the ONLY work clothes made wholly under the one roof—and at one factory cost! You get the benefit both ways—actually pay less for the strongest, most thoroughly supervised work clothes of all!

Atlas Bib and Brace Overalls in khaki, navy, white.

NOW YOU CAN BUY WONDERFUL

ATLAS
Evaset
WORK CLOTHES

**Guaranteed
Unshrinkable!**

Imagine! Atlas Work Clothes made from rugged cloth woven in our own factory and made permanently unshrinkable by our amazing new EVASET process—yet lower-priced still than ordinary shrink-resisting brands! Every garment that carries the Atlas EVASET label is fully guaranteed—the garment replaced if you are not completely satisfied!



Atlas Combination Overalls in khaki, navy, white.



Atlas Work Trousers in khaki, navy, white, jungle green.

ATLAS
Work Clothes



STANDS THE STRAIN

FROM COTTON BALE TO FINISHED GARMENT

MADE BY STIRLING HENRY LTD.—SPINNERS—WEAVERS—MAKERS OF WORK CLOTHES UNDERWEAR, CHILDREN'S PLAY CLOTHES, ETC.

Oh what a
PRIZE



Of course they're entitled to prizes!

Give them a *special* treat at party time!

They'll love the crisp, golden roasted peanuts,
coated with the delicious milk chocolate that

Mastercraft takes pride in making.
You'll love it, too, Mother — so will Dad!



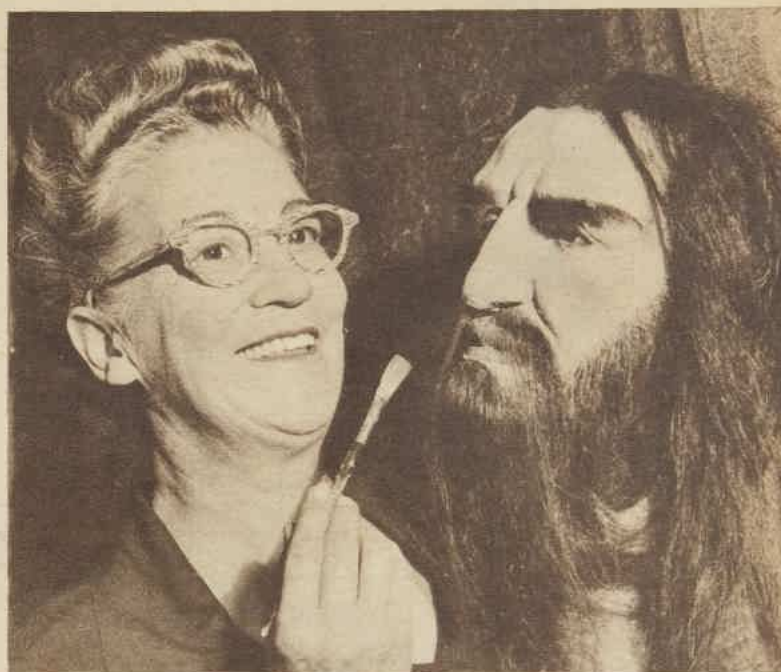
ASK FOR "Mastercraft" BY NAME...IT'S WORTH IT!





DAIRY FARMERS Eddie Jauncey and Claude Ubrihien (right) with some of their prize-winning poultry. Both men, who raise poultry as a hobby, are judging at the Show.

It's the biggest fair in Australia



FINISHING TOUCHES are given to a wax effigy of Rasputin by Mrs. Isabelle Wilson, who is exhibiting her waxworks at the Show. Her husband, Alan, points the backgrounds.

These people help to make the Royal Easter Show

A bachelor whose only love is "chooks," two expert needleworkers, one an ex-soldier and the other an ex-seaman, and a woman who lives in an ice house twelve hours daily are some of the people who are helping to make Sydney's Royal Easter Show the fascinating exhibition it always is.

THE bachelor is Eddie Jauncey, who with Claude Ubrihien is judging some of the poultry exhibits and is exhibiting in other poultry classes.

Both are dairy farmers whose homes are on the South Coast of N.S.W., and their hobby is raising and exhibiting prize poultry.

Mr. Ubrihien showed his first bird in 1928, and Mr. Jauncey's record of prize-winning birds goes back more than 30 years.

"Claude's a family man. I'm just an old bachelor—the chooks are my only love," Eddie Jauncey said.

"I think Leghorns are my favorite breed—they have a lot of temperament, like most of the light breeds. The heavy ones are placid and less excitable. On the whole I think White Leghorns are my favorite chooks.

"Between the two of us we know a fair bit about chooks. You can't put too much over Claude and me. We've done a bit of judging and we know a good bird when we see it.

"Being judges doesn't stop us entering a few of our own birds, but we don't enter any in the sections we judge."

"We had some trouble getting the birds to Sydney for the last Show," Claude Ubrihien said. "A bridge was washed out at Bodalla on the way up. We got to Sydney hours late and it upset the chooks terribly."

A tapestry-maker, 39-year-old Ronald Williamson, of Potts Point, Sydney, ex-A.I.F., is exhibiting in the needlework section.

Mr. Williamson's entry is a 30in. x 18in. tapestry of an English cottage scene, showing a collie dog standing guard over a baby's cot, and called "Left in Charge."

"I had it valued the other day, unofficially, and the valuer said it was worth \$450," he said. "I think it

ought to be worth at least that—it's taken me nearly a year to make it."

Mr. Williamson learnt tapestry-making when he was a patient in the Repatriation General Hospital, Concord, N.S.W., in 1941, after he had been invalided home from the Middle East with war wounds.

"I suppose I've made 30 or 40 tapestries since then, and given most of them away to friends," he said.

"It's a wonderful hobby,

The stitch is difficult to describe. It seems to be a distant cousin of the buttonhole-stitch, with extra original features added, and is done with a darning needle.

John Gatt's entries for the Show are a pair of blue woolen trousers finished off with a multi-colored belt in silks, a snow helmet with ear flaps, a silk tie bearing emblems of all the countries he visited while he was at sea, a waistcoat, and a Union Jack with

Invented new stitch

you know. I find it completely relaxing, and it keeps me out of mischief. Sometimes I come home from work and sit over a tapestry from six in the evening until one o'clock the next morning."

Exhibiting in the needlework section for the first time, this year, is 64-year-old John Gatt, Maltese-born and a former merchant seaman, who has been doing needlework since 1939, when, sitting one day in the fore-castle of a ship mending his clothes, he invented a new stitch.

his name embroidered across it in gilt thread.

"Sometimes I sit until late at night, just sewing," he said. "When I was at sea it sometimes got me into trouble, this sewing.

"On one cruise I was going to Canada as a refrigerator hand. We dock at Halifax, and I have on my snow hat, like the one I put in the Show. It is very cold.

"Someone on shore say to the captain, 'Where he get that hat?' So that captain say to me, 'Where you get that hat?' 'I make him,' I say.

"Then the captain say to me, 'You make six more just like it, for me.' But why should I do that? I jumped ship instead."

Nine years ago ballet girl Valda St. Louis became the person the sideshow posters call "Valessecca the Ice Girl" and took up residence for 12 hours a day in a house made of ice. She hasn't had a cold since.

Valda is spending all 10 days of the Show lying on a block of ice, reading a book when there are no spectators and coming off the ice for a rest every four or five hours.

"I don't feel cold at all," she said. "It's warm in here.

"I never get bored, either. There are always people in the tent peering at me, prodding me to see whether I'm cold, and asking me questions."



NEEDLEWORKER John Gatt showing some of the articles he has made in a stitch he invented.



TAPESTRY-MAKER Ronald Williamson stands beside the old English cottage scene he has embroidered as his needlework entry.



VALESSECCA THE ICE GIRL, talks to her husband, Rex St. Louis, from her house of ice in which she spends twelve hours daily as a sideshow attraction for Show visitors.

be your own fashion expert at home with **HELVETIA** ...



C. Hinged presser foot enables the machine to glide over added thicknesses of materials when sewing a pocket in position.



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BLAKE PRIZE

DONALD FRIEND'S PAINTING "St. John and Scenes from the Apocalypse," unanimously awarded the Blake Art Prize for 1955. Scenes surrounding the figure of St. John include the Tree of Life, the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, the Lake of Destruction, the symbols of the Four Evangelists, and the Lamb, as told in Revelations.

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of success!

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USE WITH ANY
HOME PERM CURLERS

FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"The dog's scratching at the door, dear. Will you let him in?"

MOTHER



"Have you got one that holds more water? It's for washing my little boy's face."

It seems to me

THIS week, April 2, marks the 150th anniversary of the birthday of Hans Andersen.

As part of the celebrations in Denmark, a fountain in a Copenhagen square will run lemonade instead of water for a month. The Danish Red Cross is meeting the cost, and children will queue at the fountain for a drink.

Whoever thought of that deserves congratulation for real insight into the child mind.

A fountain full of lemonade ranks alongside gingerbread houses as a youthful symbol of bliss, comparable to an adult's dream of winning a mammoth lottery.

I wonder will it be fizzy lemonade? I hope so.

If not, perhaps Danish children know the trick of adding a pinch of carbonate of soda to lemon squash. This, known as Boston Cream, was the first recipe I ever learned.

On one memorable occasion I was among a party of children let loose with a bag of lemons, some sugar, carb. soda, and a tank full of rainwater. It makes me shudder a little in memory, but then, so does too much champagne.

TAXIS equipped with radio have raised a new hazard in modern living.

The other Sunday a woman I know was travelling in one when she heard the voice from headquarters say, "Car so-and-so, pick up Mr. A. at the such-and-such club."

It happened that she knew Mr. and Mrs. A., knew also that Mr. A. much preferred his club to lawn-mowing, so she wondered whether Mr. A. had been truthful that day, or had he said he was going to visit his old auntie?

What would have happened, she reflected, if Mrs. A. had been in the cab? Not much, she decided comfortably, since that couple managed to survive each other's small deceptions.

At that point a thought jolted her. She had lied herself in order to postpone an afternoon visit, was supposed to be in bed with influenza. Was her hostess listening in, too?

It looks as if the only solution eventually will be for users of such cabs to lead truthful, upright lives.

ACCORDING to a message from New York, "Women motorists have got what they have long been asking for—colored tyres."

Honestly, as one woman to another, did it ever occur to you to ask for colored tyres?

Certainly if someone asked you did you want red or green tyres, you'd have to answer something, owing to its being traditionally unfeminine to say, "I don't care."

You know what I think? It's men who want these colored tyres. Women like to own or ride in cars, but men care more. They get positively emotional about cars.

It looks a bit silly for them to carry on about the color and appearance, so they pretend that women nag them.

By



Dorothy Drann

WILD life is relatively uncommon round Kings Cross. (If you are under a misapprehension about the meaning of wild life in this context, it will soon be cleared up.)

My friends in the suburbs are always boasting about their tarantulas, frogs, and lizards, but I have to make do, for the most part, with a few silverfish.

Even flies and mosquitoes seldom trouble to fly as high as the flat I live in.

Ants, of course, are different. It always amazes me to think of one pavement-

pounding ant saying to another, "What about coming upstairs? I just heard that a dame on the fourth floor has gone off to the office and left a piece of bacon rind on the sink."

All of which leads up to the fact that the other night a visitor who comes from a house and garden said suddenly, "Listen to the cricket." Sure enough there was one somewhere in the vicinity making a din that could be distinguished from the traffic noises.

This gave me an obscure feeling of pride, and caused me to make inquiries about crickets. I learn that mine was probably the Black Cricket (*Gryllus commodus*), likely to be anywhere where there is a patch of ground.

It would have seemed more suitable to the area had it been *Gryllus domesticus*, which the encyclopaedia describes as "the domestic 'cricket on the hearth,' an introduced cosmopolitan species."

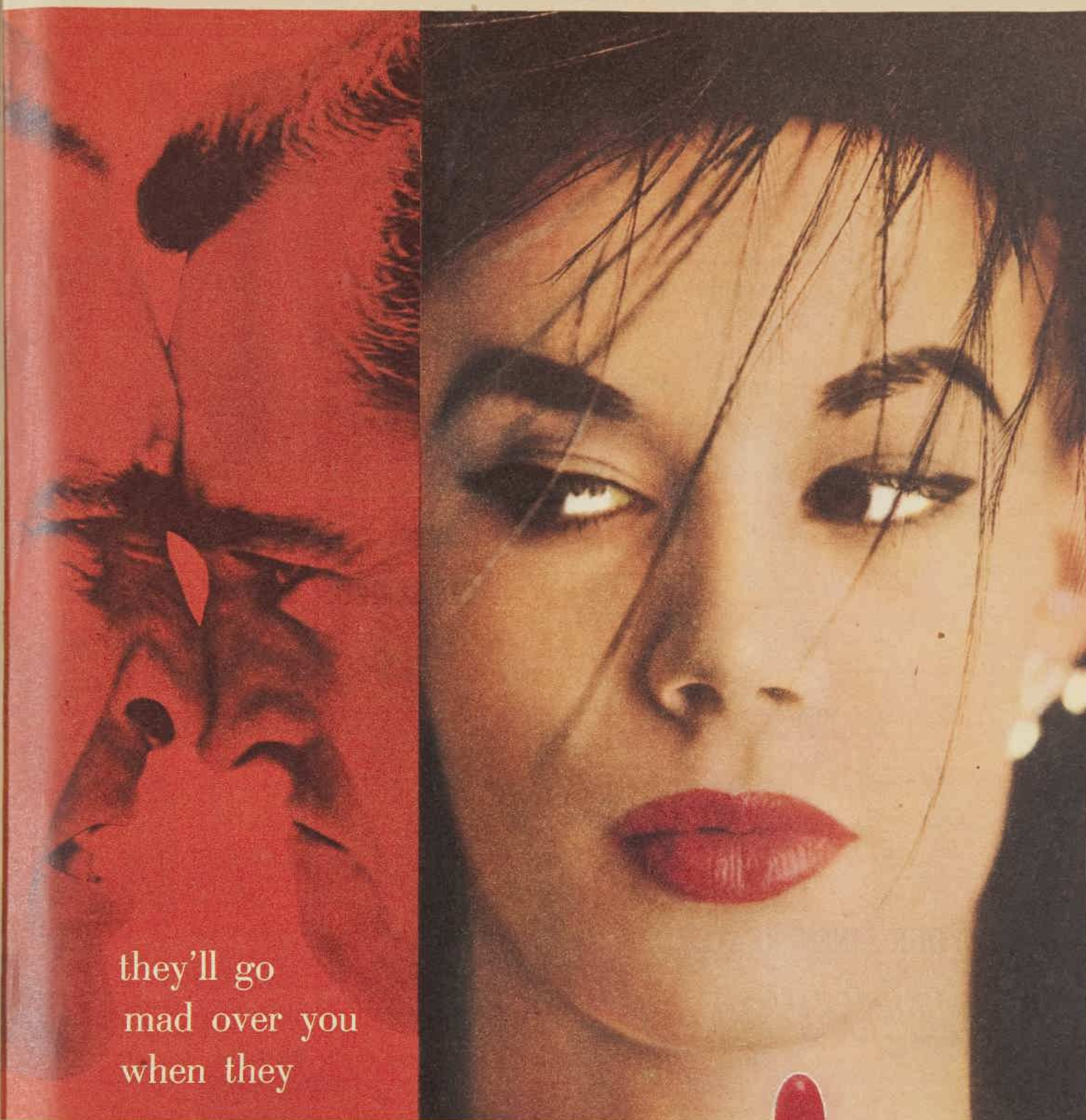
So much more appropriate to Kings Cross, don't you think?

DESIGNER Hubert de Givenchy, showing a sleeveless mink coat with slit sides, has pronounced: "Furs will be cool this season."

That's a relief. I had a notion my old fur cape was not so hot any more.

GERMAN rocket expert Willie Ley said in Canada recently that there would probably be a number of women on board the first spaceship. "They are ideal for carrying out the monotonous, tiring tasks which will have to be done," he said.

Would you like adventure, lady,
Like to travel to the moon?
Are you bored at home with housework,
Want release? Well, maybe, soon,
Some kind captain of a spaceship,
Looking round, will offer you
Just the kind of job you're wanting
As a member of his crew.
Please recall the gipsy's warning
Ere you roam amid the stars,
Do not trust him, I've a notion
You'll be washing up on Mars.



they'll go
mad over you
when they

"SEE RED"

fashion's new hot-tempered red in
MAX FACTOR'S NEW *Longer-lasting* LIPSTICK
HOLLYWOOD

the only non-smear type lipstick with stay-on lustre

OBTAINABLE FROM CHEMISTS AND LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES.



Looking for trouble?
Wear "See Red" ...
the maddening
new lipstick color by
Max Factor. But
careful—don't start
anything you can't
finish! 9/11.
Plastic refill, 6/11.

WHY YOUR SAMPLE LIPSTICK IS DELAYED—

Frankly, you surprised us. We knew you'd want to try "SEE RED", but the demand has really overwhelmed us. So please be patient—you will have your "SEE RED" sample in just a few days.

MADE IN SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 6, 1955

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Table linen picks up dirty marks and stains



EXTRA
DIRTY SPOTS
NEED SUNLIGHT'S
EXTRA WASHING
POWER

GET ALL YOUR LINEN REALLY CLEAN

Sunlight Clean

To get everything in your wash clean right through, you must have Sunlight's extra washing power—particularly on extra dirty spots. Just a touch of faster-lathering Sunlight loosens every speck of dirt... gets all your wash gloriously clean.

FREE BATH TOWELS for "Clean Stories"

RAISING CAIN
MY MENFOLK ARE CAKE CUTTERS. THEIR WORK CLOTHES GET VERY DIRTY WORKING IN BURN'T SUGAR CANE. ONLY A GOOD LATHER AND BOIL WITH SUNLIGHT CAN GET THEM FRESH AND CLEAN AGAIN.
Mrs. C. Burton, Pindi, Pindi, Q'land.

DRIVER UNDER INSTRUCTION
RECENTLY I SUGGESTED TO MY HUSBAND THAT HE USE SUNLIGHT TO CLEAN OUR CAR. HE WAS AMAZED HOW QUICKLY SUNLIGHT LATHER GETS DUG, WINDOWS AND CHROME SHINING BRIGHT.
Mrs. T. Dieckman, Forbes, N.S.W.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

**SUNLIGHT IS ALL PURE—
YOUR HANDS AS WELL AS YOUR CLOTHES WILL TELL YOU SO**



COCHRANE FAMILY, left to right, Beverley, Shirley, Bill Cochrane, Madge, and Carmel wait their turn to enter the ring for the ladies' riding events at the Bega Show.

Four sisters win many awards

Dairy farmer Bill Cochrane and his four daughters are up from Bega for the Royal Show, where they hope to add to the family collection of show ribbons.

SHOW riding and winning blue ribbons is a family hobby with the Cochranes, who live at Wolumla, southern New South Wales.

The four girls, whose ages range from six to 12, are all accomplished riders.

Carmel, the 12-year-old, started her show career at the age of 3½ at the Bega Show.

"You wouldn't say she rode the horse," her father said, "she just sat on it while it walked around the ring, but she's come a long way since then, having won 90 ribbons and awards, 60 of them firsts."

When Carmel rides at Candelo, Cobargo, Bombala, Delegate, and Cooma shows her

keenest rival is usually her 11-year-old sister Madge.

"Sometimes I beat Carmel, and sometimes she beats me," Madge said. "When we ride at Cooma we both get beaten. Carmel's won more prizes than I have—she's won 3 silver mugs, and I've only got two."

Nine-year-old Beverley lags behind her two older sisters with only 25 show ribbons. She won fifth place in the Best Girl Rider event at last year's Sydney Show.

Youngest Cochrane is six-year-old Shirley, the only sister who doesn't ride over hurdles.

"She's too young, really," Carmel explains, "she only started riding last year. She



TOP PRIZEWINNERS Carmel (left) and Madge walk their horses to the Judge's table at Bega Show.

jumps over logs, but she had a buster a while back, and now she's a bit scared."

Carmel is in 2nd year at Bega High School.

"Sometimes going to school interferes with my show riding," she said, "but when I've got to choose between going to school and riding at one of the district shows, I usually end up riding at the show."

"I'd rather ride than go to school, anyway."

Bill Cochrane tutored all his daughters to show-ribbon standard.

"It doesn't worry me if they come last; it's a bit of fun for them, anyway," he said.

"Their riding isn't all fancy show stuff, you know. The girls help me a lot around the farm; they usually do the mustering."

The Cochrane girls have one brother, seven-year-old Jimmy, the only member of the family who is not interested in horses.

"Jimmy doesn't like horses," the girls explain. "He just doesn't care about them. He's shy, too."

Champion from Buckajo

DAWN HOWARD, of Bega, ex-barmaid, farm-helper, and accomplished horsewoman, who is competing at this year's R.A.S., has lost count of the show awards she has won.

Dawn, who is 20, had her first riding lesson when she was four years old, and has won "stacks and stacks of ribbons" at local shows and gymkhanas around the Bega district and at the Royal.

Her record of wins and placings at Royal Easter Shows in Sydney includes winning girl rider over hurdles in 1951, first in one hunting event, and 3rd in the Olympic ladies' hurdles in 1952, and 3rd in a ladies' hunt last year.



Dawn Howard

This year will be the fifth year she has competed at the R.A.S.

During recent years, when she has not been travelling to compete at shows, Dawn helped her stepfather run a dairy farm at Buckajo, in the Bega district.

MAGIC, MAGIC, MAGIC

There was plenty of cigam (that's "magic" backwards) going on in the reporters' room when American magician Arnold Furst came in, carrying a Chinese guillotine, announcing that he would like to cut a reporter's leg off, and who would volunteer, please?

"IT'S the first time I've done this trick," claimed Mr. Furst (tongue in cheek). "I've seen it performed before, when Orson Welles cut off

Marlene Dietrich's leg, and replaced it afterwards. Now, who is willing to be Australia's Dietrich?"

Everyone suddenly became very busy, but Helen Gordon

By
HELEN FRIZELL,
staff reporter

was caught in the hypnotic beam from his eye.

"You'll do," said Mr. Furst, rounding on her. "Now, if you'll just put your leg through here . . . that's right . . . I'll push this down."

He mumbled some mystic words, "La ochick, kipapazoo, malagazala!" There was a nasty, slicing sound.

When we opened our eyes the blade appeared to have gone straight through the leg.

Mr. Furst lifted the guillotine, everyone sighed with relief, and Helen Gordon was able to walk on two legs — though somewhat shakily.

Arnold Furst, California's territorial representative with the International Brotherhood of Magicians, is 37, a quick talker, a quick mover, and, above all, enthusiastic.

In an hour or so he mentioned hypnotism, Houdini, psychic research, the Indian rope trick, Oscar Rabbit, Marco Polo, escaping from a padlocked box, and magic, magic, magic.

Mr. Furst, the first Chairman of National Magic Day (held on Hallowe'en each year), is in Australia preparing for the trip of Ormond McGill, said to be "America's foremost hypnotist."

Arnold Furst is, himself, keenly interested in hypnotism and self-suggestion.



WIZARD Arnold Furst (above) chops a lettuce with the guillotine to show reporter Helen Gordon how it works. At right: Helen winces as the wizard and his assistant chop her leg off.



says 'H-h-h-hello.'

"It would have been much better if his mother had said: 'Johnnie is speaking better. I notice a big improvement.'"

Mr. Furst recommends hypnotism or self-suggestion for fat people.

"Just 'think thin,'" he recommends. "If a person begins to think thin, she sits

erect, walks better, and ends up by being thin."

Mr. Furst said that at a magic depot in New York recently he saw a man buying some tricks featuring silks and artificial flowers.

"I took another look," he added. "It was the Duke of Windsor—just another of the world's magicians."



"I'M STICKING MY NECK OUT," remarks Arnold Furst when the revengeful reporter took over as chief chopper. He would not let her push down the knife.

HOW TO ENJOY YOUR DAILY BREAD

—and keep your waistline down!

RYVITA—the appetising RYE CRISPBREAD
makes you fit and keeps you slim

Doctors and fashion writers both stress the importance of a trim waistline — yet most of us shudder at the mere thought of going on a diet.

Fortunately modern dietetics have solved the problem for us with a delicious whole rye crispbread called Ryvita.

How Ryvita keeps you slim
How can a food help to keep you slim? Ryvita, Australia's only crispbread made from rye, contains all the goodness of the whole rye grain. In other words, Ryvita is all nourishment. It satisfies your appetite faster so that you eat only what you really need. It satisfies your appetite longer, so that you can say "no" to figure-building snacks between meals. At the same time, it steps up your energy so that your body burns up the excess food which would otherwise become a "spare tyre" round your waist.

Makes other foods taste nicer

Munchy, crunchy Ryvita, rich in whole-rye vitamins, minerals and proteins, is a wonderful new experience in good eating. See how it brings out the flavour of jam, cheese, salads, or your favourite spread. Serve it for a quick snack after school; let the whole family enjoy it for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Ryvita crispbread is the new modern way to keep your waistline in its place and still enjoy your daily bread.



ENGLAND'S MOST POPULAR CRISPBREAD

RYVITA

A PRODUCT OF THE WESTON BISCUIT COMPANY

Now made in Australia at a new low price

3/6 and 1/11 at all grocers
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These beautiful walls are
SCRUBBABLE

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What Pamastic is—a true plastic paint with a P.V.A. (polyvinyl acetate) base. A spectacularly different and better paint developed by a 143-years-old English Company.

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Needs no primer or undercoat—even on new plaster or cement—Pamastic is self-sealing. Pamastic is extremely opaque. One coat is enough on many surfaces—two at most.

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BLUNDELL SPENCE & CO. (AUST.) PTY. LIMITED—AND AT LONDON, HULL, BOMBAY AND VALPARAISO



PRETTY WEDDING. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Valkenburg (left) after their marriage at Shore Chapel with best man Mr. R. V. Cater and the bride's sister, matron of honor Mrs. Jim Dods. The bride was formerly Louise Brown, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. B. Brown, of Newcastle.



ENGAGEMENT PARTY given at The Lodge, Canberra, by the Prime Minister and Dame Pattie Menzies (at left) to announce the engagement of their daughter, Heather (centre), to young diplomat Peter Henderson. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. S. Henderson, of Goulburn, N.S.W., are at right. Peter is now on duty in Indonesia.



EX-STUDENTS' BALL. Janet Appleton (left), of Double Bay, Graham Galloway, of Parramatta, and Ann Dunlop, of Bellevue Hill, were among guests at the ball given by members of the Ascham Old Girls' Union at Prince's.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

MOST people have chalked up a full programme for the next few weeks, when Sydney's Easter programme will be in full swing. With all the parties, dances, theatre first nights, races, yearling sales, and, of course, the Show, there's a wide variety of activities.

In fact, the clock on the cover of the Royal Agricultural Society's official timetable is an appropriate choice . . . to fit everything in, we'll have to keep at least one eye on the clock!

The Show begins this Friday, April 1, and lots of folk will have to hurry home to make a glamorous about-face from work-a-day clothes before attending the Peter Pan Free Kindergarten's Easter Ball at Prince's.

CUTS from a choice side of Shorthorn will be the main item on the menu at the Shorthorn Society's buffet dinner at the Pickwick Club on Saturday, April 2. President of the New South Wales branch of the Society, Frank Hood, of "Kywanna," Albury, and Mrs. Hood will welcome more than 200 guests, including Mr. and Mrs. Roy McCaughey (he was one of the biggest prize-winners at last year's Show), Mr. and Mrs. Owen Lloyd Jones, and Mr. and Mrs. Will Stuart.

The same night the Hereford Society is giving a buffet dinner at the Wentworth Hotel, and with the conclusion of the Hereford judging that morning there'll certainly be plenty to talk about.

ON Monday, April 4, it's the turn of the Aberdeen-Angus Society. They're having a buffet dinner at the Australia Hotel, and lots of interstate visitors will be among the guests, including Victorians Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Graves and Mr. Lindsay Nicholas, and Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Webster, of Kingaroy, Queensland.

ANOTHER "big" day is Tuesday, April 5, when the Poll Shorthorn Society are entertaining at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, Kirribilli. Show judge, Mr. Gerry Rankin, of Angus, Scotland, will be the guest of honor, and other guests are Mr. and Mrs. Hector McFarlane, of "Milly Milly," Young. Mrs. McFarlane flew to America for three weeks late last year for the Chicago Cattle Sales.



AT THE PICNIC RACES. Mrs. J. M. Simpson, wife of the president of the Inverell Picnic Race Club, congratulates their horse, Major Mitchell, after his win in one of the races at the two-day meeting at the Inverell Racecourse.

AND, also on Tuesday, the younger set from both city and country will be helping the New South Wales Institution for Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Children with the proceeds from an Easter dance. President of the Haywire Committee (who are arranging the dance), June Anderson, leaves for England two days later, so she'll have a wonderful opportunity to say good-bye to her friends.

AUSTRALIA HOTEL will be a popular rendezvous on Wednesday, April 6, when Julia McFarlane, of Young, and Jane Lindsay, of Cowra, will be guests of honor at their coming-out dance in the Ballroom . . . while the Rainbow Room will be the destination of Town and Country Ball guests.

THEN there's a lull in the social storm — probably much needed — till Saturday, April 9, when the Autumn Race Carnival begins at Randwick . . . and we have a chance to see what feminine Sydney really thinks of Mr. Dior's alphabetical lines.

AS well as the races, yearling sales, parties, and the Show, Easter Week has more than its share of big weddings. There's Sue Snelling and Ken Kelly's wedding on April 13, Jillian Nivison and Herbert Oppenheimer will be married on April 14, Diane Fuller will marry "Snow" Gunning on April 15, and Alison Cunningham and John Blake have chosen April 16.

THE Country Matrons' Ball, always one of the most elegant events in Easter Week, will be held on April 12 at the Australia Hotel. Another dance given on the same evening will be the Matrons' Ball, given by twenty-six hostesses at the Royal Sydney Golf Club.


TWO major sporting events on Saturday, April 16, will end the main Easter festivities with a flourish. The Queen Elizabeth Stakes will be run at Randwick, and miles away, at Penrith, huge crowds will cheer on their teams at the G.P.S. Regatta.



ART SHOW. Mrs. Robert Ennever (left), of Roseville, and Mrs. Albert Joris, of Wahroonga, at the official opening of the Contemporary Group's exhibition, which was held at Farmer's Blaxland Galleries.



CHRISTENING. Mrs. Frank McCall-Power with her sons, ten-months-old Elton and Jason (right), who is two, after Elton's christening at St. Stephen's. The boys wore forest-green velvet trousers and white ruffled shirts.



They'll go mad over you in
your exquisite bunny-soft

Black Lance

The big fashion name in knitwear again presents the most exciting styles of the season. Precious sweaters to wear and cherish. Enchanting sheath-pleated knitted frocks and "Permplete" skirts that wash and hold their shape. Attractive mix and match separates. Super-merino wool in lovely, gentle, lambs-wool finish.

Here is your "Factor-tone" twin-set styled by Black Lance to go with your "See Red" Lipstick. Other fresh and fashionable colours include Tomato Red, Persian Blue, Seafair Green, Moss Green, Coffee Brown, Town Tan, Midnight Blue, Powder Blue, Ripe Lemon, Boudoir Pink, and Navy. Only at the best stores.

Here's your answer

By KAY MELAUN

Many teenagers today, unlike their parents at the same age, are very organised about their future. The majority seem to plan ahead for a career they can succeed in, and a solid, sensible marriage.

THERE are, of course, the crazy youngsters who don't care if they go from job to job and who positively want to rush headlong into the Great Love. But judging by the letters I get, they are far in the minority.

This week's two letters are typical of the majority. Here is the first one:

TWO years ago I met a boy who swore, I told him I had not been brought up that way and unless he changed I would not write to him. He lives in the country and when I saw him again he did not swear and even attends the local church, which he didn't do before. I have seen him many times in the two years, as he visits me every time he is in Perth. We are both 18 and like each other very much. He is a very shy type really, but has spoken of becoming engaged, and I have told him I must wait till I am 21. He says he will wait till then, but, although my mother likes him, she says she would not let me marry him, as he has no future. What should we do?

Fam and Malcolm, Guildford, W.A.

So long as you don't tie yourselves down with an "understanding" or an engagement or going steady, you'll be all right. There's time enough ahead to think of being serious.

In three years' time you can start thinking of marriage. By then one or both of you may have met someone else, or Mother may have changed her opinion.

In the meantime, don't turn away other dates.

"I WILL be 15 in six months' time and as a career I would like to take on mothercraft nursing, but I don't know whom I could contact on this work. Could you please advise me?"

M. Bourke, N.S.W.

DEBBIE'S RECIPE

DEBBIE finds that savory scones are always popular. This is her recipe for the ones her friends like best.

CHEESE SAUCE SCONES

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Cheese sauce topping: One tablespoon butter or substitute, 2oz. grated cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mustard, pinch salt and pepper.

1. Sift flour and salt.
2. Rub in butter or substitute.
3. Add milk all at once and mix lightly to a soft dough.
4. Knead lightly on floured board.
5. Roll out to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness.
6. Cut out with floured 2 in. cutter and pack close together on greased oven-tray.
7. Place butter or substitute for topping in saucepan and allow to melt.
8. Add cheese and seasonings and stir until blended.
9. Place a little topping on each scone.
10. Bake in hot oven 12 minutes. Serve hot with or without butter.

CHRISTINA DENNY, 16, of Kensington, N.S.W., pictured at right, was recently chosen to join the Walter Gore Australian Theatre Ballet Company and will begin touring with them this month.



Christina, the daughter of Mr. Paul Denny and well-known children's artist the former Nan Fullerton, was at Sydney High School last year.

Languages were her favorite subjects, though she admits that homework necessarily "took a back seat" while she danced.

"I could never indulge in sport," she said. "I might have developed the wrong muscles."

Tina watches her diet, too, not eating many fats or carbohydrates.

She has been a vegetarian since the age of ten, when she read Frank Dalby David's "Man-Shy" and became horri-

fied by the thought of eating meat.

With two classes or four hours' practice per day, Christina wears out a pair of ballet shoes every two days.

"The stronger the dancer's feet, the less time the shoes last," she explained.

She hopes to study overseas next year. Paris and Rome are, naturally enough, uppermost in her travel dreams.

You will be too young yet to start this career, but you could get organised for it.

Write to the Matron, Karitane Mothercraft Home and Training Centre, 23 Nelson St., Woollahra, N.S.W., and to the Secretary, Royal Society for the Welfare of Mothers and Babies, Scottish House, Bridge St., Sydney.

They will tell you the educational requirements for both Karitane and Tresillian mothercraft nursing, and when you could start, etc.

Sister Mary Jacob, our mothercraft nurse, says that domestic science is good early training for mothercraft nursing. So if you can't start your career right away, fill in time by learning all you can about running a home, and about physiology, too, if that's available to you as a school subject.

DISC DIGEST

JAZZ fans who take their music seriously will want to hear a new microgroove (AL3501) which is part of the history of jazz. Its name is "Louis Armstrong Plays The Blues" and it was recorded between 1924 and 1925. This is neither Louis the trumpeter nor Louis the vocalist, but Satchmo on cornet and as an accompanist to that jazz immortal, Ma Rainey, the woman who taught that other famous blues singer, Bessie Smith. Other vocalists on the disc are Trixie Smith and an old-time vaudeville duo, Coot Grant and "Kid" Wesley Wilson. The record teems with other star names such as trombonist Charlie Green and pianist Fletcher Henderson. The eight bands are actually "race recordings," played by and made for negroes in the days before jazz became commercialised and lost much of its meaning.

FOR those who like modern, polished blues I can recommend Peggy Lee's "Black Coffee" on CFR10-510. Peggy, who was formerly one of Benny Goodman's star vocalists, uses her husky voice to advantage and is backed with some really splendid background playing. The title song of this LP is an offbeat mood piece, which is matched by "A Woman Alone With The Blues" and "Love Me Or Leave Me." In lighter vein is "I've Got You Under My Skin," "My Heart Belongs To Daddy," and "I Didn't Know What Time It Was." Finally, there is "When The World Was Young" and the charming "Easy Living." —BERNARD FLETCHER.



Wake 'em up with this

FRESH LIVELY FLAVOUR

Quick as a flash you get it—that deep, sweet goodness of fresh-toasted corn. And nutrition experts say that one helping of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar, plus fresh fruit and toast provides one-third of your daily food needs! 24 big, sustaining breakfasts in every large packet. Compare the cost per serve with bacon, eggs and meat! No messy grillers or pots and pans! Better get two packets!

HEY KIDS!
FREE NEW
Funny Face Masks
on back panels



Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

How to cut wash-up time in half!

Mrs. A. uses Suds



TOTAL TIME 19 MINUTES!

Mrs. B. uses Trix



TOTAL TIME 9½ MINUTES!

Trix makes soaps and powders "old fashioned"

Trix is a detergent that virtually "works by itself." Trix-in-water "swallows" grease and waste, absorbing them right into the water—to be flushed down the drain, not re-deposited on the dishes.

Trix is thick
it goes twice as far as ordinary detergents



Don't take our word that Trix cuts wash-up time in half... prove it for yourself! Buy a big economical bottle of Trix detergent... use it for your next big wash-up (one teaspoonful is enough)... DON'T DRY THE DISHES WITH A TEA TOWEL... just stack them to drain. They will dry sparkling clean—far, far cleaner than suds-washed dishes, for Trix leaves no soapy streaks or greasy film. For your own sake—do try the Trix-way of washing dishes!

TRIX saves TIME AND WORK in practically EVERY cleaning job



TRIX IS A PRODUCT OF SAMUEL TAYLOR PTY. LTD., MAKERS OF FAMOUS MORTEIN

Our intriguing contest . . .

FOUR CARS AS PRIZES

● You don't need special skills or time-wasting concentration to take part in our intriguing ideal wife and mother contest.

THE contest, now in its fourth week, requires from its entrants nothing more than everyday judgment and common-sense. By exercising these you will give yourself the chance to win one of the four handsome Hillman Minx cars which are the prizes in this most unusual competition.

All you have to do to become an entrant, with the possibility of winning one of these £1000 cars, is to cut out the coupons we are publishing each week in eight of our issues from March 16 to May 4 inclusive.

Each coupon lists four qualities which contribute to making an ideal wife and mother. In all, 32 qualities will be listed. The final four will be published in our issue of May 4, together with an official entry form.

When you have this form, exercise your judgment to decide which 12 of these 32 qualities you think are most important to an ideal wife and mother.

List the 12 in your order of preference on the entry form and send it to us accompanied

by a complete set of eight coupons.

There is no entrance fee and you may submit as many entries as you like, provided each one is made on the official form.

Closing date for entries will be June 8, 1955.

A panel of six prominent professional men, including a doctor, a marriage guidance counsellor, and a divorce lawyer, will judge the contest.

There is still plenty of time for you to take part. Cut out the coupon on this page and keep it along with the three earlier coupons that were printed in our issues of March 16, 23, and 30.

With these four, and the four coupons still to be published, you'll have stimulating

HOW TO ENTER

Cut out each week the coupon showing four of the qualities of an ideal wife and mother. When you have the whole 32 choose the 12 you consider the most essential and list them in order of merit on the entry form which will be printed with the last coupon in our issue dated May 4. A complete set of eight coupons must be attached to each entry form submitted.

material for family discussion as well as the exciting opportunity of winning one of those wonderful new Hillmans.

SAVE THIS COUPON

- 13. SEWING SKILL
- 14. SENSE OF HUMOR
- 15. PUNCTUALITY
- 16. PERSONAL NEATNESS

New-season lipstick offer

AN opportunity to secure a special sample tube of "See Red" lipstick was offered to readers of The Australian Women's Weekly in last week's issue.

During this time we have been rushed with requests from women who are anxious to secure this really smart and pretty new-season lipstick.

This special offer of a brand-new product that is making its first appearance in Australia is still open to all who care to accept it, but we urge you not to delay your application, because the offer is for a limited period.

"See Red," created by Max Factor, is a vivid, fiery lipstick color with a warm geranium undertone. As is the case with

all Max Factor lipsticks, it is smooth and creamy in texture, and long-lasting.

The sample tube of "See Red," which is yours for the price of 1/-, including packaging and postage, contains enough lipstick to last several days.

When you have finished the trial-size tube you can buy the lipstick in its regular Max Factor sizes at chemists and stores, price 9/11 (large) and 6/11 (refill).

"Wear hot colors in cold weather" should prove to be a suitable cosmetic slogan for everybody this autumn and winter.

"Hot" colors—and "See Red" is among them—are to be found in the many attractive variations of true, clear red.

We don't need to remind

beauty-conscious women that real red gives a lift to the face by bringing brilliant lustre to the lips.

Indeed, there is no more enlivening shade in the whole cosmetic color range for day or night wear.

Smart women will find the new "See Red" lipstick to be a perfect accent for new fashion colors, too.

It's a "natural" to team with such off-beat fabric shades as khaki, blackened green, green brass, and yellow green, which, together with popular stand-bys like charcoal and black, the neutral tones and peppery red, are tops in fashion forecasts.

Readers wishing to secure a "See Red" sample should follow the instructions given below.

HOW TO GET YOUR LIPSTICK

To obtain one of these trial-size lipsticks, fill in your name and address in clear block letters on the coupon below, cut it out, and mail it to Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney, enclosing a postal note or stamps to the value of 1/-.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY LIPSTICK OFFER

Please send me a trial-size "See Red" lipstick. I enclose 1/- in payment.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

NAME

ADDRESS

State



Always in harmony with a new fashion idea—
this time with Max Factor's lipstick colour "See Red"

IT'S MADDENING....

IT'S EXCITING

how soft and cool
how comfortable...

undies made of
TRADE MARK.
'Celanese' acetate
beauty fabric

'Celanese' Acetate Beauty Fabrics wash, dry, and iron in a jiffy.

LOOK FOR THE *Celanese* LABEL

'Celanese' ACETATE BEAUTY
FABRICS ARE SO VERSATILE!

Lingerie in 'Celanese' fabrics is
incredibly soft and cool. It stays
fresh-feeling in all weather conditions.

'Celanese' Acetate Fabric never
twists or rides up. Lingerie
in plain or printed 'Celanese'
Celshung', 'Celanese' Satin,
'Celanese' Crepe-de-chine or
'Celanese' Jersey feels utterly
comfortable—and stays put.



'Celanese' lingerie and outerwear
fabrics move with your body's
movements—never bag or sag. Whether
you choose 'Celanese Celshung' or
Satin, Surah or Brocade, you can be
sure it will keep its good looks and
crease-resistance through long wear.

'Celanese' fabrics wash, dry,
iron in a jiffy. It's so simple—
just whisk through lukewarm
suds, rinse in tepid water and
use cool iron while still damp.



MADE FROM
TRADE MARK
'Celanese' FABRIC
IRON WHILE DAMP USING WARM IRON

949

EAT AND ENJOY LOTS OF

British CANNED Herrings and Kippers



THE KING OF FISH

There's no tastier fish in the sea than the herring, and none more packed with nutritious goodness. Try these British Canned Herrings today. All the flavour and valuable vitamin content is here for your delight. And there are so many ways of serving them.

Here's a
treat—
HERRING
AND CORN
FRITTERS



Recipe: Take 2 tablespoonsful of flour. Mix into batter with egg. Bone, tail and flake careful of fish. Add fish, tomato sauce and can of kernel corn to batter. Season with salt and pepper. Drop tablespoonful of mixture into smoking hot fat. Fry to a golden brown and serve.

• SEE THE WORDS "GREAT BRITAIN" ON EVERY CAN



—even in the tightest spot!

Give baby's tender skin the extra comfort and protection of Actil Terry Nursery Squares.

- Super soft for baby skins.
- Recommended and used by Maternity Hospitals.
- Greater absorbency for perfect cleansing.
- Hygienically packed in "Cellophane".

**Terry
Nursery
Squares**



BUY QUALITY BY ACTIL

AUSTRALIAN COTTON TEXTILE INDUSTRIES LIMITED
Makers of SHEETS · PILLOW CASES · FASCO, The All Purpose Fabric

Worth Reporting

DRIVING along a main highway on the south coast of N.S.W. recently we came across American visitor Miss Mary Neilan, of Somerset, Pennsylvania, who is travelling round Australia.

She was sitting on a bank of paspalum reading a detective story, with her rucksack and dufflebag beside her, and we pulled up to offer her a lift.

"No, thank you," she said with a mellow American accent, "I want to go in the opposite direction."

Miss Neilan, we found out, is not a tourist, but a woman with a mission. She is seeing Australia only as a pleasant prelude to better things.

"I want to go where there are Moslems," she said. "I want to go to the East—Vietnam, Cambodia, Pakistan, Indonesia, Egypt, North Africa—places like that where I can meet some Moslems."

"I'm so interested in them," Miss Neilan said, with enthusiasm, "I can't make up my mind about them. I've read books about them, but I can't get a good clear picture of what they're like, really like, I mean."

"Maybe I won't be much wiser by the time I get home again, but I'm going to try. I've practised up on my Arabic, but it's still pretty elementary, although I can say, 'My pet rabbit is fatter than your pet rabbit,' and things like that."

"What will you do when you meet a Moslem?" we asked.

"I'll talk to him," she said. "I think the Moslems will want to talk to me. Most people are just dying to tell you what they think about things and how they feel about everything in general if you only give them a chance."

Just then a long car with a Victorian numberplate came along. Miss Neilan scrambled down the bank and dashed out into the roadway waving her arms.

The car stopped, and out got a good-looking young commercial traveller driving through to Orbest, Victoria. He introduced himself, offered Mary a lift, and raised an eyebrow at us.

"Oh, they're from The Australian Women's Weekly in Sydney," Miss Neilan said. "They're wandering around the countryside seeking whom they may devour—they've just chewed ME up."



"The Andersons wish to say good-night."

Do you want a penfriend?

CALLING all letter-writers. The other day the G.P.O. in Sydney sent us the following letter from Mrs. Gladys E. Woollett, P.O. Box 238, Agassiz, B.C., Canada:

"I have asked the postmaster of the G.P.O. in Sydney to forward this letter to the paper with the greatest circulation. I enclose a quarter for you to send me an air-mail letter informing me what is the cost of inserting this advertisement in your paper."

"English university woman, fifties, would like to correspond with an Australian."

We've informed Mrs. Woollett there will be no charge for this, but she's lost her quarter. It has been added to a colleague's coin bracelet.

Brightening up France

GLANCING through a circular sent to us the other day we were fascinated to read that free pots of paint are being given away to certain French villages for a general brightening up.

A committee has been formed under the title, "Repainting France," and according to the circular it is being "encouraged" by the Ministry of Public Works, Housing, and Reconstruction.

The village of Serres has already used up more than 3000lb. of paint on a "paint your doors and windows" scheme.

"How much latitude is left to each in painting windows and doors, and whether there is an approved color scheme, is not stated," adds the circular.

Trading—the Nigerian way

"POPLINES and pull-overs, enamelwares, nightgowns, ladies' underwears, singlets and round singlets" may be obtained from a Nigerian firm of "Motors Mechanic and Motor Cycles, Importers and Exporters," who have sent us a letter requesting that Australian "women and friends" should "torch us with trading."

They say: "We are specialised in the following: Hardwears, Glasswears, various Lead Pencils, Household Room Carpets, Ladies' Pull-overs and Men, Torchlights, Shoes for Ladies and Men Leather goods."

"We are exporters the following articles: Hide and skins, Timbers, Potatoes, Eggs, Rubbers, Dry colas, Palm oil, Cocoa Nuts, and Produce buyers. Samples upon request. We sincerely trust that our connections will be cemented with your esteemed house under mutual advantage, and thus we expect your proposition with interest."

If this sort of trading can occur in Ebute-Metta, Nigeria (where, presumably, shrieking Produce buyers are dumped daily between decks) we can suggest all manner of propositions.

To our way of thinking, enterprising motor mechanics and motor-cyclists could start something along the same lines in Tasmania, Tiboburra, or Townsville.

After all, anyone who knows about piston skirts, split skirts, the fabric type, brake shoes, and re-sleeving should have no difficulty in selling either "nightgowns" or "round singlets."

Nationally speaking, too, there might be something in the export of Produce buyers, as well as really "torched" journalists like ourselves.

BY RUD

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



Book News

By Helen Frisell

AN AMERICAN author, Mr. William J. Blake, who appears to detest his own country and countrymen, was chosen to write "Understanding the Americans," the third in a series of books "intended to promote international understanding and universal gaiety."

The first two, Elliot Paul's "Understanding the French" and Robert Waithman's "Understanding the English," might have fulfilled this intention.

But hark at Mr. Blake.

His American businessmen are ulcerated, fond of smutty stories, and worshippers of the Yankee dollar.

American women tourists, from teenagers to "blowsy middle-class dames," go to Europe to seek Continental love, and stand among the glories of Italian Renaissance architecture "their mouths dry with over-chewed gum, still waiting for non-existent Romeos."

American children (in a chapter headed "The Brat") are spoiled, ill-educated, and future delinquents. Food is "frightful because 'quick eating by people who regard lunch-time as wasted in the pursuit of wealth has given rise to the empire of the frying pan... foods dipped in hot fat and guaranteed indigestible.'"

Certainly the book is ironic, but the best irony usually stems from a mixture of exasperated affections in the writer's mind. Mr. Blake's essay at understanding seems to spring from contemptuous distaste.

Psychoanalysts might say that Mr. Blake was once one of those frustrated child-brats; that now, as an adult, he is taking it out on American society.

Published by Frederick Muller. Copy from the publishers.

Don't see eye to eye

AT a preliminary judging of luxury furs to be paraded at the Town and Country Ball in aid of the Smith Family in Sydney on April 6 we couldn't help noticing the difference between the way in which men and women look at a mink coat.

Twelve members of the Fur Trade Association had gathered to pass judgment on 240 stoles, coats, and other fur pieces, which had a total insurance value of £80,000.

The lynx-eyed judges were looking, they said, for style, craftsmanship, fur quality, and hair density.

What we were visualising was ourselves making a grand entrance at a fabulous party in the mink coat.



FATHER AND SON. Mr. Marlon Brando, sen., visits his famous actor son on the set of "Desiree." Marlon Brando, jun., is still contemptuous of much of what Hollywood stands for, but he has learned to control his irritation.

Brando is Hollywood's hottest property

"Two more actors like Marlon Brando and Television can crawl back into the tube," is the way a hard-bitten Hollywood producer sums up Hollywood's hottest property.

THERE may be a violent clash of opinions about Marlon Brando as a man, a lover, and a personality. But on one thing there's general agreement. As an actor he comes out of the top-drawer.

Sometimes he doesn't agree with all the exuberant praise. Take "Desiree," the flashy costume-drama that opened at the Carlton, London, recently. Darryl F. Zanuck insists that, as Napoleon, Brando gives one of his greatest performances.

Marlon just shrugs: "Most of the time I just let the make-up play the part," he says.

I side with Brando. His performance as Napoleon the arrogant lover and dictator is not one to remember him by. He was bogged down by a dull script.

But remember that the film revolves around Jean Simmons, who is excellent. Michael Rennie also holds his own with Jean and Brando, yet it is fascinating to see that it is still Brando's film. Such is his personality, he dominates the screen whether he is on it or not.

No wonder the simple girl Desiree and the sophisticated Josephine both fell for him! I feel the same thing will happen among women film-goers in cinemas all over the country.

Brando tries to insist that he only acts for the money, but let someone try to pin a poor or uninteresting part on him and he leaps like a wounded stag.

Without warning he walked out of "The Egyptian." Edmund Purdom, who replaced Brando in this dreary movie, told me: "Walking out of that role was the best performance Marlon has ever given—

and perhaps the most sensible!"

Brando is still contemptuous of much of what Hollywood stands for, but to some extent he has learned to control his irritation.

Two years ago he threatened to walk out for good—"I've made my nest-egg"—and take an extended trip round the world.

But he's still there and he'll talk your ear off about his latest role, in "Guys and Dolls."

"I've never danced, sung, and played in a light vein," he says. "I think it will help me to develop as an actor. It's a challenge—and, best of all, it is fun."

I think that attitude of Brando's to his work makes more common sense than "I just do it for the dough."

Brando's reputation as an artist has been built up on surprisingly few pictures—as he knows.

"My rise to fame has been

too sudden," he insists. Yet how can you stop a jet-propelled comet? Nevertheless, Brando the Untamed has a lively sense of his own value.

After "Viva Zapata!" was finished, his boss Zanuck said to him: "You know, Marlon, I think you're worth the £60,000 we paid you for 'Zapata!'"

Replied Brando: "I entirely agree!" End of conversation.

Brando brings an intense concentration and professionalism

to all his work. His first film was "The Men," a story about paralysed men.

"Can I come back to the studio the day shooting starts?" he asked. Given the okay, he disappeared.

Where? To live in a hospital for paraplegics. He stayed chained to a wheelchair, talking, thinking, working at the sad life of the fellows around him. Then he made the movie.



MARLON BRANDO, who plays the role of Napoleon in the film "Desiree," is pictured here with lovely young English-born actress Jean Simmons in a scene from the film.

● Dick Richards, London stage and screen columnist, concludes his series of three special articles on Marlon Brando with this story on Brando the actor.

When he played the rebel chief in "Viva Zapata!" he wore celluloid rings in his nose to help get the character's voice and appearance right.

"Boy, I hated those rings," he admits, "but it was worth it. It was an interesting part."

The screen repeat of his stage success, "A Streetcar Named Desire," was, of course, the turning point for Brando. Once again he flung himself so completely into the role that he began to talk and behave like the Polish slob he was portraying.

But producer George Glass says: "If that great actor Brando is a slob, then it should have happened to me!"

Splendid performances in "On the Waterfront" (the young, punch-drunk brute who, painfully, turned into a human being) and in "The Wild One," which English audiences were not allowed to see, were challenges Brando met successfully.

But to me the most interesting challenge met by this remarkable young man was in "Julius Caesar."

It is not so long ago that Brando was really in a spot. He was being auditioned by the great Alfred Lunt for a stage role. Brando stood on the stage, speechless with nerves.

"Well, say something!" remarked the actor-producer a shade testily. Brando abandoned the script in his hand.

"Hickory-dickory-dock," he replied stonily and walked out of the theatre. He has come a long way since then.

CAUGHT & CANNED IN THE ONE DAY



Maconochie's Herrings—fresh, kippered, or in tomato sauce—have the full, rich flavour that belongs only to real Scotch Herrings. Caught, in the prime of life, on the famous fishing grounds around the north of Scotland, they are canned the very day they reach Maconochie's modern factory at Fraserburg. This means their "sea-fresh" flavour is retained until you open the tin in your own kitchen. What a treat for all the family—and so economical, too! Maconochie's Herrings are packed in large and small sized tins—bringing you the very best in Scotch Herrings for less than 9d. a serve.

Ready for you to serve to your family



HERRINGS IN TOMATO SAUCE

Serve chilled, with salad, or as tasty kedgeroes, mornays, rissoles or other tempting snacks. You'll love their true herring flavour, plus the piquant relish of tomato sauce.

FRESH HERRINGS

Preserved in their own natural oil, so delicious served chilled, with a crisp salad. Handy for luncheon or Sunday night supper.

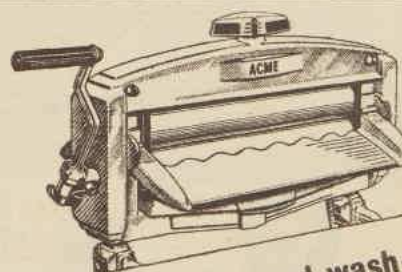
SMOKED KIPPERED HERRINGS

A breakfast everyone will enjoy. Serve heated, with melted butter, sprinkled with pepper, garnished with parsley.

FOR ALL FISH DISHES

MACONOCHE'S SCOTCH HERRINGS

FREE Write to Box 1739, G.P.O., Sydney, for Free and Post-Free Recipes.



You've done a good wash—now make it even better!

However well you wash your clothes, the final results still depend on the wringing. And only Acme wringing makes it certain that washday after washday your clothes will be as clean, crisp and sparkling as ever you could desire. Five million women already know this. Whether they use a washing machine, sink or tub, they all say . . .

**However you wash—
you should have
ACME wringing**

Factory Representatives: J. CHALEYER & COMPANY

Pioneer House, 353 Flinders Lane, MELBOURNE, C.I.

Manufactured by ACME WRINGERS LTD DAVID ST GLASGOW S E SCOTLAND

They'll go mad over you
when you're wearing

SEE RED

Beutron Buttons

**The overseas designed buttons
that always match—never clash
and stay beautiful, even after
countless dry-cleanings**

New look for knitteds this year — *vibrant tones.*
Starring the newest eye-opener — *rich, glowing reds!*
And the buttons that reflect them — Beutron Opal-Glo.

Knitteds should be washed or dry-cleaned often
and that's why it's important that they carry Beutron
buttons. Exhaustive tests by the Federal Council of
Dry Cleaners of Australia prove that Beutron buttons
are guaranteed to wash and dry-clean perfectly. Ask
to see Beutron Opal-Glo wherever you shop — there's
a button to match perfectly with every one of the new
season's wools. (Try a touch of drama on your
knitteds with Beutron Originals.)



Timely tip from Beutron
— buy carded Beutrons,
so you'll always have
a spare button or two
handy for a crisis.



TESTED AND APPROVED
BY THE
FEDERAL
COUNCIL OF
DRY CLEANERS
OF AUSTRALIA

Beautiful Beutron buttons are made by
G. Herring (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Willoughby, N.S.W.

b

BANDBOX IS HERE!
AUSTRALIA'S FIRST
ALMOND CREME OIL SHAMPOO

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BANDBOX BRINGS YOU
9 ENTIRELY NEW,
GLAMOURISING INGREDIENTS

n

3 NEW INGREDIENTS
WHIRL UP A TUMULTUOUS,
CLEANSING LATHER

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4 MORE INGREDIENTS
GIVE YOUR HAIR
NEW YOUTH AND BRIGHTNESS

b

2 FINAL INGREDIENTS
ENSURE EXCITING,
EYE-CATCHING HIGHLIGHTS

O

B-A-N-D-B-O-X SPELLS
ENTRANCING HEALTH
AND BEAUTY FOR YOUR HAIR

X

ALMOND CREME
OIL SHAMPOO

At your beauty counter now!

Economy prices: 2/9, 5/11

Also Liquid Shampoo: 2/3, 4/3

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 6, 1955



FRUIT and veget-
ables trim this white
buckskin summer
shoe by Jacques
Fath. Semi-Jordan
heels are a feature
of the pretty shoe.

SHOES FIT FOR CINDERELLA



BLACK grosgrain
shoe above was de-
signed by Christian
Dior. The heel is a
high slender Jordan.

RIGHT: An oriental
influence is shown in
a brown suede shoe
with a beige design.

HAREM TOE is a
new note of the white-
trimmed, cherry-red
court shoe shown
in the picture below.



● Cinderella herself prob-
ably would have exchanged
her glass slippers gladly if
she'd seen delicate shoes
like these with their high,
slim Jordan heels, exotic
fabrics, and enchanting
colors. The shoes, made in
England from British and
French designs, are all avail-
able in Australia at prices
ranging from £5 to £7.



IRIDESCENT pink lizard-skin sandal with
a symmetrical strapping. Silver, blue, and
gold skin are also used for similar shoes.



"I'll take the
one with the
Sutex label"

When choosing your Skirt this Season,
look for the Sutex label. Styled by Fenmoor,
Sutex Skirts give you that fashion appeal
which is feminine, elegant and becoming.
Skillfully tailored from exclusive pure wool
Worsted Sutex fabrics, in the latest colours,
Sutex Skirts are available in a wide variety
of styles to suit the hour, the need and your
personal flare.



YOUR NEW SUTEX SKIRT WILL GO
BEAUTIFULLY WITH YOUR "SEE RED" LIPSTICK.

NPSK 1

asked. "What's wrong with it?" Then she turned and ran out of the kitchen.

Nora washed and changed her clothes, drank two cups of coffee, and went to clean the corridors of the building. She was on the Gregorys' floor when Mrs. Gregory came out.

Mrs. Gregory was slim and attractive, even in middle age. When her married daughter came to see her they looked like two sisters. She was smart, a mother to be proud of.

"You're out early this morning, Mrs. Gregory," Nora said.

"Yes," the other woman answered. "Yes. I couldn't sleep. My daughter told me last night that she's going to have a baby." She shuddered and began walking towards the elevator. "Grandma, imagine me! Grandma. Have you any grandchildren, Nora?"

"No," Nora said. "But I think I will like to be a grandma when Mary marries."

"Well, yes," Mrs. Gregory said. "Yes, I suppose you will."

The elevator came to take her down to the street, and Nora went on with her cleaning. Grandma. It was a foolish thing to think of now, but the thought was there and she could not help it.

She was good with babies, much better than with the sewing of a dress. A grandmother who was good with babies and did not go out at night was handy to have around.

But that was a long while off. In the meantime she was only a stiff-fingered cleaner and her daughter had told the boy who was calling for her to stay outside and hunk, and there was nothing she could do. She could not help Mary at all, not about the dress, not about the boy.

Yet when Mary came into the living-room that evening and stood in the doorway and said, "How do I look, Mom?"

Continuing Poor Man's Daughter

from page 9

Nora thought for a minute that she must have been all wrong about the dress, that she had done something clever and beautiful without knowing.

Then she saw that it was only Mary who was clever and beautiful. She had pinned to her waist an artificial flower from the bargain basement and brushed her hair up high into shining yellow curls. It was as Nora had said. The dress did not matter.

"You look —" Nora began, and then stopped because she did not have the words. "If only Papa could see you!"

A moment later the horn sounded outside, three short, quick blasts, and Nora's pleasure faded. "Such an impatient sound," she thought. Come out . . . come out at once or I will not wait."

And Mary threw her coat over her shoulders and ran to this boy who commanded her, ran away from the mother she was ashamed to have him meet.

Nora sat down and turned on the radio. Every night when she was not working she listened to music. It did not matter to her what kind of music it was, jazz or classical.

But tonight she was not really listening. She was thinking of Mary at the Fillmores' party — Mary with Buzz Trevor, who still had no face or form but was now three impatient blasts on a car horn — Mary, beautiful even in her made-over dress, yet not like the other girls, never like the other girls who had mothers who had given them all the advantages, mothers they were proud of.

After a time she dozed a little and later jerked wide awake, her heart pounding, the sound of a man's rapid ex-

pressionless voice in her ears: — driven by Busby Trevor, Jun., eighteen, went out of control and hit a tree.

"The names of the other teenagers in the car are not known at this time . . ."

Nora turned off the radio. She got up and stood in the middle of the room for a minute without moving. Her eyes found the clock. It was half-past one — half-past one in the morning. You could not telephone anybody at such an hour.

She went out into the hall and looked up the number. She heard herself ask the operator for it, but her voice did not sound like any voice she knew. Almost as soon as the ringing started, the receiver at the other end of the line was lifted.

"Hello, Mrs. Fillmore?" Nora said in the voice that was not her own. "This is Nora

Swanson, Mary's mother. I heard on the radio about an accident. Do you know, please, what happened? Do you know — was my Mary — was she in the car?"

It took Mrs. Fillmore a second to answer. Nora thought the silence would never end. "Mary was with the Trevor boy, Mrs. Swanson. They left here with six others. But it may be all right. The report said none of them may be hurt. They don't know yet."

"I must go," Nora said. "I must go to Mary."

"Be a little patient if you can," Mrs. Fillmore said gently. "No word has come through on where they've been taken. You'll be notified right away."

"Yes," Nora said. "Yes, I will wait. Your girl?" she asked. "Your Kathy? Was she —?"

"I didn't let her go. Buzz had been drinking," Mrs. Fillmore said. "It's good of you to ask."



Nora hung up and went back inside. She sat down heavily on the sofa, then she got up again and went into the bedroom and stood staring through the darkness at Mary's bed.

Mrs. Fillmore had not let her daughter go, but Nora had let Mary go. She had had no way of knowing about Buzz and so she had let her go. "I have done everything wrong, Eric. I have not even protected her from harm."

The outside door slammed and Nora ran into the hall. Maybe it was someone to tell her. Maybe it was a policeman. They had sent a policeman when Eric —

The door of the apartment opened. Mary stood on the threshold, Mary and a boy. "Hello, Mom," she said. "I'm sorry I'm so late. We — what's the matter, Mom?"

"Mary," Nora whispered. "You are all right." She reached out and held on to the girl's shoulders, feeling them solid under her hands. "I thought — the accident —"

"Oh, that!" Mary said. "They weren't hurt much. We just passed Mr. Fraser from the paper and he told us they're all okay. They were lucky. That dope, Buzz —" She broke off and peered at her mother. "Gosh, Mom, did you think I was with them?"

Nora could only nod.

"Gee," Mary said. "I didn't go. I thought Buzz was taking me home, but when we all got outside he said it was too early to go home and I saw how he was. Dave said he wouldn't go with him, either, so — Oh!"

She laughed and turned to the boy who stood quietly beside her. "This is Dave Mannon, Mom. We had to walk all the way from the Fillmores' because the last bus had gone. That's why we're so late."

The boy's hand was strong

and firm in Nora's. "I'm sorry you were worried, Mrs. Swanson," he said. "I'll say good-night now." He turned to Mary: "Will I see you soon?"

"Why, yes," Mary said. "I hope so."

When he had gone, Nora went into the bedroom and sat down on her bed. She did not turn on the light because she thought maybe the way she was shaking inside might show.

"I'm sorry, too," Mary said, following her in. "I mean about your being worried. You ought to know I wouldn't get in a car with any dope like that."

"You did not think, before, that he was such a dope?"

Mary sat down on the other bed. "Yes, I did," she said. "I did really. He's awfully handsome and the other girls all think he's wonderful, so I was sort of flattered and I tried to tell myself I thought he was wonderful, too. But I knew he wasn't much. That's why I didn't want you to meet him. I knew you'd see it in a minute."

"What do you think of Dave?" Nora smiled into the darkness. "It is a little too soon to tell," she said, "but so far I think he is a very nice boy."

How foolish she had been! Nora reprimanded herself. She felt sorry for the mother of Buzz and the mothers of those others who had gone in the car with him. It was different with her. When you had given your child all the advantages you had nothing to worry about.

"I think so, too," Mary said sleepily. "I think he's awfully nice."

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HOLLYWOOD'S LOVELIEST WOMEN

By BARON, Court photographer

★ On this and succeeding pages is an album of Hollywood beauties photographed by Baron, British Court photographer, during his recent visit to the U.S.A., together with his comments on them.

Baron explains, "At first I thought the most glamorous woman in Hollywood was Marilyn Monroe, but I changed my mind and chose Mae West, who, at 63, is still wonderful, her skin still fine and firm."

"Of those I photographed the two most beautiful are Pier Angeli and Barbara Darrow. The most dynamic personality is newcomer Liliane Montevecchi."



ZSA ZSA GABOR (above):

I HAVE said that glamor is a combination of intelligence, sex appeal, poise, impact, and—above all—mystery. For Zsa Zsa the only thing lacking from these attributes is the last one. But since she has all the others in such generous quantities, Miss Gabor must rank as one of the great glamor queens of the world. She has candor in her speech which is so alarming as at times to be called vulgar, yet those who know her well are amused by her conversation. When I spoke to her on the telephone and asked her where she was, she replied: "In the jeweller's, of course. Rubi has bought me a ruby bracelet. Isn't it dahling of him!" Her house in fashionable Bel-Air is exquisite, but she complains it costs her 3000 dollars a month, and that she is only there for three months in the year. She is warm-hearted, gregarious, conceited, garrulous, and, to me, utterly charming. She has annoyed many people. Her main bother is that she will persist in saying the wrong thing at the right moment.

KIM NOVAK (left):

SHE might become a sort of blonde Jane Russell. Meeting her I felt she was the perfect type of small-town girl who has made good—and nobody is more surprised about it than she is. Her personality is warm and appealing, and I like her soft unaffected American voice.



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ZIZI JEANMAIRE

(right):

AS a ballet critic in 1947 I wandered in to London's Princes Theatre to see a ballet called "Carmen." In the title role appeared Renee (Zizi) Jeanmaire—no long-haired gypsy this, but a petite pixie with a crew-cut and a fringe.

Since then several stars have tried "Carmen," but Zizi's performance remains incomparable. Now her mixture of frenzy and fantasy have been claimed by Hollywood.

She arrived for her sitting with me at Harry Crocker's Beverly Hills hideout, with a long, pouting face and nothing to wear except her black tights and a leopard. The tights were laddered. She omitted at first to mention that she had a white fox fur. Under vociferous French protests I persuaded her to wear all three garments. As she posed for me in the white fox fur (see page 44) and the black leotard we chatted about the last time I photographed her as Carmen. Then suddenly she snatched my red scarf from my neck and, using it as muleta, executed some skilful passes to an imaginary bull.

This gay gamine from Paris hasn't changed much since those "Carmen" days. Thinking of her new income, I asked her if she had a car. "Why should I have a car?" she said. "I can always get a man to drive me around." Yes, indeed!



PIER ANGELI (left):

PIER ANGELI has a face that is a cross between an angel and a pixie, a mixture of naivete and sophistication. She is also, in my view, one of the three most beautiful girls in this world. But Pier, despite her youth, has a generous sprinkling of everything that makes for glamor.

As with Marilyn Monroe, it is almost impossible to take a bad picture of her. Her profile resembles that of the Egyptian Queen Nefertiti in that the straight, beautifully shaped nose continues in an almost unbroken line from the forehead. Her eyes are large, impeccably shaped, and full of expression—limpid pools of mischief. It makes little difference to the shape of her face whether she smiles or remains serious.

I have never seen her in films, but I am told she is an excellent actress who comes across the screen without apparent effort. In this case she would be perfect in the following parts: Joan of Arc, Cleopatra, Eliza Doolittle, or Alice in Wonderland. She could not play Scarlett O'Hara, Lady Macbeth, or the girl in "All About Eve."

Continuing:

HOLLYWOOD'S LOVELIEST WOMEN

by **BARON**, Court photographer



JEAN SIMMONS (above):

SOME eight years ago a young girl appeared on the screen in a film called "Great Expectations." At once she became a star. The elfin purity of her beauty and the candor of her acting were remarkable. Today, at 24, Jean Simmons still retains the qualities that made her a star. She lives with her husband, Stewart Granger, way up in the hills above Los Angeles. The house resembles a hunting-lodge, festooned with Granger's guns and tackle.

"I have practically no clothes," she said simply, and indeed we had a struggle to select from her limited wardrobe. Her face is mobile and expressive. If Lauren Bacall has the reposeful inscrutability of a cat, Jean has the impish simplicity of a kitten. She wrinkles her nose as she laughs, but her face in repose is lovely. She has the only cat I saw in the whole of Hollywood, two poodles, and, of course, a swimming-pool. Great Expectations fulfilled indeed.

LILLIAN MONTEVECCHI (right):

LILLIAN MONTEVECCHI is a newcomer to Hollywood. Like Jeanmaire and Caron she is from the Roland Petit glamor team, discovered and trained by the maestro in Paris. She has just completed a film and already has an offer of a contract from a major studio. Already she is known in Hollywood as "The Eyes." A larger and more evocative pair have seldom been seen on the silver screen. Her father is a painter of Italian origin and her mother is French. The combination has produced a creature of exceptional talent and remarkable features. Her voice is husky, melodious, and of unusual timbre.

She is great fun to photograph, for without any direction she will assume poses full of charm and fantasy. Now she is busy learning to speak English and thinking about that contract. Take it, Lillian, and give jaded cinemagoers a new thrill.



CYD CHARISSE (above):

IT was only after having finished with the sitting that I learned of the wonders of Cyd Charisse's legs. I should have known, for she is a brilliant dancer.

My sitting with her is interesting to record in that she started off wearing a debutante-type pink evening gown of some silk taffeta material. Neither I nor she felt particularly comfortable. Then we tried her in a roll-top sweater; still both of us remained unexcited. The sitting went on, and so did M.G.M.'s studio time, with the attendant hairdresser, property man, standby photographer, chauffeur and make-up assistant, publicity Press agent, and electrician.

After some two hours of mutual frustration I appealed to Ann Strauss, of M.G.M., who was looking after Cyd, to do something about the clothes. "Drape her in a sari," I suggested, in which she duly appeared. The effect of this impromptu drapery was electric, and the last quarter of an hour in which this picture was taken enabled me to throw most of the others away. The white spot in her hair was the final touch—it is a little bee made of pearls.



Concluding:

HOLLYWOOD'S



MAE WEST (above, left):

WHEN "Diamond Lil," starring Mae West, came to London it was regarded by most critics as a brash vehicle for an even brasher star. A few of the more discerning praised Mae West's work both as an actress and a personality. For myself, I regarded the whole thing as a fascinating display of an American Western on the stage. The details of the play have dimmed with the years, but I always remember her last song as she saunters up to the microphone—her lips curled, her hips gently swaying, her tongue clicking, and her eyes reduced to blue slits of sex and cunning and her voice surprisingly sweet with a timbre all its own as she drones "Frankie and Johnnie."

That was some eight years ago. Now Mae West is back on Broadway and I went to see her again, wondering what havoc those years would have wrought on the plump, snake-like figure, the long, bare, full back, the lilting nasal voice, and the smile—the smile of Tamar as she lured strong strangers to her couch and death.

To my amazement it was all there just the same. She seemed to have halted the passage of years. New Yorkers are "coming up to see her" . . . all the time. Hail Mae West, Duchess of Broadway, Sunset Boulevard, and the Hotel Sahara, Las Vegas.

MARILYN MONROE (right):

BEFORE I set eyes on her, Monroe was a big brassy smile and a mass of curves and blond hair staring at me from the covers of innumerable magazines on bookstands. Then one day a black Cadillac drew up to the Fox Studio administration buildings. I was with a character in the newspaper business who went to the driver and said hello. The driver replied with a greeting and smiled at him, and for some friendly reason she smiled at me—a sweet, cosy look. Someone said, "That's Monroe," and I said, "Nonsense!" But Monroe it was.

Next time I saw her was the day before her divorce. She was sitting having luncheon in the Fox dining-room. She looked ill and tired.

People said Monroe was this or that, but I noticed that everyone was talking about her, and I still wondered why. The blonde with a brassy smile. A few days later I found myself having lunch with her and her friend and agent, and my friend, Hugh French. She was wearing a towel "peignoir" and had no make-up on at all. She said "Hello" or maybe "Hi," and I replied with a mumbled greeting.

She smiled again, and I began to see and to feel the electric touch of Monroe.

The smile didn't come from the gaudy covers of magazines—it came from within, and was very warming indeed. Monroe is almost a legend—a remote girl, a smiling, friendly Garbo—in Hollywood. I must eat my words, for I had labelled her without seeing her, a silly thing to do with most people, but with Monroe, high treason.

ZIZI JEANMAIRE (left): See previous page.

THE LOVELIEST WOMEN

Concluding Baron's portraits of Hollywood's loveliest women with Barbara Darrow (right) as being, with Pier Angeli, the most beautiful and Mae West (far left) the most glamorous.* He was also enormously impressed with Marilyn Monroe (below). "When you look at her you just melt," he said.

RITA MORENO (left):

A TYPICAL sultry Southerner, she is a dynamic personality with a great deal of ambition balanced by a great deal of humor. She has a cameo type of figure, with beautiful feet and legs and hands.

BARBARA DARROW (right):

WHEN Barbara Darrow becomes a star, as no doubt she will, I prophesy that she will be known in Hollywood as "The Mouth," or perhaps "The Pout." One is tempted to try to make her cry so as to watch the mouth trembling on the verge of tears. Here is a face of unusual—and I would say typically American—beauty. The eyes, too, are fine and a brilliant blue-green in color. She is the only subject whom I immediately elected to photograph after seeing a picture taken by that excellent Hollywood photographer Engstead. Barbara has two sisters, who are, she says, with becoming modesty, more beautiful than she. She also insists that there is no jealousy between them. Her favorite actor is Marlon Brando and her favorite actress Jennifer Jones. She would like to act in dramas, such as "Duel in the Sun." Surely we can forgive her for this while remembering her measurements are 35in., 23in., 36in.—and that MOUTH!



LAUREN BACALL

(right):

WHAT a woman this is. In Hollywood she is respected and loved by her friends and respected and feared by her enemies. She has even tamed that unregenerate and bellicose character H. Bogart. Two kids—a boy and a girl—a lovely house, a vast fortune, a contented Bogart—these are the outward signs of an inner conquest of life.

Of the women I talked to in Hollywood, Bacall seemed to me the most intelligent—although I admit intelligence is a hard quality to assess. However, Bacall has a quality of repose and quiet interest which appeal to me.

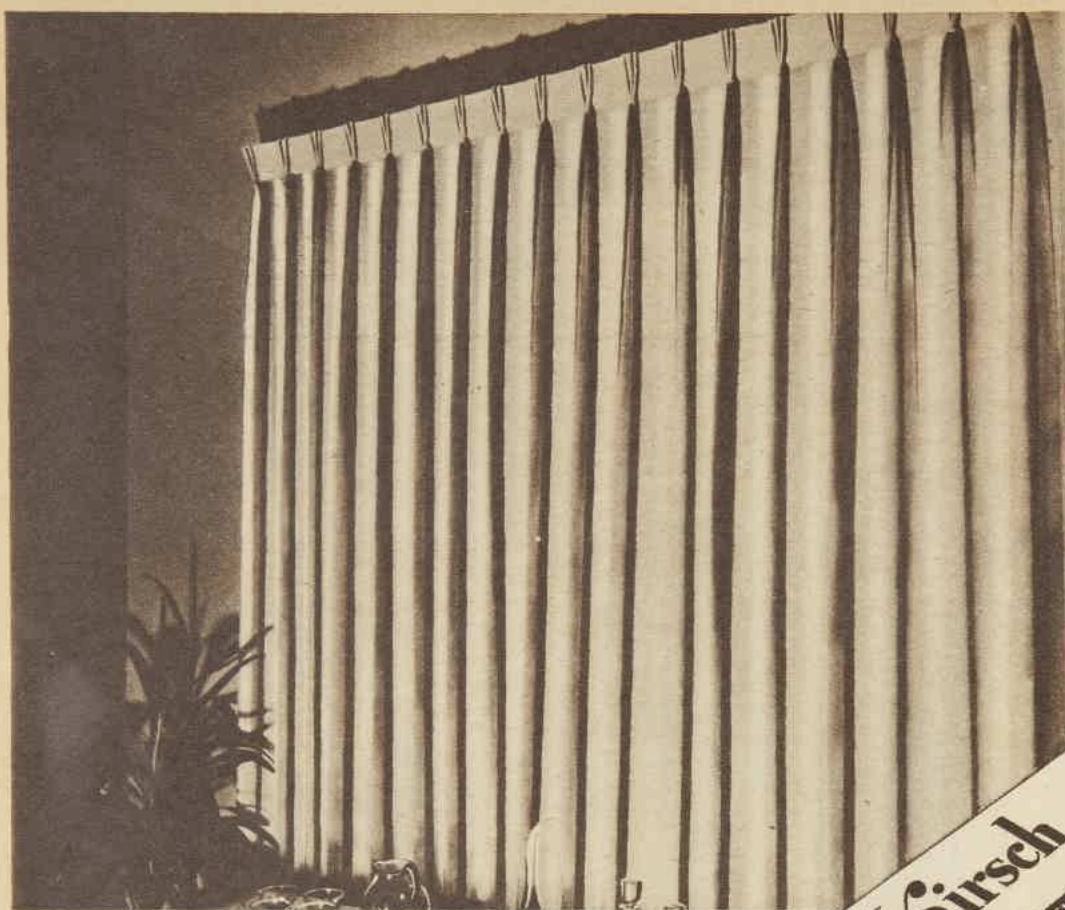
As a photographic subject she is fascinating, unpredictable, and maddening. She rarely poses for still pictures and, unlike most film stars, she doesn't like it. To amuse herself she will keep up a running patter of banter and badinage, making it almost impossible to concentrate on the sitting.

Her face varies in expression from the sardonic to the inscrutable. It is feline, yet the sensitive wide mouth seems always ready to break into a smile. If you flatter her she will say in that deep, nasal drawl, "Tell that to the birds, kid." But the green, almond-shaped eyes will smile at the compliment.

She is as uncompromising as her language is unconventional. Her sphinx-like expression and lucid, if waspish, dialogue ill conceal a warm and friendly nature. If one has to be taken apart it may as well be by Bacall.

* Baron defines glamor as "partly polish acquired by a person who is always in the public eye and partly the projection of the personality beyond the limits of everyday life."





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When you get home just screw up the two end brackets and hook up the rod. The rod is adjustable — extends or contracts to fit your window exactly. Now you have a rod that has all the advantages of the famous Kirsch Cut-to-measure rod without the bother of taking exact measurements and waiting. You get the same easy sliding action, the same neat ivory finish (protected by the packaging).

When you see how beautiful your curtains look you'll wonder how you ever put up with those saggy, troublesome pieces of dowel or conduit.

If you are putting old curtains onto the new rod — give them a new look! Transform them into Kirsch-style curtains by pleating their fullness like the curtains shown here. Kirsch-style curtains fold evenly closed and open. A tall Kirsch hook sewn behind each pleat holds the heading upright. For specially large windows Kirsch Cut-to-measure rods are still available.

For curtains that are shirred onto their rods, ask for Kirsch Gold Seal extension rod—in the red package. Smoothly finished in ivory baked enamel — cannot catch or snag the sheerest fabric.

All Kirsch extension rods come in packages that plainly say "Kirsch." If you don't see that name, you are being offered a substitute that will not give you Kirsch satisfaction. Don't take it!

Kirsch
CURTAIN RODDING



is a product of Wormald Brothers Industries

Continuing . . . Bath Tangle

from page 3

civil and amiable. That Laleham-woman was mightily set up by his standing up with her daughter, and not seeming to care for anyone else, but walking off to the cardroom immediately. Orrell says it was a study to look at the faces of the other mammas! But he came back at tea-time, took in his cousin, and afterwards solicited some girl that had no partner to stand up with him, which was thought to be very good-natured in him, and lowered the Laleham crest a trifle! This Rhenish cream is most excellent, Lady Spensborough: a capital dinner! I shall tell Jane I get nothing so good at Milverley!"

Fanny could not help glancing across the table to see whether Serena partook of her own astonishment. She could detect nothing in her face but a look of approval; and when, after Spensborough had left them, she ventured to ask her if she had not been very much surprised, she received a decided negative.

"You were not? I own, I could hardly credit my ears. I had no notion that he cared so much for your opinion!"

"No, indeed, and not does he!" Serena answered. "The outcome would have been the same whoever had taken him to task. When he does such things as that it is not from any conscious idea of his own consequence, or a contempt for persons of inferior rank, but from a sort of heedless arrogance, as I told him. He had the misfortune to lose his father when he was still a schoolboy: a most estimable man, I believe. Papa was used to say that everyone stood in great awe of him, because he was such a 'grand seigneur,' but that pride in him didn't lead him to offend people by any careless manners, but to treat everyone with the same punctilious courtesy. We should have thought him very stiff, I daresay, for he was held to be old-fashioned even when Papa was a young man. But Lady Rotherham was insufferably proud!"

She saw that Fanny was listening with absorbed interest, and went on, "You never knew her; I assure you she was so puffed-up with conceit and consequence that there was no bearing it! She brought up all three of her children, and in particular, of course, Ivo, to believe themselves so superior that they might behave as they chose, since a Barrasford must be beyond the reach of censure! As for considering the feelings of others, such a notion can never have entered her head! Her selfishness was beyond anything, too! Everything, she thought, must give way to her whims. One cannot wonder at Ivo's arrogance; the only wonder is that it should be unconscious—not rooted; as it was with her, in conceit! He was never taught to think of anything but his own pleasure, but his disposition is not bad, nor does he mean to offend the sensibilities of others. It is all heedlessness! If he can but be made to see that he has behaved badly, he is sorry for it at once."

"Oh, Serena! When I am sure he was ready to murder you for having presumed to tell him his conduct was not gentlemanly!"

"No, no, you are mistaken, Fanny!" Serena said, laughing a little. "He didn't wish to murder me, but himself! Oh, well, perhaps me, but much more himself! He knew what I said to be true, and that is what wounded his pride, and made him smart so."

"Do you think so?" Fanny said doubtfully.

"I know it! Don't imagine that he instantly set about mending the matter because his

conduct had given me an ill opinion of him! He did it because it gave him that ill opinion. He has the fault of his mother's temper, but at the bottom he is more his father's son than hers. Papa always held to it that with that upbringing, and all the toad-eating and nonsense that surrounded him when he was by far too young to perceive the folly of it, it said a great deal for his character that he grew up to care so little for pomp and dignity, and of all creatures to dislike most those that flatter him. You will never see Ivo in company with any of the odious hangers-on who fawn on great men, administering all the time to their vanity, you know. He holds such stuff in utter contempt."

Nothing more was heard of Rotherham until the end of January. The weather continued to be dull, and wet, one leaden day succeeding the last, and exercising a depressive influence on the spirits. Fanny contracted a severe chill, and seemed unable wholly to shake off its effects. She continued very languid, complained of rheumatic pains, and found the days intolerably long. The novelty—for such she had felt it to be—of being mistress of her own house had worn off; and the monotony of the life she was leading made her fretful.

Having more strength of character than Fanny, Serena did not wilt under the trials that beset her. She became increasingly impatient with Fanny; and the fact that she seldom allowed her exasperation to appear exacerbated it. There were even days when she felt that she and Fanny conversed in different languages, and that she might almost have preferred to have been cooped up with her aunt. She would have found herself opposed to nearly every one of Lady Theresa's opinions; but Fanny had no opinions.

When Lady Theresa, an accomplished and conscientious correspondent, wrote that Lady Waldergrave was dying of water on the chest, Fanny could be interested, and would discuss the sad news at far greater length than Serena thought necessary; but when Lady Theresa informed her that retrenchment was all the cry now, and that it was an open secret the Opposition meant to launch an attack on the tax on income which the nation had endured for ten years, some saying that it would be proposed that the two shillings in the pound now exacted should be reduced by as much as half, Fanny had nothing to say beyond a vague "Oh!"

Serena was beginning to think that she could even welcome Rotherham in his most quarrelsome mood when the post brought her a letter from him. It informed her in the curtest terms that Probate having at last been obtained, he should call at the Dower House some time during the following week, when he expected to be at Claycross, to explain to her the arrangements which had been made to enable her to draw her allowance as and when she should require it. He was hers, etc., Rotherham.

"Still in the sulks!" exclaimed Serena disgustedly, tossing the single sheet on to the fire. "And what does he mean by saying coolly that he will call here some time next week? If he comes without having the civility first to discover when it will be convenient for us to receive him,

To page 49

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

One of the indelible marks of 1955 fashion is the long-torso sheath, indented at the waist.

THIS fashion information answers a reader's problem below. Here is her letter and my reply.

"I AM looking for a design and paper pattern for a slim-line wool frock I can wear now, and later under a coat. I have a good, slim, S.S.W. figure and want the style to be fitted. I do hope you will be able to help me with this problem."

The dress I have chosen in answer to your letter is illustrated at right. I do hope you will like it sufficiently well to copy. The dress is designed to hug the body and is gently curved at the waistline; I am quite sure it will be very flattering to your figure. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Lines beside the sketch give further details of how to order.

"COULD you please give me some idea for a separate top to wear with a slim skirt made in a fine wool? The top is to be suitable for indoors or out. I would also like to know the newest style of wool sweater."

The loose-fitting overblouse with an undefined bosom and waistline, finished with a boat-neck and self-cuffed to match a band at the hipline, is the newest "top" to wear with a slender-line skirt. Wool jersey is an excellent material for blouses in this category. The biggest news in sweaters is the introduction of a longer length and slightly looser fit.

"I AM hoping you will give me a lingerie idea for a trousseau dressing-gown. I have bought some lovely pink velveteen and matching chiffon for the lining. I now think the chiffon is so pretty I will



use it to trim the gown. What do you advise?"

Why not have the main part of the gown straight and tail-

ored and use the chiffon for a soft ruffle to outline the full length and hemline?

"HAVE you a suggestion to offer for a ballerina to be made in silk chiffon? I fancy pleats, but haven't an idea how to use them. I also like the new long look."

You could have your ballerina made with a knife-pleated bodice, a smooth, fitted section from above the waist to the hip-line, and a knife-pleated skirt. The fitted section will achieve the long-torso look. Have the pleats in the bodice starting from a bateau neckline, and have the bodice sleeveless.

"I HAVE just finished reading your 'Dress Sense' page and now wonder if you would help me. I want a good silk outfit for afternoons and going out informally at night, and wondered if a silk suit would do. I mainly wear navy, but this season I fancy black. Please give me your advice."

A black silk suit would be a change from navy and would certainly fill the bill for elegance and dress-up needs. Have the silk tailored as you would wool. For the material choice I like the idea of silk alpaca or silk shantung. A delicate piece of costume jewellery glittering on the jacket lapel would add a touch of glamor.

D.S.134.—One-piece dress in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½ yds. 54in. material and ½ yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Beauty in Brief: HAIR TIPS FROM EXPERTS

By CAROLYN EARLE

- Long hair-styles win beauty contests, according to Hollywood experts, but this does not mean that long hair should be extremely long or that it should hang carelessly around the face.

THE way the hair is cut and waved, the manner in which it is held in place, and its length in proportion to the wearer's features and figure are all important.

Furthermore, they say, most men dislike fashionably short, boyish hair styles and scotch argument by pointing out that a short-haired girl has never won a major beauty contest in California. Men are always the judges.

To quote further, the semi-long coiffure is the most versatile of all haircuts, for it can be arranged in many different ways.

If you are tempted by an Audrey Hepburn clip, consider both your figure and face before submitting to the scis-

sors. Where the features are even, the body and legs slender, the chances are that a young person will look attractive.

The softer, Italian coiffures are easier to wear than the Hepburn trim. Because of the wispiess around the face, older women can get away with these fashions, provided the features are young looking and the figure fashionable.

If your features are neat and you have sufficiently long hair to wear the ever-popular chignon, make sure of two things before you try wearing it—that you can stand its severity and that the size of the bun is in proportion with your face and neck.



FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY

Two styles from 1955's most sought-after collection of Dominex Coats and Suits—now showing at selected stores.

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SLEEP YOU EVER
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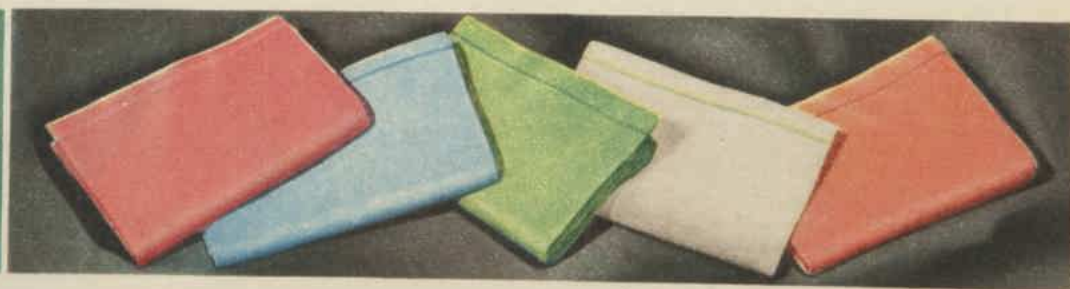
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Lybster shall say that we are neither of us at home! I will not endure his high-handed ways!"

Fanny looked alarmed, but, fortunately for her peace of mind, circumstances made it impossible for this amiable plan to be put into execution. Rotherham drove himself over from Claycross in his curricle, reaching the entrance to the grounds of the Dower House just as Serena, mounted on her mare, approached it from the opposite direction.

Rotherham reined in, and waited for her to come up. She was looking extremely handsome, in a severe black beaver hat of masculine style, with a high crown and a stiffly curled brim, but the expression on her face was decidedly stormy.

Perceiving it, Rotherham instantly said: "Good-morning, Serena. Who is the latest unfortunate to have incurred your displeasure?"

"My cousin," she replied curtly. "It is apparently enough for him to discover that some practice has been the custom at Milverley for years for him to overstep it!"

"I pity him!" he said. Her smouldering eyes, which had been running over the points of the two well-matched bays harnessed to his curricle, lifted to his face, and narrowed.

"Is Lady Spensborough expecting you?" she demanded. "She has not told me so, and I have had no letter from you since the one you wrote to inform me that you were coming to Claycross."

"You could hardly have done so, since I have not written another to you."

"It would have been more civil in you to have discovered when it would be convenient for us to receive you!"

"Accept my apologies! It had not occurred to me that

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you would so soon be filling your days with engagements."

"Of course I am not! But—" "Have no fear! I do not expect to take up many minutes of your time."

"I hope not, indeed, but I am afraid you will be detained for longer than you may have bargained for. I must change out of my habit before I can attend to you. No doubt Lady Spensborough will be found in the drawing-room."

She wheeled the mare, and rode through the gateway. He followed her at his leisure, and within a few minutes was shaking hands with Fanny. She said something about sending to find Serena, and he interrupted her, saying: "I met her outside the gate, and the friend's own temper she was in. I don't envy you!"

She replied, with dignity: "I am very much attached to Serena, Lord Rotherham."

"And resent my sympathy?"

"I cannot think that you know—or have ever known—how to value her," she said, almost trembling at her own boldness.

"Oh, I know her virtues!" he responded. "She would have been well enough had she ever been broken to bridle."

Fanny could not trust herself to answer him. A slight pause ensued; he then said, with the abruptness which always disconcerted her, "Is she at loggerheads with Spensborough?"

She hesitated. He had picked up a book that lay on the table, and was idly flicking over the pages, but he raised his eyes from it, directing a piercing look at her. "Well?"

She was a little flustered by this compelling glance, and the imperative note in his voice.

"It is often very painful to her. Lord Spensborough means

to do right, but he is not always—does not always know how to tell her what he means to do—in a way that won't offend her!"

"I can guess! Spensborough's a fool, and has the misfortune to succeed an excellent landlord."

"Indeed, he is fully conscious of that, and also—I fear—that his people do not like him as they like her!"

"Inevitable. I told her at the outset to remove from this neighborhood."

Fanny said nothing, wishing that Serena would come in, and wondering how to entertain this uncomfortable guest. No topic of conversation occurred to her; after another pause, she said: "Perhaps I should send someone to find Serena. I am afraid something has detained her, or—"

He laughed suddenly.

"No, don't do that, I beg! Having fallen into her black books for not having craved her permission to call here to-day, I plunged rather deeper by assuring her that my busi-

ness would not take up more than a few minutes of her time. This, I fancy, led her to suppose that I was in haste, and so she warned me that I should be kept waiting while she changed out of her habit. Do you care to wager any sum on the length of time she will take over that operation? I will lay handsome odds against the chance of her appearing under half an hour."

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, looking more dismayed than amused. "Oh, pray do not quarrel again!"

"Against that chance, I lay no odds at all. Are you moped to death here?"

She jumped nervously, startled by the sudden question. "Oh—! No, no! Sometimes, perhaps—the weather has been so inclement! When the spring comes we mean to do great things with the garden. It had been sadly neglected, you know."

He complimented her upon her show of snowdrops, saying they were more forward than those at Claycross; she was encouraged to pursue the topic; and in the safe discussion of

horticulture twenty minutes were successfully spent.

The butler then came in to announce that a luncheon awaited my lady's pleasure; and Fanny, desiring him to have a message carried to Lady Serena, conducted Rotherham to the breakfast-parlor. He continued to converse amiably with her; she thought she had seldom seen him so affably inclined, and was considerably astonished, since nothing, she felt, could have been more calculated to put him out of temper than Serena's continued absence.

When Serena did at last sweep into the room, she waited, with a fast thudding heart, for the expected explosion. But Rotherham, rising, and setting a chair for Serena, said, in the voice of a man agreeably surprised: "Why, Serena, already? I had thought it would have taken you longer! You should not have hurried; there was not the least need!"

One look at Serena's face had been enough to tell Fanny that she was in a dangerous mood. She quaked; but after a moment, while the issue trembled in the balance, Serena burst out laughing and exclaimed: "Detestable man! Very well! If you are not in quarrelling humor, so be it! What's the news in town?"

The rest of the visit passed without untoward incident; even Fanny thought, pleasantly. Serena was lively; Rotherham conversable; and neither said anything to provoke the other. They parted on good terms; and Fanny, perceiving how much good the visit had done to Serena's spirits, was even sorry that it would not soon be repeated. Rotherham was returning immediately to London, for the opening of Parliament, and was unlikely to be in Gloucestershire again for some time.

The ladies settled down again

to the uneventful existence which was their lot, almost the only alleviation to the monotony being the frequent visits of Emily Laleham. Little though she had known it, Serena had for long been the object of Miss Laleham's awed admiration. As a schoolroom miss, she had had glimpses of her, riding with her father, and had thought that surely no one had ever been more beautiful, or more dashing.

She worshipped from afar, wove wonderful stories around her, in which she rescued the goddess from extremely unlikely perils, but never, in her wildest flights, had she imagined herself on terms of quite ordinary friendship with her. But Serena, amused by her ingenuousness, had encouraged her to repeat her visit to the Dower House. She needed no pressing, but thereafter was always finding excuses to call there.

But by the end of February even the mild diversion provided by Emily's visits came to an end, for the Lalehams removed to London, Lady Laleham being quite unable to endure more than three months in the country. Only the school-room party remained in Gloucestershire, a house in the best part of town having been hired by Sir Walter for the season.

"For my Coming-out!" said Emily proudly.

"Very kind of Papa!" smiled Serena.

"Oh, yes! At least, it is Grandmama's, of course. I wish she could be there to see me in my Court dress!"

"Your Grandmama doesn't live in London, I collect?"

"Oh, no, she lives in Bath! And I love her dearly!" said Emily, in an oddly defiant voice.

March, coming in like a lion, saw Fanny the victim of neuralgia. Jane came to visit her,

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"The main thing is not to let ourselves be fooled by the evidence."

£6,800 IN PRIZES

PERSIL'S "CAR-A-WEEK" CONTEST



Contestants may enter every week and win a HILLMAN MINX or any of the other valuable prizes.

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- ◆ For all its thoroughness, Persil is gentle with coloureds, rayons and woollies.

HERE'S HOW TO ENTER PERSIL'S "CAR-A-WEEK" CONTEST

1. Contestants simply complete the headline for the well-known Persil advertisement which reads, "Far Whiter than Last Week—Look!" (4 words required).
2. Contestants then add the last line to the Persil jingle which appears on the accompanying entry form.
3. Contestants may use this entry form or write their entries neatly on a separate sheet of paper. Every entry must bear the entrant's name and address printed clearly,

and be accompanied by a Persil packet top. Post entries to: Persil "Car-a-Week" Contest, Box 7056, G.P.O., Sydney.

4. There will be five weekly Contests, each with its own set of prizes. Dates are:—

	OPENS	CLOSES
1st Contest	24th March	9th April
2nd Contest	10th April	16th April
3rd Contest	17th April	23rd April
4th Contest	24th April	30th April
5th Contest	1st May	7th May

5. Entries will be judged for correctness, neatness and aptness of thought. The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.

6. Entries received before midnight, 9th

April, will be judged in the first week's Contest. Thereafter, entries will be judged in the then current week's Contest, which will close at midnight each successive Saturday. Entries for the fifth and final week must be post-marked before midnight, Saturday, 7th May, and received by 14th May, 1955.

7. Persil packet tops are not required from residents of any State where the inclusion of such packet tops would contravene the Law of that State.

PRIZE WINNERS ANNOUNCED

Prize winners will be announced on the radio programme, "Give It A Go." The results of the 1st Contest will be announced on Monday, 25th April; 2nd Contest on Monday, 2nd May; 3rd Contest on Monday, 16th May; 4th Contest on Monday, 23rd May; 5th Contest on Monday, 30th May. In addition, all prize winners will be notified by mail.

These wonderful prizes must be won EVERY WEEK!

- A HILLMAN MINX SEDAN
- 2 A.W.A. RADIOGRAMS
- 2 Top TWIN-O-MATIC WASHING MACHINES



"Far whiter than last week—Look!" (4 words required)



Contestants must complete the headline for the well-known Persil advertisement which reads, "Far Whiter than Last Week—Look!" (4 words required), then add the last line to this Persil jingle in the space provided:—

"Persil washer whiter, And that means cleaner, too; The oxygen in Persil Suds

Example: Does all the work for you."

Name

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Entries may be written on a plain sheet of paper, together with your name and address, or on this entry form. Entries should be accompanied by a Persil packet top. Persil packet tops are not required from residents of any State where the inclusion of such packet tops would contravene the Law of that State.

but this attention was marred by an air of graciousness which conveyed a strong impression of a great lady condescending to her humbler relations. Jane was beginning to assume consequential manners, and was unwise enough to tell Serena that she did not think it quite the thing for her to ride "all over the country" with only a groom for companion. Spenborough could not like it.

"I told him I would certainly drop a hint in your ear," she stated.

"Drop one from me in his!" flashed Serena. "That I am not an attorney's daughter on my preference!"

The encounter was one of many. Uneasy tension lay between the two houses; there were frequent quarrels; Serena's temper grew brittle, and several times she snapped at Fanny. Then, one wet afternoon, she found Fanny weeping softly beside the fire in her bedroom, and was aghast.

"Fanny! Dearest Fanny, what is it?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing!"

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Fanny sobbed, trying to hide her face. "Pray, do not—I didn't mean—it is just that I am a little low!"

Serena was on her knees before her, holding her hands comfortingly. "It is not like you! I'm sure there must be some reason—Oh, Fanny, it is not because I was cross?"

"Oh, no! I never meant to vex you, only I am so stupid!"

Filled with remorse, Serena soothed and petted her back to tranquillity.

"I am the most hateful wretch alive! To turn on you, merely because Hartley had enraged me! I don't know what I deserve!"

Fanny dried her eyes.

"It was silly of me. I know how hard it is for you to endure Hartley. And Jane is growing so conceited! Even I feel it, and it is much worse for you to have her behaving as though she had lived at Milverley all her life! Rother-

ham told me you ought not to live here, and he is quite right."

"Much he knows!" said Serena scornfully.

"But he does know, Serena. I have seen how much it rubs you, and it's no wonder! I wish it were possible for us both to go away!"

"But—Serena stopped suddenly.

"What a pair of gooseheads we are!" she exclaimed. "Why—oh, why the devil don't we go away? It has been intolerable here ever since Christmas. You haven't been well, I have been cross, and the plain truth is that we are finding life a dead bore. We will go away!"

"But we could not!" gasped Fanny. "Not to London, while we are in mourning! I know Mama would say I ought not!"

"Not to London, no! We could very well go to Bath, however."

Fanny's eyes widened.

"Bath?"

"Yes! And not even your mama will think it improper, because you will go there on the advice of Dr. Cliffe, to drink the waters! We will hire a house for six months or so, and, if we cannot go to the Assemblies, at least there will be libraries, and the Pump Room, and—"

"Serena!" breathed Fanny, awed.

Serena laughed at her. "Well? Shall we do it?"

"Oh, Serena, yes! Milsom Street—the shops—the London coach coming in—the Sydney Gardens—"

"And some faces other than our own to look at!"

"Yes, indeed! Oh, what a delightful scheme! Now, where," said Fanny, her woes forgotten, "should you like to hire a house? And how must we set about it?"

THE removal to Bath having been decided upon, nothing remained but to choose between the lodgings there or a furnished house. Fanny, unaccustomed to arranging such matters, would have wasted weeks in indecision, but it was otherwise with Serena. It was she who entered into all the negotiations, she who knew what would best suit them. Fanny had nothing to do but agree; and if asked what were her own inclinations she could only say that she would like to do whatever Serena thought most proper.

So Serena, remarking that to keep five indoor servants in idleness for several months would be a false economy, discarded all ideas of renting lodgings and dispatched Lybster to Bath to inspect the various houses recommended by the agent. This resulted in Fanny's signing a contract to hire, for six months, a house in Laura Place, which Lybster pronounced to be the most eligible of all he had seen.

By the middle of March all the furniture at the Dowager House was shrouded in holland covers, and Spenborough, who had spared no pains to assist in all the troublesome details of removal (even lending the late Earl's enormous and antiquated travelling coach for the transport of servants and baggage), was able to heave a sigh of rather guilty relief.

Since Milverley lay only some twenty-five miles from Bath, the ladies accomplished the journey in the barouche. Fanny, fortified on the road by smelling-salts, declared that she had never made a journey more comfortably, and, instead of retiring instantly to bed to nurse a sick headache, was able, on their arrival in Laura Place, not only to inspect the house but

to change her dress for dinner, and to discuss with Serena the exciting news contained in a letter from Lady Theresa, which was found awaiting her. The Princess Charlotte was engaged to Leopold of Saxe-Coburg!

This was just the kind of news which Fanny enjoyed.

Nothing could be more interesting than the approaching nuptials of the heiress presumptive to the throne; and when the heiress had already made a considerable stir by breaking her engagement to the Prince of Orange the new contract could not but provide food for a good deal of speculation.

To read all the information about Prince Leopold's career and his manifold perfections which was printed in the various newspapers and journals became one of each day's first objects for Fanny.

Bath was well provided with libraries, and these were considered to be among its most agreeable lounges. Most of them provided their subscribers with all the new English and French publications, monthly reviews, and other magazines, all the London papers, and some of the French ones. Fanny divided her patronage between Duffield's, in Milsom Street, and Meyler & Sons, which conveniently adjoined the Great Pump Room.

Here, every morning, she dutifully drank the waters, declaring that she derived immense benefit from them. Serena agreed to this, with suitable gravity, but thought privately that the orchestra, which discoursed music there, the shops in the more modish streets, and the constant procession of new faces were of even greater benefit to her spirits.

Upon their first coming to Bath, Serena had written both their names in the subscription-books at the Lower and the New Assembly Rooms. Fanny was doubtful of the propriety of this, but the worldly wise Serena said: "Depend upon it, my dear, it would be foolish to do otherwise! In such a place as this it never does to offend the susceptibilities of the Masters of Ceremonies. We shan't, of course, go to the balls, or even to the Card Assemblies, but after we have been in mourning for six months we might, I think, go to the concerts, if we wished."

Fanny submitted, and soon found that her comfort was increased by the goodwill of Mr. Guynette of the Lower Rooms, and Mr. King of the Upper. Neither of these gentlemen delayed to pay a call of ceremony upon the distinguished ladies in Laura Place, and each rivalled the other in civility.

Had the Dowager Countess been as old as Mrs. Piozzi, Bath's latest resident, the visits would have been made; but the zealous gentlemen might not have felt it to be so incumbent upon them to render her so many little attentions, or to keep her so meticulously informed of any item of Bath news. Any Dowager Countess must command respect; one so touchingly youthful, so angelically fair, and with such gentle, unassuming manners might command devotion.

"Fanny!" said Serena, much amused by the frequent visits of the rival Masters, "if there should be a Mrs. King or a Mrs. Guynette, which I'm sure I hope there may not be, I shudder to think of the evil passions you must be arousing in their bosoms!"

"I?" exclaimed Fanny, startled. "Why, what can you mean?"

Serena laughed at her. "Well, how many times have these assiduous gentlemen found it necessary to call in Laura Place? I swear I've lost count! There was Mr. King, coming

to promise you a secluded place if only you could be brought to attend some lecture or other at the Upper Rooms; there was Mr. Guynette, bethinking himself that you might not know which are the best stables for your carriage-horses; there was the occasion when—"

"Serena! Oh, hush!" Fanny cried, blushing and aghast. "I'm sure they have both been very kind, but—"

"Excessively kind! And so attentive! When Mr. Guynette ran out of the Pump Room to summon a chair for you on Tuesday, only because three drops of rain had fallen, I began to think that it is you who need a chaperon, not I!"

"Oh, I know you are funning, but indeed I wish you will not!" Fanny said, distressed. "It would be so very unbecoming in me, and in them, too! And it is all nonsense! They feel it to be their duty to do everything in their power to make any visitor's stay in Bath agreeable!"

A dreadful thought occurred to her; she fixed her innocent

blue eyes on Serena's face, and gasped: "Serena! I have not—I have not appeared fast?"

"No, no!" Serena said soothingly. "Just pathetic!" She perceived that Fanny was seriously discomposed, and added: "Goose! I was only quizzing you!"

"If I thought that I had seemed to be encouraging any gentleman to pay me undue attentions, it would be the most shocking thing, and would destroy all my pleasure in being in Bath!"

Serena reassured her, reflecting, not for the first time, that it was seldom wise to employ a rallying tone with her. The tone of her mind was serious, and she was more prone to be shocked than amused by encounters with more lively spirits. There could be no doubt that her air of youthful helplessness, coupled, as it was, with an ethereal beauty, had awakened chivalry in two middle-aged gentlemen, but Serena refrained from telling

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KC57

Continuing . . . Bath Tangle

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her no. Not the most severe critic could suspect her of flirtatiousness; and not for worlds would Serena have destroyed her pleasure in being in Bath.

This was very real. Looking at the shop-windows, listening to the orchestra in the Pump Room, walking on fine days in Sydney Gardens, noting each new face that appeared, speculating on the relationships and identities of the various habitués of the Pump Room seemed to be just what she liked. She was sure the man who always wore a pink flower in his buttonhole must be the brother, and not the husband, of the fat woman with the yellow wig. There was a pronounced likeness; did not Serena agree? And had Serena noticed the bonnet with the green feathers which that odd-looking woman who dressed in such an antiquated style was wearing? She had seen it displayed in the window of that milliner's in Milson Street only last week, and with the most shocking price attached!

Serena always returned satisfactory answers, but had she told the truth she would have said that she had never noticed the fat woman in the yellow wig, or the odd-looking woman either.

The fact was that the dawdling life in Bath suited Serena no better than life at the Dover House. Mingled with the ache in her heart for the loss of one who had been more a companion than a father was a restlessness, a yearning for she scarcely knew what, which found its only relief in gallops over the surrounding countryside.

Owing to the steepness of its streets, carriages were not much used in Bath, chairmen supplanting coachmen in the task of conveying ladies to balls and concerts. Fanny had entertained serious thoughts of sending home her barouche, and could not understand the impulse which prompted Serena, morning after morning, to escape from Bath, attended only by her devoted but critical groom, Fobbing, to the surrounding hills.

She knew that Serena had a great deal of uncomfortable energy, but she never realised that her more protracted expeditions coincided with the arrival in Laura Place of one of Lady Theresa Eaglesham's punctual letters; and certainly never suspected that these letters, which seemed to her to be tiresomely full of dull political news, made Serena feel that she had slipped out of the world.

To Fanny, the loss of London dinner-parties where little was talked of but a Government crisis, or a victory over the Opposition, was a gain; and she could not conceive what there was to excite interest in the news that the Grenvilles and the Foxites were splitting, in consequence of Brougham's speech. The fortunes of Whig and Tory were of far less moment to Fanny than the fear that her Mama might send her sister Agnes to Bath to bear her company.

This dread seriously impaired Fanny's peace of mind, until it became apparent that Lady Claypole's anxiety for the well-being of her married daughter was not of so urgent a nature as to prompt her either to go to Bath herself at the beginning of the London season or to send thither a second daughter of rather more than marriageable age. Lady Claypole, with a third daughter straining at the schoolroom leash, would let no consideration interfere with her determination to achieve a respect-

able alliance for Agnes. She seemed to have abandoned all thought of a brilliant one, but hinted, in a crossed and double-crossed letter, that she cherished hopes of bringing a very worthy man of tolerable substance up to scratch.

Fanny sighed over the letter, but was thankful to be spared Agnes' companionship. An elder and jealous sister, who made up in learning what she lacked in beauty, and might be trusted to keep a censorious eye on her junior, could not add to her comfort. She infinitely preferred the society of her stepdaughter, however little dependence Mama might place on dear Serena's discretion.

Mama could not approve of Serena. She said that she conducted herself as though the protection of a wedding-ring were hers, and had, at once, too great and too little a notion of her own consequence. Mama had seen her hobnobbing with quite unworthy persons, as though she thought her rank absolved her from the necessity (indispensable to every unmarried female) of behaving with reserve. Mama sincerely trusted she might not draw Fanny into some scrape, and ended her letter with an earnest adjuration to her daughter not to forget what her own situation now was, or what respect was due to the relief of an Earl.

Fanny replied dutifully to this missive, but even as her



"Mrs. Wilson, is your husband ready to go fishing with me?"

pen assured Lady Claypole that she misjudged dearest Serena, a feeling of guilt made it tremble into a blot. Something told her that Mama would deeply disapprove of Serena's latest friendship. Indeed, it could not be denied that Serena was hobnobbing with a very ungentle person.

The acquaintance had been struck up in the Pump Room, and in the oddest way. Upon several occasions, both she and Fanny had been diverted by the startling appearance presented by an elderly female of little height but astonishing girth, who, while she adhered, perhaps wisely, to the fashions of her youth, was not wise enough to resist the lure of bright colors. She had a jolly, masterful countenance, with three chins beneath it, and a profusion of improbable black ringlets above it, imperfectly confined by caps of various designs, worn under hats of amazing opulence. Serena drew giggling protests from Fanny by asserting that she had counted five ostrich plumes, one bunch of grapes, two of cherries, three large roses, and two rosettes on one of these creations.

An inquiry elicited from Mr. King the information that the lady was the widow of a rich merchant of Bristol — or he might have been a shipowner; Mr. King could not take it upon himself to say. No doubt a very good sort of woman in her way, but (her la'ship would

agree) sadly out of place in such a select place as Bath. She was a resident, he was sorry to say, but he had never been more than distantly civil to her. Fabulously wealthy, he believed; for his part he deeply deplored the degeneracy of the times, and was happy to think he could remember the days when mere vulgar wealth would not have made it possible for a Mrs. Floore to rub shoulders with my Lady Spenborough.

It might have been this speech, which she listened to with a contemptuous shrug, that inclined Serena to look with an indulgent eye upon Mrs. Floore. The widow was a regular visitor to the Pump Room, and often, when not engaged in hailing her acquaintances, and laughing and chatting with them in cheerful but unrefined accents, would sit staring at Serena, in an approving but slightly embarrassing way. Serena, conscious of the fixed regard, at last returned it, her brows a little lifted, and was surprised to see the old lady nodding and smiling at her encouragingly. Considerably amused, she moved gracefully towards her.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I think you wish to speak to me?"

"That's a fact, for so I did!" said Mrs. Floore. "Though whether your ladyship would condescend to speak to me was more than I could tell! Not but what I've been watching you close, and for all you're so tall and high-stepping, my lady, you've a friendly way with you, and you don't look to me to be so haughty you hold your nose up at ordinary folk!"

"Indeed, I hope not!" said Serena, laughing.

Mrs. Floore poked a finger into the ribs of a mild-looking man seated in a chair beside her, and said: "I don't know where your wits have gone a-begging, Tom Ramford! Get up, and offer your place to Lady Serena, man!"

In great confusion, Mr. Ramford hastily obeyed this sharp command. His apologies and protestations were cut short, Mrs. Floore saying kindly, but with decision: "There, that'll do! You take yourself off now!"

"Poor man!" said Serena, as she seated herself. "You are very severe, ma'am! Pray, how do you come to know my name?"

"Lord, my dear, everyone knows who you are! I'll wager you don't know who I am, though!"

"You would lose, ma'am. You are Mrs. Floore, a resident, I believe, of Bath," Serena retorted.

The old lady chuckled richly, all her chins quivering. "Ay, so I am, and I'll be bound you know it because you asked someone who the deuce that old fright could be, dressed in a gown with panniers!"

"I did ask who you might be, but I did not so describe you!" instantly responded Serena.

"Lord, I wouldn't blame you! I'd look a worse fright than this if I stuffed myself into one of your new-fangled gowns you all wear nowadays, with a waist under my armpits and a skirt as straight as a candle! All very well for you, my lady, with the lovely slim figure you have, but I'll tell you what I'd look like, and that's a sack of meal, with a string tied round it! Ay, that makes you laugh, and I see that it's quite true about your eyelids, though I thought it a piece of a girl's nonsense when I was told about it; they do smile!"

"Who can have told you anything so ridiculous,

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ma'am?" demanded Serena, coloring faintly.

"Ah, that's just it!" said Mrs. Floore. "I daresay you've been wondering what made me wishful to become acquainted with you. Well, I've got a granddaughter that thinks the world of your ladyship, and by all accounts you've been mighty kind to her."

"A granddaughter?" Serena repeated, stiffening suddenly in her chair. "You cannot mean that you are — But, no! Surely Lady Lale — the person who springs to my mind — was a Miss Sebden?"

"So she was," agreed Mrs. Floore affably. "Sebden was my first, and Sukey's papa. I've had two good husbands, and buried 'em both, which is more than Sukey can boast of, for all the airs she gives herself!"

"Good gracious!" Serena exclaimed, wishing with all her heart that Rotherham could have been present, to share (as he certainly would) her own enjoyment. "Well, then, I am very happy to know you, Mrs. Floore, for I have a sincere regard for little Emily Laleham. She has often taken pity on our dullness this winter. We — Lady Spenborough and I — missed her sadly when she went to London."

Mrs. Floore looked gratified, but said: "That's just your kindness, my lady, that makes you say so. I don't deny I'm uncommonly partial to Emma, but I ain't a fool, and I can see who it was that took pity, even if Emma hadn't talked so much about you I was in a fair way to hating the sound of your name! Sukey—for Sukey she's always been to me, and always will be, let her say what she likes!—sent her to spend the New Year with me, and it was Lady Serena this, and Lady Serena that till I'd very likely have had a fit of the vapors, if I'd been a fine lady, which I thank God I'm not, nor ever could be!"

"What an affliction!" Serena said, smiling. "I am astonished you should have wished to become acquainted with me, ma'am! I think, you know, that when she was only a child Emily thought me a very dashing female, because I was used to hunt with my father, and do all manner of things which seemed very romantic to her! I hope she may be wiser now that she knows me better! I fear I'm no model for a young female to copy!"

"Well, that, begging your pardon, is where you're out, my dear!" said Mrs. Floore shrewdly. "You've done Emma a great deal of good, and I don't scruple to tell you so! She's a good little soul, and as pretty as she can stare, but she hasn't a ha'porth of common sense, and between the pair of them, Sukey, and that piece of walking gentility which calls herself a governess and looks to me more like a dried herring in petticoats, were in a fair way to ruining the poor child! But Emma, admiring your ladyship like she did, had the wit to see the difference between your manners and the ones her ma and that Miss Prawle was trying to teach her! Prawle! I'd Prawle her!"

Mrs. Floore snorted, then went on amiably: "Grandma, Emma said to me, 'Lady Serena is always quite unaffected, and as civil to her servants as to Dukes and Marquises and all, and I mean to behave exactly like her, because she came over with the Conqueror, and is a great lady!' Which," concluded Mrs. Floore, "I can see for myself, though what this Conqueror has to say to anything I'm sure I don't know!"

"Oh, no! Nor anyone else!" uttered Serena, quite convulsed.

"I promise you, I took no account of him," said Mrs. Floore. "The Quality have their ways, and we have ours,

and what may be all very well for high-born ladies don't do for the parson's daughter, as you may say. All I know is that Emma will do better to copy the manners of an Earl's daughter than her ma's, and so I told her!"

Serena could only say: "Indeed, she need copy no one's manners, ma'am! Her own are very pleasing and unaffected!"

"Well, to be sure, I think so," said Mrs. Floore, beaming upon her, "but I'm no judge, though I did marry a gentleman! Oh, yes! Mr. Sebden was quite above my touch, and married me in the teeth of his grand relations, as you may say. You might not think it to look at me now, but I was very much admired when I was a girl. Dear me, yes! Such suitors as I had! Only I took a fancy to poor George, and though my pa didn't like the match above half, George being too idle and gentlemanly for his taste, he never could deny me anything I'd set my heart on, and so we were married, and very happily, too. Of course, his family pretty well cast him off, but he didn't care a button for that, nor for turning me into a grand lady."

"Mind you," she went on, "when pa died, and left his whole fortune to me, the Sebden began to pay me a lot of civilities, which was only to be expected, and which I was glad of, on account of Sukey. Yes, I thought nothing was too good for my Sukey, so pretty as she was, and with her pa's genteel ways and all! Ah, well! I often think now that her brother wouldn't have grown up to despise his ma, however much money had been spent on sending him to a fashionable school!"

A gusty sigh prompted Serena to say: "Indeed, I didn't know you had had a son that died! I am so sorry!"

"Well, I didn't, not exactly," said Mrs. Floore. "Not but what I sometimes feel it just as much as if he had died, for I'm sure he'd have been a good, affectionate boy. The thing was I always longed for a son, but the Lord never blessed us with more than one child. No. There was only Sukey, and everything that money could buy she had. She went to a grand school in London, and made all manner of fine friends there, I warrant you! So, when poor George died, and the Sebden offered to bring Sukey out, I let them do it, and the next thing I knew she was engaged to marry Sir Walter Laleham. Between you and me, my lady, he never seemed to me any great thing, though I'm bound to say I didn't know then what he was going to cost me, first and last! Not that I grudge it, because this I will say: he may be a gamester and he may drink a deal too much, but he ain't ashamed of his ma-in-law, and if it weren't for Sukey I might go to his house, and welcome!"

Staggered by these extremely frank confidences, Serena could think of nothing better to say than: "I believe Sir Walter is generally very well liked. My father and he were at Eton together, and afterwards at Oxford."

"Ay, were they so? Oh, well, it's a fine thing for a man to be of the first rank, but it's a better thing to have a bit of sense, if you'll pardon my saying so! And what with offering for Sukey, who, he might ha' known, would rule the roost, even if he'd been a Duke, and never having the wit to back the right horse he's my notion of a silly noddy! But, there! I shouldn't be saying so, and no more I would have, only that there's something about your

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ladyship I like, besides knowing you was kind to Emma. What's more, says I to myself, if you've been living in the same place as Sukey it's not likely I could tell you anything you didn't know about her, because it's my belief those airs of hers wouldn't deceive a new-born baby! Now, would they?"

"I assure you, ma'am, Lady Laleham is — is everywhere received!"

"I know that well enough, my dear, and many's the time I've enjoyed a laugh over it. For though I don't deny it was marrying Sir Walter that took her into the first circles, it's me that keeps her there!"

Meeting frankness with frankness, Serena said: "I don't doubt it, ma'am. Even had I not guessed as much from things Emily has said, it is common knowledge that Sir Walter—as the saying goes—married money."

Mrs. Floore chuckled.

"I'll go bail it is! Ah, well! If it weren't for the silly fellow getting knocked into horseshoes so often, and him and Sukey not daring to provoke me for fear I might leave my fortune away from them, let alone providing for Emma's coming-out, I daresay I should never see anything of either of 'em, nor my grandchildren neither, so maybe it's all for the best. It suited Sukey very well when I married Ned Floore, because who's to know I'm her ma, unless I tell 'em, which in the general way I don't? What's more, Floore was a very warm man, with never a chick nor child of his own, and every penny he had he left to me, and no strings tied to 'em! So whenever I feel low I tell Sukey I've taken a fancy to pay her a visit to her fine London house."

She chuckled again. "It's as good as a play to see how many excuses she'll make up to put me off, never dreaming

that I do it only to tease her! I never had any taste for grand company myself, but Sukey has, and you can say that's my doing, for having sent her to a smart school. So she needn't be afraid! I can't help laughing at her, but I've got no notion of embarrassing her: no, nor Emma either!"

"I am very sure, ma'am, that Emma at least you could not embarrass! She speaks of you with so much affection!"

"Bless her heart!" said Mrs. Floore. "All the same, my lady, it wouldn't do her a bit of good if I was to go around telling everyone I'm her grandma, so I beg you won't mention it! I've been letting my tongue run away with me, like I shouldn't, but you're one of those that can be trusted, that's certain!"

"Thank you! If you wish it, I will not mention the relationship to anyone but Lady Spensborough, and her you may also trust."

"Poor young thing!" remarked Mrs. Floore. "Such a sweet face as she has! It quite goes to my heart to see her in her weeds, and she no more than a baby! There! The General is taking his leave of her, and she'll be looking to see what's become of you. You'd best go, my lady, for I daresay she wouldn't think it a proper thing for you to be sitting chattering to me."

"Not at all," said Serena calmly, making a sign to Fanny. "If you will allow me, I should like to make you known to her, ma'am." She smiled at Fanny, as she came up, and said: "Fanny, I wish to introduce Mrs. Floore to you, who is Emily's grandmama."

Fanny, however astonished she might be, was far to well-bred to betray any other emotions than civil complaisance. She bowed, and held out her

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hand, which, after heaving herself on to her feet, Mrs. Floore shook with great heartiness, saying that she was honored, and only wished Sukey could see her.

"Which, however, it's just as well she can't. And if ever you should find yourselves in Beaufort Square, that's where I live, and a warm welcome you'd have from me—and no

wouldn't be seemly for you to be going to parties, and for another my friends ain't just in your style, any more than I am myself, the only difference between us being that I shan't holler at you across the street, or go prating about you all over Bath, which one or two I know might!"

With these reassuring words, she shook hands again, blessed Serena's lovely face, and waddled away.

"Serena!" breathed Fanny.



offence taken if you don't choose to come!"

"Thank you, we should like very much to visit you," replied Serena.

"So kind!" murmured Fanny.

Mrs. Floore beamed all over her face. "Then I'll tell you what you should do, my dears: just you send your footman round to tell me you mean to pay me a call, and if it should happen that there's company with me I'll send 'em packing, because for one thing it

"What an extraordinary creature!"

"Yes, but quite delightful, I promise you!"

"But, Serena, she is dreadfully vulgar! You cannot really mean to visit her!"

"Certainly I mean to, and I shall think very poorly of you if you don't accompany me!"

"But, dearest, do you — do you think your Papa would have permitted it?" Fanny ventured to say.

That made Serena laugh.

"My dear Fanny, you know very well Papa never interfered with me, or thought himself too grand to rub shoulders with the rest of the world!"

"Oh, no, no, I never meant — only I can't help feeling that everyone would say I ought not to let you become acquainted with vulgar persons, and in particular your Aunt Theresa, though how she thinks I can prevent you from doing exactly as you choose when she could not, I'm sure I don't know!" said Fanny despairingly.

The call was paid, though without the suggested prelude; and the welcome accorded to the ladies was so good-natured and unaffected that Fanny was brought to acknowledge that however vulgar Mrs. Floore might be she had a great deal of drollery, and was certainly no toad-eater.

She declined a civil invitation to return the visit, saying, with paralysing candor, that it was one thing for their ladyships to visit in Beaufort Square whenever they felt so inclined, and quite another for them to be entertaining her in Laura Place, and very likely making all their acquaintance wonder what kind of company they had got into.

Since this was very much what Fanny had been thinking she instantly turned scarlet, and stammered an inarticulate protest, which made her hostess tell her very kindly that there was no need for her to flush up, because facts were facts, and no getting round them, and in any event she was grown so stout that it was as much as she cared to do to walk to the Pump Room and back.

"And as for calling a chair, I give you my word I never do so without I expect the poor fellows carrying me to drop down dead between the shafts, which would be a very disconcerting thing to happen," she added.

Serena laughed. "Very well, ma'am, it shall be as you wish! But pray believe we should be happy to see you in Laura Place!"

This won her a glance of decided approval from their fellow-guest, a gentlemanly looking young man of some thirty years of age, who had been sitting with Mrs. Floore when they were announced. It was to be inferred, since he had not been sent packing, that Mrs. Floore considered him worthy to meet her distinguished visitors. She introduced him as Ned Goring, the son of her late husband's business partner, who had ridden over from Bristol to pay his respects to her; and it soon transpired that the redoubtable old lady had inherited, besides two fortunes, considerable interest in her father's soap factory, and her husband's shipyard.

Young Mr. Goring, a junior partner in the latter, evidently regarded her with respect and affection; and when, in the course of conversation with him, Serena said something about her liking Mrs. Floore so much, he replied in his blunt way: "Everyone must who knows her, I think. I never knew anyone with a kinder heart, or a sounder understanding."

She warmed to him, knowing the world well enough to realise how many men in his position, having achieved through education a greater gentility than was aspired to by their fathers, would have found it necessary to have excused a friendship with one so frankly vulgar as Mrs. Floore.

At this point, Fanny rose to take leave, and the party broke up, Serena shaking hands with her new acquaintance, and expressing the friendly hope that they might meet again.

As she walked back to Laura Place beside Fanny, she observed: "I liked that young

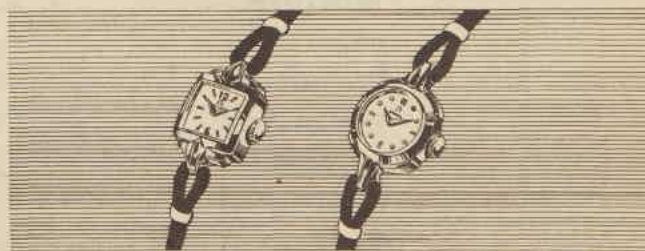
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man, did not you? There was something particularly pleasing about his manners, which I thought very easy and frank. He has an air of honest manliness, too, which, in these days of fribbles and counter-coxcombs, I own I find refreshing!"

A new terror reared itself in Fanny's head; the weekly letter to Mama was painstakingly inscribed, and contained no reference to Beaufort Square.

However, nothing more was heard of Mr. Goring. Serena's friendship with Mrs. Floore prospered, but in a mild way that resolved itself into an occasional call, and frequent meetings in the Pump Room, when sometimes conversation was exchanged, and sometimes no more than cordial greetings.

The next occurrence to enliven the routine of Bath life was an unexpected visit from Rotherham. Fanny and Serena, coming in one sunny afternoon in April, after walking for an hour in the Sydney Gardens, were greeted with the intelligence that his lordship had been awaiting them in the drawing-room for some twenty minutes or more. Fanny went to take off her bonnet and pelisse, but Serena chose to go immediately to the drawing-room, and entered it, saying: "Well! This is a surprise! What brings you to Bath, Rotherham?"

He was standing before the small wood-fire, glancing through a newspaper, but he cast this aside, and came forward to shake hands. His expression was forbidding, and the tone in which he answered her decidedly acid.

"I shall be grateful to you, Serena, if you will in future be so good as to inform me of it when you intend to change your habitation! I learned of this start by the merest chance!"

"Good gracious, why should I?" she exclaimed. "I suppose I need not apply to you for permission to come to Bath!"

"You need not! Responsibility for your movements was spared me! You are free to do as you please, but since I am your trustee you would save me annoyance, and yourself in-

convenience, if you will advertise me when you wish new arrangements made for the payment of your allowance! I imagine it would not suit you to be obliged to send all the way to Gloucester for any moneys you might need!"

"No, to be sure it would not!" she agreed. "It was stupid of me not to have recollected that!"

"Quite featherheaded!" "Yes, but the thing is that I have a considerable sum by me, and that is how I came to forget the matter. What a fortunate circumstance that you should have put me in mind of it! I must write to ask Mr. Perrott to make a new arrangement, too, or who knows when I may find myself in the basket?"

"As it is he who collects the larger part of your income, it would certainly be as well."

"Could you find no one in town with whom to pick a quarrel?" she asked solicitously. "Poor Ivo! It is too bad!"

"I am not picking a quarrel. It would surprise you, I dare say, if I told you that I rarely quarrel with anyone but yourself!"

"Ah, that's because very few people have the courage to pick up your gauntlet," she said, smiling.

"An amiable portrait you draw!"

"But a speaking likeness!" she countered, a laughing challenge in her eyes.

He shook his head. "No; I choose rather to prove you wrong. We won't quarrel this time, Serena."

"As you wish! Will you alter the arrangement for my tiresome allowance, if you please?"

"I have already done so. There is the direction," he replied, handing her a piece of paper.

"Thank you! That was kind of you. I am sorry to have been so troublesome. Did you come all the way from town just for that?"

"I had business at Claycross," he said curtly. "You seem to

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be comfortably established here. How do you go on?" "Very prosperously. It was a relief to escape from Milverley."

He nodded, but made no comment, merely saying, after a brief, keen scrutiny of her face: "Are you well? You look a trifle peaked."

"If I do, it is because black doesn't become me. I mean to lighten my mourning, and have ordered a charming grey gown."

"You are mistaken!"

making a parade of grief is of all things the most repugnant to me!"

"Yes, I know," he replied. "You need not be afraid! I have nothing to say on that subject, for there is nothing to be said. Your aunt, by the by, charged me with all manner of messages to you. I met her at the Irebys' party a couple of nights ago. It is wonderful, Serena, how much she likes you when a hundred miles or so separate you from her!"

She laughed. "Very true! My love to her, if you please,



"What, in going into half-mourning?"

"No; in thinking black does not become you. Are you sure that Bath agrees with your constitution?"

"Yes, indeed! Now, don't, I beg of you, Rotherham, put it into Fanny's head that I am looking haggard! I think I did become a little out of sorts, but Bath will soon set me to rights."

She glanced at him, and added, with difficulty: "I have not learned yet not to miss Papa. Don't let us speak of that! You know how it is with me! I don't care to talk of what so much affects me, and

and tell her that I quite depend upon her letters for the latest gossip! Where are you putting up, Ivo? Do you make a long stay in Bath?"

"At the York House. I return to town tomorrow."

"How shabby! You will stay to dine with us at least! We keep unmodishly early hours here, I warn you."

He hesitated. "I can hardly sit down to dinner with you in my riding-dress, and I brought no other."

"Ah, so you did mean to pick a quarrel with me!" she rallied him. "Fanny will pardon your topboots, and I hope you

don't mean to stand on ceremony with me!"

She turned her head, as Fanny came into the room, and said: "Here is Rotherham, so full of punctilio he will not dine with us in his riding-dress! Persuade him, Fanny, while I make myself tidy!"

She returned presently to find them apparently in perfect charity with one another, Rotherham having been so obliging as to furnish Fanny with all the latest news of the Royal marriage preparations.

Since it was rarely that he had been known to pander to such feminine curiosity, Serena could only suppose that he was determined on amiability.

Nothing occurred during the evening to make her change her mind. He indulged Fanny's taste for gossip, without betraying too much contempt for it; and even inquired from Serena who was at present visiting Bath.

"My dear Ivo! At the start of the London season? None but dowdies!"

Fanny protested that she was too severe, but Serena laughed, and shook her head. "General Creakle, old Lady Skene, Mrs. Piozzi, Madame D'Arbly and her set; Mrs. Holroyd, Mrs. Frances, Miss Bowler — need I continue?"

"You need not, indeed! I had hoped you might have found some more enlivening company."

"I have!" Serena said.

"I mistrust that smile," Rotherham said dryly. "Who is it?"

"I'll tell you one day. At present my lips are sealed!" she replied, with an air of mock solemnity.

"That means, I imagine, that you know well I should disapprove."

"I daresay you might, but very likely you would not, and in any event it doesn't concern you." She glanced mischievously at Fanny, and added: "I find the acquaintance excessively enlivening!"

"But Lady Spensborough does not?"

"Fanny has such grand notions! Besides, she is my step-mama, and feels it to be her duty to chaperon me very strictly!"

"Now Serena——!"

"I don't envy her that task! I shan't gratify you by trying to discover the mystery, but I wish you will take care what you are about."

"I will. It is not precisely a mystery, only, although I daresay I might safely tell you about it, I believe I ought not, at this present."

He looked frowningly at her, but said nothing. She began to talk of something else, and the subject was not again mentioned until Rotherham took his leave. Serena having run out of the room to fetch a letter which she desired him to frank, he said abruptly: "Don't let her run into some scrape! You could not prevent her, I suppose: I know that headstrong temper!"

"Indeed, you are mistaken!" Fanny assured him.

He looked sceptical, but was prevented from saying more by Serena's coming back into the room with her letter.

"There it is," she said, laying it upon the writing-table, and opening the lid of the standish. "Cousin Florence will be very much obliged to you for saving her at least sixpence."

He took the pen she was holding out to him, and dipped it in the ink. "Shall I carry it to London, and post it there?"

"If you please. I wish you might have stayed longer in Bath, though."

"Why? To have made the acquaintance of the Unknown?" he said, scrawling his name across the corner of her letter.

She laughed. "No—though I want very much to present you to the Unknown! To ride with me, merely. You never think a fence too high for me, or beg me to have a care!"

"In the saddle I think you very well able to take care of yourself."

"This is praise indeed!" He smiled. "I never denied your horsemanship, Serena. I wish it were possible for me to stay, but it is not. This curst ball looms ahead of me!"

"What ball?"

"Oh, did I not tell you? I am assured it is my duty to lend Rotherham House to Cordelia,

To page 63



Hot JAM sauce on Ice cream . . .

Hot jam over cold ice cream is delicious! Use any flavour . . . raspberry, plum, apricot and . . . yes, marmalade . . . are particularly good. A squeeze of lemon can be added if you've got one handy but it's not really necessary. For special adult parties you can also add a touch of sherry or brandy stirring in at the last moment. Even without being heated jam makes a luscious topping to ice cream, custard, puddings, cakes, waffles, tarts and pancakes.

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SPICED BLACKBERRY SAUCE. Add a dash of cinnamon to warmed blackberry jam.

SUNSHINE SAUCE. Apricot jam warmed with a spoonful of honey.

PEACH BRANDY SAUCE. Stir 1-2 tablespoons brandy into a cup of warm or cold peach jam.

SPANGLED ORANGE SAUCE. Warmed orange marmalade thinned with fresh orange juice.

RUM AND APRICOT SAUCE. Warm apricot jam flavoured to taste with rum.

STRAWBERRY SUNDAE SAUCE. Thin jam with syrup from stewed or canned fruit.

FLUFFY FRUIT SAUCE. Whip $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chilled evaporated milk, then fold in $\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of jam.



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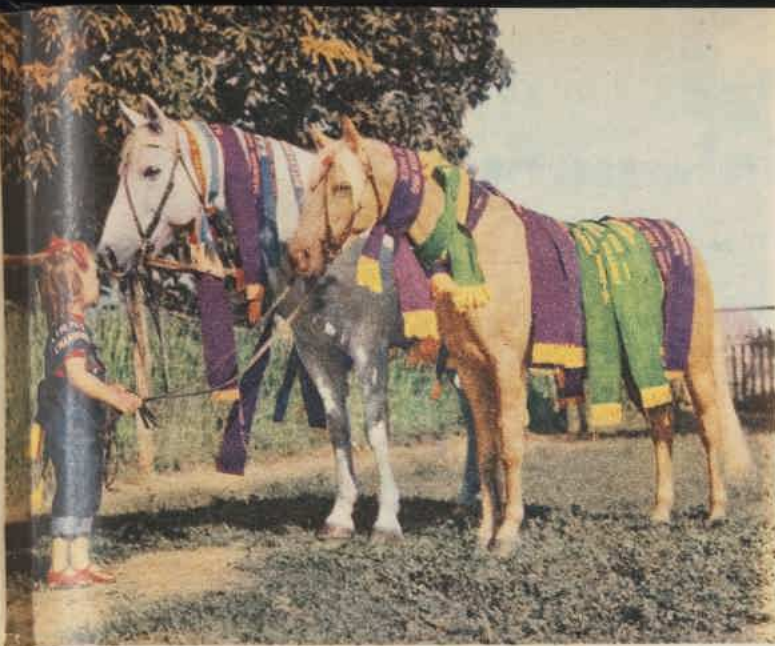
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LITTLE CHAMPION. Jane McLachlan, four-year-old horsewoman of Charters Towers, North Queensland, with her pony, Powder Puff. Jane was first put in the saddle when she was a year old, and at eighteen months she could walk the pony without falling off.

Expert horsewoman aged four

Four-year-old Jane McLachlan, of Queensland, is already such an accomplished horsewoman that she is called a child prodigy by people who have watched her on horseback at home or at shows.

LITTLE Jane was aged only three when she won a blue ribbon for first place in a horse-riding competition for children under seven years at Atherton Agricultural Show, North Queensland.

Jane lives with her parents in Plant St., Charters Towers, North Queensland.

She was first put on her pony, Powder Puff, when aged 12 months. At 18 months she could walk the pony round the yard without falling off.

People at Charters Towers used to come to the McLachlan home just to see Jane.

Her sense of balance and control of the reins at this age were remarkable.

Today she sits on her pony and holds the reins in a way many a child of five or six would regard with envy.

Jane can manoeuvre Powder Puff with nonchalant ease at a brisk walk or even at a smart trot.

Unlike many child rider prodigies, Jane was never forced to ride her pony when she did not want to. Young children quickly tire of doing the same thing for long.

But Jane would ride "Poor Puff," as she calls her lovely cream pony, for an hour at a time if her parents would let her.

Wisely, Mr. and Mrs. McLachlan allow their four-year-old daughter to ride only for short spells at a time in case her arms tire and she loses control for a moment.

Jane is not content just to ride her pony. She loves to take part in the grooming or polishing of Powder Puff when the pony is being prepared for a show.

When Jane is given an apple

or a pear she promptly runs out into the yard to feed it to her pet.

To see Jane lift up the pony's hoof and deftly remove a stone from the shoe is to see an expert horsewoman tending to the care and comfort of her mount.

Jane is also a real lover of animals of all kinds. Included among her numerous pets are cats, dogs, racehorses, chickens, ducks, and even a kangaroo.

When you ask Jane to show you Nimrock, her pet chicken, you are in for quite a shock.

"Come on, Nimrock," coaxes Jane as she sprinkles wheat on the ground.

Momentarily you start and take a quick step towards the gate, for striding behind Jane on powerful, stilt-like legs is a large, brown, five-feet-high emu.

His huge beak opens wide as he makes friendly noises. His round, black eyes appear to glare alternately at you, at his little mistress, or at the tin of wheat she carries.

Nimrock was brought home as a tiny chick by Lachlan, Jane's 12-year-old brother.

Lachlan then believed the chick was a baby turkey, and the McLachlan family grew really alarmed when they saw how big the "turkey" was growing.

"But," Mrs. McLachlan said, "we would not part with him for anything. He's so friendly and gentle, really."

Although Jane prefers man-sized pets and grown-up ponies as pets, at heart she is just another little girl. She loves her dolls and dresses, feeds and mothers them, as most four-year-old girls do.

But it does look a little incongruous to see her sitting on

the ground singing happily to her dolls while a five-foot emu scratches contentedly for morsels a few feet from his beloved mistress.

Occasionally a full-grown, tawny kangaroo hops up, takes a sniff at the dolls, and, after a scolding "Get away, Hopalong" from Jane, wrinkles his nose and goes back to nibbling grass.

There are several reasons why Jane McLachlan may well develop into one of Queensland's most accomplished horsewomen.

Her sister Irene, aged 14, has been acclaimed champion girl rider at every show she has entered since she started riding at the North Queensland shows in 1948.

Her brother Lachlan is almost as well known, having won more ribbons as champion boy rider than he can remember.

Never beaten

MRS. McLACHLAN owns Mandrake, undoubtedly the best pony hack ever bred in North Queensland. He has never been beaten as champion pony at any show he has entered for the past six or seven years.

When winter comes and the Queensland shows are held, the McLachlan family pack their big truck and trailer and for three months make their living by following the shows throughout North Queensland.

From Charters Towers in the west to Cairns in the north they travel, winning dozens of championships with their string of horses, including hunters, hacks, and ponies.

Nearly every rider in North Queensland knows little Jane, gives her a kiss, a friendly pat on the head, an ice-cream or a sweet.

But when the ponies are being shown or her father is riding a hunter, or Irene or Lachlan is in the riding competitions, little Jane will be sitting on the rail, absorbing, subconsciously, perhaps, the experience and knowledge that one day may help her to become Australia's best horsewoman.



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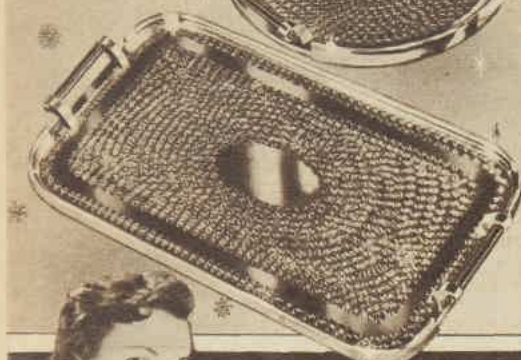
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Marilyn becomes protegee of English poet

From BILL STRUTTON, in London

The whole male world has received with alarm the news that Marilyn Monroe is tired of being sexy, that she wants to make films based on great literature, that she wants to Act.

WHAT they may not know is that a great English women poet is Marilyn's champion in this revolt against cheesecake-and-foam-bath films.

The lady's name is Dr. Edith Sitwell, Dame of the British Empire, poet, historian, critic, editor, and eccentric. ("Don't dare call me a 'poetess'! You never hear of a 'paintress', do you?")

Dr. Edith—"Queen Edith" to her cronies—who stands one inch off six feet in her blue stockings and dresses in great sweeping brocade cloaks, topped with a medieval head-dress, looks like a Holbein portrait with undertones of the witch in "Snow White."

She glitters with heavy jewellery, once indulged a whimsical habit of sending stuffed owls to other poets whose work she deprecated, and recently invaded films when Hollywood called her to barter the script of her book "Fanfare For Elizabeth" before it went in front of the cameras.

Dame Edith and Marilyn became bosom pals, if that is the expression, when they met at a Hollywood party.

Afterwards, the poet exclaimed, "Miss Monroe is a very nice girl—simple and serious. It's true she is stupendously proportioned, but is that a crime?"

Dignified girl

"I WAS impressed by her dignity and bearing. But what really surprised me was her interest in the Austrian philosopher Rudolf Steiner."

"She was the first person I'd met in this part of the world in years who talked about him."

Promptly the doyen of English letters invited Marilyn to stay with her in London. She would, she promised, throw some wonderful parties for her. There Miss Monroe would meet some of the world's most interesting people.

For her part, Marilyn declared with the dazed admiration of any fan, "I think she is the most wonderful woman I have ever met! So clever and yet so friendly."

Marilyn is now chief shareholder and president of her own film production company. She formed this to strike a blow for freedom in her choice of roles, and it was this which sparked off a row with her studio, 20th Century-Fox, with whom Marilyn was negotiating a new contract—which she has still left unsigned.

Previously, the world's premier pin-up had had her differences with her bosses, but they were made up.

Now she called a Press conference at which she declared her independence, and announced her leaning towards

more intellectual film-making.

"I'd like," said Marilyn to a bunch of thunderstruck reporters, "to play the female lead in 'The Brothers Karamazov'... uh, Karamazov." Dostoevsky, no less!

When he heard of this, director Billy Wilder offered not only to direct Marilyn in it, but in any sequels to it she felt like doing.

"Like, for instance," said Mr. Wilder, "Seven Brides For the Brothers Karamazov" or "All the Brothers Karamazov Were Valiant."

When these ironies reached Dr. Edith's ears she rushed to the defence of Monroe's new doctrine.

Dr. Edith snorted, "Miss Monroe is to be commended."

Hollywood, added "Queen Edith," was a slave's life. "In fact, some slaves enjoyed life far more."

Hollywood gave Dr. Edith Sitwell a sumptuous flat on Sunset Boulevard from which she could write the film version of her historical book about King Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn. There the grande dame of English letters took to her bed with a fountain-pen, and wrote.

Someone asked her afterwards if she had seen the studios.

"A film studio," pondered Dr. Edith, reflecting. "No, now I come to think of it, I didn't visit a film studio. I couldn't agree to having my bed shifted there."

She calls the columnists there "Gossip Ladies."

One of them reported her arrival thus: "Yesterday a little old lady in black sandals crept into Hollywood." Another put her height at 6ft. 6in. Another phoned to check if she was really 66 years old.

"No," said Dr. Edith, "I'm 82."

"But last week I read that you were 78," said the Gossip Lady.

"Ah, but that was last week," Dr. Edith said.

Turning film scriptwriter in Hollywood at the age of 66-plus-X and adopting the world's most dazzling pin-up as her literary protegee are things the imperious Dr. Edith Sitwell has taken in her stride.

Dr. Edith Sitwell has in mind a diet of improving reading for Marilyn.

"Schopenhauer," she mused, "should suit her."

But Marilyn Monroe dressed up in Dame Edith Sitwell's Gothic cap-and-bells and drapes and bangles, tinkling like a small church—that I really want to see.



ABOVE. Dr. Edith Sitwell and Marilyn Monroe (right), who became firm friends when they met at a Hollywood party.

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Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★★ Sabrina

PARAMOUNT'S "Sabrina" is a diverting daydream in which a chauffeur's daughter, transformed into a beauty by a French sophisticate, winds up with two wealthy beaux to her string.

Audrey Hepburn, that slender sprite with the swan neck and the eyes that seem to fill the whole screen, is enchanting in the title role.

Sabrina is the girl from below stairs who lives above the garage with her well-bred English father (John Williams) on the swank Larrabee estate on Long Island's North Shore.

Blond-haired David (William Holden), the younger Larrabee son, is the secret love of Sabrina's heart, though she knows him to be a congenial philanderer.

Bundled off to cooking school in Paris to recover from this crush, the new Sabrina sweeps the impressionable David off his feet when she returns to Long Island two years later.

But the romance gets out of hand when Linus, the elder son (Humphrey Bogart), steps in.

Bill Holden carries off the playboy role with flamboyance that is most amusing, and for the most part Humphrey Bogart is well in character as the ambitious market manipulator whose main interest in life is amassing more millions.

But he is short of the dash that would win a young girl's heart in important final sequences.

Bright dialogue and the film's luxury atmosphere help to make "Sabrina" a film you will enjoy seeing.

In Sydney—Prince Edward.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

ESQUIRE.—"Modern Times," comedy, starring Charlie Chaplin, Paulette Goddard. (Re-release; review not available.) Plus "Flannelfoot," thriller, starring Mary Germaine, Ronald Howard.

LIBERTY.—★ "The Last Time I Saw Paris," technicolor drama in MetroScope, starring Elizabeth Taylor, Van Johnson, Donna Reed. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★★ "The Million Pound Note," technicolor period comedy, starring Gregory Peck, Jane Griffiths. Plus ★ "The Wide Boy," mystery, starring Susan Shaw, Ronald Howard.

LYRIC.—★ "The Golden Blade," technicolor period adventure, starring Rock Hudson, Piper Laurie. Plus ★ "The Stand At Apache River," technicolor Western, starring Stephen McNally, Julie Adams. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR.—★ "Return To Paradise," South Sea Island adventure in technicolor, starring Gary Cooper, Barry Jones, Roberta Haynes. Plus "Forbidden Rapture," romantic drama, starring Glen Langan, Lorraine Miller.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★★ "Sabrina," romantic comedy, starring Humphrey Bogart, Audrey Hepburn, William Holden. Plus featurettes. (See review this page.)

REGENT.—★★ "There's No Business Like Show Business," musical comedy in technicolor CinemaScope, starring Ethel Merman, Dan Dailey, Donald O'Connor, Mitzi Gaynor, Marilyn Monroe, Johnnie Ray. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★ "Golden Marie" (Casque D'Or), French-language drama, starring Simone Signoret, Serge Reggiani, Claude Dauphin. Plus featurettes.

VICTORY.—★ "Francis Joins The W.A.C.s," comedy, starring Donald O'Connor, Julie Adams, Francis the Mule. Plus ★ "Yellow Mountain," technicolor Western, starring Max Barker, Mala Powers, Howard Duff.

Films not yet reviewed

CAPITOL.—"On The Waterfront," drama, starring Marlon Brando, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden. Plus "The Outlaw Stallion," technicolor Western, starring Phil Carey, Dorothy Patrick, Billy Gray.

CENTURY.—"The Barefoot Contessa," technicolor drama, starring Ava Gardner, Humphrey Bogart. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—"Innocents In Paris," comedy, starring Margaret Rutherford, Claire Bloom, Alastair Sim. Plus featurettes.

PALACE.—"The Raid," technicolor American Civil War drama, starring Van Heflin, Anne Bancroft, Richard Boone. Plus "Princess of the Nile," romantic adventure in technicolor, starring Debra Paget, Michael Rennie, Jeffrey Hunter.

PARIS.—"The Sinner," technicolor drama, starring Hildegarde Neff, Gustav Froelich. Plus featurettes.

PLAZA.—"Duel in the Jungle," technicolor adventure, starring Jeanne Crain, Dana Andrews, David Farrar. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—"Deep In My Heart," musical biography in Eastman color MetroScope, starring Jose Ferrer, Merle Oberon. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—"Doctor In The House," technicolor comedy, starring Dirk Bogarde, Kenneth More, Kay Kendall. Plus "Life In The Arctic," true-life adventure in color.

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1. **MATURE** Marshal Antonio Carotenuto, an officer in the Carabinieri newly appointed to the village, is attracted to Pizzicarella (Gina Lollobrigida).



2. **TANTALISING** Pizzicarella (whose nickname is Sharpshooter) is, however, in love with Stelluti (Roberto Riso), a shy member of the Carabinieri. But she is making little headway with him.



3. **MEETING** Annarella (Marisa Merlini), the village midwife, the Marshal finds her to be quiet and sweet-natured. In fact, she is the opposite of the fiery Pizzicarella.



4. **ALTERCATION** develops out of one of Pizzicarella's many feminine plots to get Stelluti to propose to her, and she ends up in gaol. Her loud behaviour disconcerts the Marshal somewhat.



5. **VISITED** by a gossip, the Marshal learns that Pizzicarella might be more approachable if the Marshal were to change tactics.

DROLL ITALIAN COMEDY

★ Two of the brightest lights of the Italian cinema, Vittorio De Sica and Gina Lollobrigida, co-star in "Bread, Love, and Dreams."

With great good humor the story tells of the search for a wife by a senior officer of the Carabinieri (the national police force).

Two possibilities catch De Sica's roving eye. One is Gina, a winsome, buxom young hoyden, who, however, loves a young guard.

The other is a mature, handsome woman, the village midwife, played by Marisa Merlini.



6. **AMOROUS** approach by the Marshal brings such a violent reaction from the young lady that he is left in no doubt whatever that the story of her accessibility is lacking in substance.



7. **STELLUTI** finally proposes, and is accepted. The Marshal, realising that Annarella makes a better match, is shocked to learn that she has a "natural" son.



8. **HARD HIT** though he is, the Marshal finds his love is deep enough to overcome the obstacle of Annarella's past. During the great yearly fiesta he tells her this and his engagement becomes evident to everybody.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 6, 1955

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so that she may launch Sarah, or Susan, or whatever the girl's name may be, upon the world with as much pomp as possible. I am unconvinced, but when it comes to Augusta adding her treacherous accents to Cordelia's plaintive ones I am against the ropes, and would give a dozen belts only to silence the pair of them."

"Upon my word, I think it is amazingly good-natured of you. Ivo!" Serena said, quite astonished.

"Yes, so do I!" he replied.

He departed, and the ladies were left to marvel over this new and unexpected turn. Fanny declaring that she would never have believed he could be brought to do so much for his unfortunate wards, and Serena saying: "I certainly never thought of his giving a hall for Susan, but I have sometimes suspected that he does a great deal more for them than he chooses to divulge."

Except for various formal notices in the London papers, they heard nothing more of the hall until the arrival of Lady

Theresa's next letter to her niece. Lady Theresa had taken her third daughter to the function, but it did not seem as though she had enjoyed it, in spite of the many compliments she had received on Clarissa's beauty, and the gratifying circumstance of her never having lacked a partner.

Had anyone told her that she would live to see That Laleham Creature storming Rotherham House (heavily underscored), she would have laughed in his face. But so it had been; and if Serena had seen her positively flinging her chit of a daughter at all the eligible bachelors, besides forcing herself on the notice of every distinguished person present, she might, at last, have regretted her own folly, wilfulness, and inprovidence.

"Well well, well!" commented Serena, much appreciating this impassioned missive. "I wonder what Mrs. Floore will have to say about it? For

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my part, I can't but admire the Laleham-woman's generalship! To have stormed the Rotherham stronghold is something indeed! How angry Lady Silchester must have been! I wish I had been present!"

Mrs. Floore, encountered on the following morning in the Pump Room, echoed these sentiments.

"To think of my granddaughter at a party like that, for I've read all the notices, my dear, and there was never anything like it! Lord, Sukey will be as proud as an apothecary and I'm sure I don't blame her! Say what you will, she gets what she's set her heart on, my Sukey! And Emma being solicited to stand up with lords and honorables and I don't know what besides! Depend upon it, Sukey will have got a lord in her eye for Emma already! Well, and if he's a nice, handsome young fellow I hope she may catch him!"

"I expect she will, ma'am," said Serena, laughing. "Yes, but I don't trust her," said Mrs. Floore. "She's a hard ambitious woman, my dear. Mark my words, if a Duke with one foot in the grave, and cross-eyes, and no teeth, was to offer for that child, Sukey would make her accept him!"

"Oh, no!" protested Serena. "No," said Mrs. Floore. "She wouldn't, because I should have something to say to it!"

"Very rightly! But I don't think there is such a Duke, ma'am."

"It'll be as well for him if there isn't," said Mrs. Floore darkly.

SERENA left Mrs. Floore brooding venomously, and went off to change a book at Duffield's Library, on Milsom Street. This accomplished, she left the library, almost colliding on the doorstep with a tall man, who fell back instantly, saying: "I beg your pardon!"

Even as she looked quickly up at him he caught his breath on a gasp. She stood gazing almost incredulously into a face she had thought forgotten.

"Serena!" he said, his voice shaking. "Serena!"

More than six years slid from her; she put out her hand, saying as unsteadily as he: "Oh, can it be possible? Hector!"

They stood handfasted, hazel eyes lifted wonderingly to steady blue ones, neither tongue able to utter a word until a testy: "By your leave, sir! by your leave!" recalled them to a sense of their surroundings, and made Major Kirkby drop the hand he was holding so tightly, and step aside, stammering a confused apology to the impatient citizen whose way he had been blocking.

As though released from a spell, Serena said: "After all these years! You have not altered in the least! Yes, you have, though: those tiny lines at the corners of your eyes were not there before, I think, and your cheeks were not so lean—but I swear you are as handsome as ever, my dear Hector!"

He smiled at the rallying note in her voice, but his own was perfectly serious as he answered, in a low tone: "And you are more beautiful even than my memories of you! Serena, Serena—! Forgive me! I hardly know what I am saying, or where I am!"

She gave an uncertain little laugh, trying for a more commonplace note.

"You are in Milsom Street, sir, wholly blocking the way into Duffield's excellent library! And the spectacle of a gentleman of military aspect, standing petrified with his hat in his

hand, is attracting a great deal of attention, let me tell you! Shall we remove from this too public locality?"

He cast a startled glance about him, colored up, laughed, and set his high-crowned beaver on his fair head again. "Oh, yes! I am so bemused—! May I escort you—? Your maid—footman—?"

"I am alone. You may give me your arm, if you will be so good, but were you not about to go into the library?"

"No—yes! What can that signify! Alone? How comes this about? Surely—"

"My dear Hector, my next birthday, which is not so far distant, will be my twenty-sixth!" she said, placing her hand in his arm, and drawing him gently away from the entrance to the library. "Did I never go out without a footman in attendance when you knew me before? Perhaps I did not, since I was in my Aunt Theresa's charge! She has the most antiquated notions! How long ago it seems! I was barely nineteen, and you were so proud of your first regimentals! To what exalted heights have you risen? Tell me how I should address you!"

His free hand came up to press her gloved fingers, lying so lightly in the crook of his left arm. "As you do! The sound of Hector on your lips is such music as I never hoped to hear again! There were no exalted heights: I have no more imposing title than that of Major."

"It sounds very well, I promise you. Are you on furlough? You do not wear regimentals!"

"I sold out at the end of last year. You might not be aware—my elder brother has been dead these three years. I succeeded to the property at the time of Bonaparte's escape from Elba, and but for that circumstance must have sold out two years ago."

"I did not know—pray forgive me!"

"How should you?" he said simply. "I never dreamed that I could hold a place in your memory!"

She was struck to the heart, realising how small a place had been held by him, and said haltingly: "Or I—that you should recall so clearly—after so long—!"

"You have never been absent from my thoughts. Your face, your smiling eyes have been with me through every campaign!"

"No, no! How can you be so romantic?" she exclaimed, at once startled and touched.

"It is true! When I read of your engagement to Lord Rotherham—how can I describe to you what I suffered?"

"You saw that notice!"

"I saw it." He smiled ruefully. "I was used, whenever a London newspaper came in my way, to search the social columns for the sight of your name! Absurd of me, was it not? The 'Morning Post' that included that announcement was sent to me by my sister. She knew I had been acquainted with you, and thought I should be interested to learn of your engagement. She little guessed what passions were roused in me! I had prepared myself for your marriage to another; I could have borne it, I hope, with better command over my own sensations had it been any other than Rotherham!"

She looked up in surprise. "Did you dislike him so much? I had thought you scarcely knew him!"

"It was true; I met him perhaps three times only." He paused, and she saw his well-moulded lips tighten. After a moment, he said: "I have always believed that it was he who separated us."

She was startled. "Oh, no! Indeed, it wasn't so! Why,

how could it have been possible?"

"His influence over your father was brought to bear. I knew him for my enemy, Serena, from the outset."

"No! Recollect how young you were! His manners are not conciliating, and that abrupt way he has, and the frowning look, made you think he disliked you! My father would not countenance the match from worldly reasons. He thought us, besides, too young, and—oh, I suppose he had even then set his heart on my marrying Rotherham!"

"Had he not allowed Rotherham to persuade him into the belief that we were not suited to one another, I cannot think he would have been so adamant! His affection for you was too great to admit of his sacrificing you to mere worldly ambition."

"Perhaps he did think that, but that Ivo put it into his head I will not allow! Why should he have done so?"

"When I read the notice of

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Powder-puffs for men

MEN and, to a lesser extent, women have very decided views about males who yearn to use a little perfume, curl their hair, and wear gaudy clothes.

Now Ralph Knight, a popular American writer—a "masculine" man—confesses that he has similar yearnings, and asks point-blank, "Why shouldn't I?"

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your engagement, I knew the answer to that enigma!"

"Nonsense! That came three years later! Ivo had no thought of marrying me then!" She blushed and added: "I jilted him, you know."

"I did know it. For you, it must have been painful indeed; for me—a relief I cannot describe to you! I knew then that your heart had not been engaged, that the match of convenience was made by your father!"

She was silent for a moment, but said presently: "I hardly know how to answer you. Papa most earnestly desired it. He promoted it, but no more than that! There was no compulsion—no pressure exerted to make me—Hector, if it distresses you, I am sorry for it, but I should be sorrier still to deceive you! I was very willing; I fancied myself in love with Ivo. There! It is out, and you know now that I was not as constant as you."

He said, in a moved tone: "It is what I always loved in you—your honesty! That fearless look in your eyes, a frankness so engaging! But you did not love Rotherham!"

"No—a brief, bitterly fought campaign, that engagement of ours! I behaved shockingly, of course, but you may believe he was as well rid of me as I of him!"

Again he pressed her hand. "I couldn't believe that. That you were well rid of him, yes! His temper, so peremptory and overbearing—"

"Oh, yes, but my own temper, you know, is very bad!" she said ruefully.

He smiled. "It is like you to say so, but it is not true, Serena."

"I'm afraid you don't know me."

"Don't I? If ever it was bad, there must have been great provocation!"

"I thought so, at all events," she said, a gleam of fun in her eyes. "I always think so, whenever I lose it! That was one of the questions on which Rotherham and I could never agree!"

"I cannot bear to think of you subjected, even for so short a time, to that imperious, tyrannical disposition!"

She could not help laughing. "I wish he might be privileged to hear you! He would think it a gross injustice that you should have no pity for his sufferings!"

"I can believe it! Do you ever meet him now?"

"Frequently. There was no estrangement. We are very good friends, except when we are sworn foes! Indeed, he is my Trustee."

"Your Trustee!" he said, looking as though he found the information shocking. "I knew how much attached to him Lord Spensborough was, but that he should have placed you in a position of such embarrassment—Forgive me! I should not be speaking to you so!"

"You mistake; I don't find it embarrassing! To be sure, I was in such a passion when I first discovered how it was to be—"

"But there were circumstances enough to enrage me! Never mind that! As for meeting Ivo, in the old way, neither of us has been aware of any awkwardness. It is the popular notion that I should be cast into blazes in Ivo's presence, but either that's a great piece of nonsense or I am a creature sadly lacking a sensibility! I can't be shy of a man I've known all my life! Since my father's death, too, he seems sometimes to me like a link with—"

She broke off. "But, come! We have talked enough of me! Tell me of yourself! I long to hear of all your doings in Spain!"

"I don't think I could ever

hear enough of you," he said seriously. "Nothing of any consequence has befallen me. Nothing until today! When I saw you, it was as though these six years and more had never been!"

"Oh, hush! I too was conscious of just that feeling, but it is nonsensical! Much has happened to both of us!"

"To you! I know well how great a tragedy your father's death must have been to you. To have written to you would have been presumption; I could only wish that I had the right to comfort you!"

As always, she was rendered uncomfortable by spoken sympathy. She said: "Thank you. The shock was severe, and the sense of loss must remain with me for long and long, but you must not think of me borne down by it, or out of spirits. I go on very well."

"I know your indomitable courage!"

Her impulse was to check him. She subdued it, afraid



"The band you get now . . . the stone when we're married."

of wounding him, and walked on beside him with downcast eyes while he continued talking of her father. That he truly understood the extent of her loss, and most sincerely entered into her feelings, she could not doubt. He spoke well, and with great tenderness; she would rather he had been silent.

He seemed to realise it, and broke off saying: "It is painful for you to talk of it. I will say no more: what I feel—all that I cannot express—you must know!"

"Yes, I— You are very good, very kind! How glad I am I should have chosen to go to Duffield's this very morning. Do you make a long stay in Bath?"

"I came to visit my mother, and arrived only yesterday. There are no calls upon my time, and I had meant to remain with her for a few weeks. Since my father's death, she has resided here. The climate agrees with her constitution, and she derives benefit from the baths. She is a sad invalid, and seldom goes out, or—"

"But you are living here, too, Serena?"

"For a few months only, with my step-mother."

"Ah! I knew that Lord Spensborough had married again, and feared that you must have been made unhappy!"

"No, indeed!"

"You live with Lady Spensborough? You like her? She is kind to you?" he said anxiously.

"Very!"

"I am very much relieved to hear you say so! I was afraid it might not be so. To have had a mama thrust upon you at your age cannot have been agreeable. Too often one hears of step-mothers domineering over the children of a previous marriage! But if she is truly motherly to you I can believe that you may be glad now that the marriage took place. Her

protection must be a comfort to you."

Her eyes began to dance, but she said demurely: "Very true! I look forward to presenting you to her. I hope you will not think her very formidable!"

"Will you let me call on you?" he said eagerly. "She will not object to it?"

"I am sure she will receive you most graciously!"

"There is something quelling in the very word!" he said, smiling. "As for dowager, that conjures up such a picture as might terrify the boldest! If she should wear a turban, I shall shake in my shoes, for it will remind me of a great-aunt of whom, as a boy, I lived in dread! When may I call on her? Where is your direction?"

"In Laura Place." She looked round her suddenly, and burst out laughing. "Do you know how far we have walked? Unless my eyes deceive me, we have reached nearly to the end of Great Pultenay Street! If I have at least led you in the right way it must have been by instinct! I have no recollection even of crossing the bridge!"

"Nor I," he admitted, turning, and began to retrace his steps beside her. "I have been walking in a dream, I think. I could wish we were at the other end of the town, so that I need not part from you so soon. My fear is that when you leave me I shall wake up."

"Major Kirkby, I begin to think you are turned into an accomplished flirt!"

"I? Ah, you are quizzing me! I never flirted, I think, in my life."

"Good gracious, will you tell me that there is not one beautiful Spaniard left mourning your departure?"

He shook his head. "Not one, upon my honor!"

"I had no notion life was so dull in Spain!"

"I never saw one whom I thought beautiful," he said simply.

They walked on, and were soon in Laura Place again. He parted from her at her door, lingering with her hand in his, to say: "Tell me when I may call on you!"

"When you wish," she replied, smiling at him. His clasp on her hand tightened; he bent to kiss it; and at last released it, and went striding away as though he dared not trust himself to look back.

A minute later, Fanny was greeting Serena with relief. "Oh, I am so glad you are come in! I feared some accident had befallen, for you have been away this age and more! Dearest! What has happened? You look as if a fortune had dropped on you from the sky!"

"Not a fortune!" Serena said, her eyes very bright and sparkling, and a smile hovering about her mouth. "Better than that, and by far more unexpected! I have met—an old acquaintance!"

"That would not make you look so! Now, be serious, love, I do beg of you!"

"Oh, I cannot be! You must hold me excused! Did you ever feel yourself a girl again, in your first season? It is the most delightful thing imaginable! I have told him he may call on us: pray be so obliging as to like him! It will be a study to see his face when I present him to you; he pictures you in a turban, Fanny!"

Fanny let her embroidery frame drop.

"He?" Her face brightened suddenly. "Not— Oh, Serena, you don't mean you have met that young man again? The man you told me you had loved—the only man you had loved?"

"Did I tell you so? Yes, it is he!"

"Oh, Serena!" sighed Fanny

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ecstatically. "How very glad I am! It is exactly like a romance! At least—Is he still single, dearest?"

"Yes, of course he is! That is to say, I never asked him! But there is no doubt! I wonder how soon he will think it proper to call on us? I fancy it will not be long!"

It was not long. Major Kirkby, in fact, paid his visit of ceremony upon the following day, arriving in Laura Place on the heels of a heavy thunderstorm. Lybster, relieving him of his dripping cloak and hat, sent Fanny's page running to fetch a leather to rub over the Major's smart Hessian, and permitted himself to scrutinise with unusual interest this visitor who was not deterred by inclement weather from paying morning visits. He had been informed that her ladyship was expecting a Major Kirkby to call some time, but no suspicion had been aroused in his mind that the unknown Major might prove to be a visitor quite out of the common. If he had thought about the matter at all, the picture in his mind's eye would have been of some middle-aged Bath resident; and when he opened the door to a tall, handsome gentleman, nattily attired, and not a day above thirty, if as old, he suffered a severe shock, and instantly drew his own perfectly correct conclusions.

While the page wiped the mud from those well-cut boots, and the Major straightened his starched neckcloth, Lybster took a rapid and expert survey, contriving in a matter of seconds to ascertain that the long-tailed blue coat of superfine had come from the hands of one of the first tailors, that the Major had a nice taste in waistcoats, and knew how to arrange a neckcloth with modish precision. He had a fine pair of shoulders on him, and an excellent leg for a skin-tight pantaloons. His countenance, a relatively unimportant matter, came in for no more than a cursory glance, but the butler noted with approval that the features were regular, and the Major's air distinguished. He led the way upstairs to the drawing-room, the Major following him in happy ignorance of the ferment of conjecture his appearance had set up.

A door was opened, his name announced, and he trod into an elegantly furnished apartment, whose sole occupant was a slender little lady, dressed all in black, and seated at the writing-table.

Taken by surprise, Fanny looked up quickly, the pen still held between her fingers. The Major checked on the threshold, staring at her. He beheld a charming countenance, with very large, soft blue eyes, and a mouth trembling into a shy smile, golden ringlets peeping from under a lace cap, and a general air of youth and fragility. Wild thoughts of having entered the wrong house crossed his mind; considerably disconcerted, he stammered: "I beg your pardon! I thought—I came—I must have mistaken the direction! But I asked your butler if Lady Spensborough—and he led me upstairs!"

Fanny laid the pen down and rose to her feet, and came forward, blushing and laughing. "I am Lady Spensborough. How do you do?"

He took her hand, but exclaimed involuntarily: "The Dowager Lady Spensborough? But you cannot be—" He stopped in confusion, began to laugh also, and said: "Forgive me! I had pictured—well, a very different lady!"

"In a turban! Serena told me so. It was very naughty of her to roast you, Major Kirkby. Do, pray, be seated! Serena will be down directly. She was caught up in that dreadful storm, and was obliged to change her dress, which was quite soaked."

"Walking in this weather! I hope she may not have taken a chill! It was very imprudent."

"Oh, no! She never does so," responded Fanny placidly. "She was used to ride with her Papa in all weathers, you know. She is a famous horsewoman—quite intrepid!"

"Yes, so I believe. I never saw her in the saddle, however. Our—our former acquaintance was in London. You and she now reside here? Or, no! I think she told me you were here only for a visit."

"Oh, yes! We have been living since Lord Spensborough's death in my Dower House, at Milverley."

"Ah, then, she has not been obliged quite to leave her home! I remember that she was much attached to it." He smiled warmly at her. "When I read of Lord Spensborough's death, I was afraid she might be obliged to live with Lady—with someone, perhaps, not agreeable to her! I am sure she must be happy with you, ma'am!"

"Oh, yes! That is, I am very happy," said Fanny naively. "She is so kind to me! I don't know how I should go on without her."

At that moment, Serena came into the room, her copper ringlets still damp, and curling wildly. As she closed the door she said mischievously: "Now, what an infamous thing it is that you should have come when I wasn't here to present you to my step-mama, sir! She has not terrified you, I trust?"

He had jumped up and strode to meet her, taking her hand and holding it for a minute.

"What an infamous thing it was that you should have taken me in!" he retorted, smiling down at her with so glowing a look in his eyes that her own sank, and she felt her color rising.

"It was irresistible! Are you satisfied that she is truly motherly?"

"Serena! You never said so!" cried Fanny indignantly.

"No, not I! It was Major Kirkby's hope!"

He drew her forward to a chair beside the small fire and placed a cushion behind her as she seated herself. She looked up, to thank him, and he said: "Do you know that your hair is quite wet?"

"It will soon dry beside this fire."

"Are you always so reckless? I wish you would take care!"

She smiled. "Why, do I seem to you invalidish? It's well you didn't see me when I came in, for I don't think there was a dry stitch on me!"

"Then perhaps it is as well. I should certainly have been anxious."

"Fanny will tell you that I am never ill. Do you take cold every time you are caught in the rain?"

"No, indeed! I should not long have survived in Portugal! But that is another matter; you are not a soldier!"

She saw that he would not readily be persuaded that her constitution was not delicate, and was a little amused. It was not unpleasant to find herself an object of solicitude, so she said no more, leading him instead to talk of his experiences in the Peninsula. He stayed for half-an-hour, and then, very correctly, rose to take his leave.

Fanny, as she shook hands with him, said, in her pretty, soft voice: "You know we cannot entertain in any formal style, Major Kirkby, but if you will not think it a bore to dine quietly with us one evening, we should be happy to welcome you."

"A bore! I should like it of all things!" he said. "May I indeed do that?"

The engagement was made, and Fanny's hand kissed. "Thank you!" the Major said, with a twinkle.

There was a good deal of meaning in his voice. Fanny gave a little choke of laughter, and tried to look demure.

He turned from her to Serena. "I think you are very fortunate in your step-mama! Shall I see you, perhaps, in the Pump Room tomorrow? Do you go there?"

"Very frequently—to watch Fanny screwing up her face, and most heroically drinking the water!"

"Ah! Then I shall meet you there!" he said, and pressed her hand, and went away.

Serena glanced almost shyly at Fanny. "Well?"

"Oh, Serena, how very charming he is! You did not tell me the half! I think I never saw such kind eyes! He is so much in love with you, too!"

"He does not know me."

"My dear!"

Serena shook her head. "Do you think he does? I am so much afraid—You see, he believes me to be—oh, so many excellent things which I am not! He has no notion of my shocking temper, or my obstinacy, or—"

"Serena, you goose!" Fanny cried, embracing her. "He loves you! Oh, and he will take such good care of you, and value you as he should, and think nothing too good for you! He is the very man to make you happy!"

"Fanny! Fanny!" Serena protested. "He has not offered for me yet!"

"How absurd you are! When he can barely take his eyes off you! He will offer for you before the week is out!"

To be continued

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



Now you can be a Champion* Sponge Maker

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A prize-winning, champion way! "Big Sister," famous for their wonderful fruit and presentation cakes, bring you their own proved sponge mixture . . . and it's failure-proof! Don't be worried by the fact you may never have made a good sponge before. Given "Big Sister" Sponge Mix, you'll find it easy as a charm to make the fluffiest fly-away sponges every time you bake.

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Page 67

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**A PRETTY PLASTIC APRON
FOR EVERY SIX PACKET-TOPS YOU SAVE**

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Often a bridesmaid . . .
Never a bride

Most of the girls of her set were married . . . but not Eleanor. It was beginning to look, too, as if she never would be. True, men were attracted to her but their interest quickly turned to indifference. Poor girl! She hadn't the remotest idea why they dropped her so quickly . . . and even her best friend wouldn't tell her.

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**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
STOPS BAD BREATH
4 times better
than any tooth paste**

Pre-natal wisdom

Childbirth is not an illness, but it does impose a certain strain on the system which may affect any little inherent weakness of the body.

FOR this reason every mother-to-be is wise to consult a good obstetrician in the early days of pregnancy for a check-up and various tests.

These are some of the reasons why an early visit to a doctor is recommended: To be examined to see if the pelvic outlet conforms to average measurements; to have blood-tests to find whether you and your husband both belong to a compatible blood group; to make sure you are not anaemic; to have the blood-pressure checked. Regular visits should be made also to be weighed and, if necessary, have the diet regulated if too much weight is being put on.

Tests should also be made regularly to safeguard the kidneys, which, at this time, are doing extra work.

Remember also that it is necessary to book in at a maternity hospital almost as soon as you know you are pregnant. The booking is made in co-operation with the doctor.

Every expectant mother should notice any little sign that seems to indicate a departure from the normal. She should report these at once to her doctor. Nature gives warning signals and, if they are heeded at once, prompt medical attention can avoid certain complications of pregnancy and make for complete safety for you and your coming baby.

All aspects of the pre-natal period as well as a description of these warning signals of any complications are discussed fully in the parent-craft book, "You And Your Baby," by Sister Mary Jacob, A.T.N.A., our Mothercraft Nurse.

The book is obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 12/6, postage 9d (1/6 for registered post).

Names and addresses should be printed clearly in block letters.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

ONE fall can permanently injure an iron. If you don't use an iron stand, tack a narrow picture moulding around the broad end of the ironing-board. This is an effective barrier that prevents the iron falling.

SUGAR - BAGS softened by a couple of boilings make excellent hand towels for mechanics.

IF you tear a delicate lace collar or doyley, invisibly mend it by brushing the torn edges with clean nail polish and then press them together. This mend will hold even when washed.

Continuing No Hero at Home

it was only his past reputation that kept the opposing players from trying to steal bases on him. He could claim no personal credit that his team won 3-2.

That night in bed Val cuddled up to him. "Easy," he said, and flinched. "That's my throwing arm."

"It used to be the arm you put around me," she said, but shifted her position. "How's that?"

"Not much better." He moved gingerly on the soft mattress. Fighters might feel like this when they came out of retirement, but not ball players. "I got some muscles I never knew I had. Physiology for old-timers."

"Old-timer is right," Val said. "Are you playing next Saturday?"

"Sure. It'll be all right next week. This stiffness won't last."

"Phil, you're 39. You haven't played for—how long is it?

Too long, anyway. You're an old man—"

"You've never said so before."

"I hadn't seen you play baseball before. Honestly, darling, every time you bent down this afternoon I heard you creak."

"How did Ralph take the game?"

"After the first innings—"

"Inning." Even his wife talked like a foreigner.

"After the first innings Ralph read a book."

He'd have to have a talk with that brat in the morning. "What sort of book?"

Val giggled. "A book on cricket, I think."

Sunday morning Phil went to church with Ralph, but couldn't kneel down. He had never felt as crippled as this, not even when he had spent days slogging his way up and

down jungle-clad hills in New Guinea. On the way home he moved with the careful tread of a man who had broken his spine.

"What's the matter, Dad?"

Ralph said. "You look sick."

"Just a bit stiff, that's all," said Phil, lying like a hero.

"What did you think of the game yesterday?"

Ralph picked up a stone and threw it at a telegraph pole.

He had a nice easy action with well-disguised power, a real centre fielder's throw. "Baseball's pretty dull, isn't it?"

Dull! That from someone who thought cricket exciting!

The boy must be mentally backward. "That's because you don't know the finer points of the game."

"It didn't seem to me there were any finer points," Ralph said. "It just looked like swing and bash to me."

Only that his arm was too sore to raise. Phil would have swung and bashed his son just then. They walked home in a silence as stiff as Phil's muscles.

But he was determined not to give up. The following Saturday he turned out again for the Yanks, and this time he played more like a man from the major leagues.

The only thing wrong was that Ralph had gone off to watch a football match.

The season wore on, getting colder and colder as it went down into the lower galleries of winter. It was nothing like a Maine or Wisconsin winter, but the hot Sydney summers had thinned Phil's blood and now he felt the cold badly.

His folks sent him papers from New York, and he read where the Yankees had played the White Sox on July Fourth when the temperature had been 94 degrees and one player had got sunstroke.

On that day in Sydney he had thought seriously of wearing mittens when he had gone out to catch before a crowd that was wrapped in overcoats and drank hot soup from vacuum flasks as it bawled out the players for fumbling with frozen fingers.

But he persevered. He was determined to be chosen in the State team to play in the national carnival in Sydney at the end of the season. If he could make the State ball team, then Ralph might switch his attention from Morris, Miller, Lindwall and the rest to someone closer to home.

Ralph began to show more interest in baseball than he had previously, but Phil couldn't be sure whether it was from filial politeness or an awakening realization that he had been following the wrong game. Whatever the reason, Phil felt he had made some progress.

Then a week before the State team was to be chosen he came home to be met with opposition he hadn't expected.

He was trying on his new playing suit and had come into the room to ask Val how she thought he looked. But before he could say a word Val said, "We're going away for the week-end. The Nevins' have asked us up to their place at Pittwater."

"Can't go. I'm playing baseball," Phil said.

"It won't hurt you to miss one Saturday," Val said.

"Not this Saturday. They choose the State team on Saturday night. I've got to make a final impression."

"You'll be chosen. They don't need to see you again. There's nobody else out here who's been a Twin-Star—"

"All-Star," he corrected automatically. "But I don't know how much that'll count."

It was only over the past couple of weeks that he had begun to have doubts that per-

haps he wouldn't make the State side. There was another catcher, a youngster named Kingsgrove, whom Phil had recognised as being well above the local standard.

He was young and strong, and he also knew how to wield a bat, something at which Phil had never excelled. Kingsgrove was well in the running for the job as catcher.

"I got to really show them this week-end," he said. "Let 'em know just how good I am."

"You can write them a letter then," said Val.

"Now look—"

"You look—" She turned to face him. Her face was flushed.

"All this winter I've sat around without complaining. Saturdays I come and sit in the freezing cold and watch a game that bores me to tears—"

She put up a restraining hand. "Now don't get excited. Cricket bores me, too. Sundays I sit around home because you feel too tired and stiff to go anywhere. This week-end we're doing what I want to do. We're going to Pittwater."

"No, we're not. I'll take you up to visit them any time you want. But this week-end I got to play ball—"

"This week-end you play ball with your family," Val said.

"I mean it, Phil. Fishing is the one thing you and Ralph have always enjoyed doing together. If you were young I shouldn't mind your going in for baseball, but you're not a young man."

"And all I can see happening is that you're growin' away from both of us, getting wrapped up in a game that neither Ralph nor I are interested in. So in the long run it doesn't matter two hoots whether you make the State side or not."

Which was where she was altogether wrong. "I told you before why I went back to playing ball. Maybe it means nothing to you, but it does to me. A father likes his son to have some respect for him—"

"Ralph has respect for you," Val said patiently.

"Yeah? If we had this Arthur Morris home to dinner tomorrow night, who do you think Ralph would sit and stare at all night? Why, back in the States kids used to rush me for my autograph, write me asking me for my photo. All Ralph ever asks me for is pocket money."

"Call it conceit if you like, but is it too much to want to have my own kid know that I was a somebody, too? To him now I'm just his father, that's all. The guy who pays the bills and keeps company with his mother, the guy who was responsible for bringing him into this world so he could grow up to worship cricketers and other squares that no civilised people ever heard of!"

"Civilised people being Americans, I presume?" said Val, smiling as if she were sucking on a lemon.

"I'm not trying to start any international arguments," Phil said. "I'm just saying—"

And then Ralph came into the room. Val turned to him. "What would you rather do this week-end? Watch your father play baseball or go fishing up at Pittwater?"

Ralph's face shone as he stepped to the brink of death. "Gee, go fishing, of course!"

There was a half-grin on Val's face as they watched Ralph walk out tossing a cricket ball.

Phil said nothing. He said nothing for the rest of the week, while he wrestled with a decision that was harder than any base umpire would ever have to call. Friday night when he reached home Val and Ralph were waiting for him.

"I'm not going," he said. "I'm playing ball tomorrow."

For a moment he thought

To page 82

QUICK-EZE

FOR INDIGESTION!

Acclaimed throughout Australia for swift, sure relief from acidity, flatulence, sour or nervous stomach, heart-burn, dyspepsia.



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Page 69

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(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.)

AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

ARIES The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week 9. Best days are April 7 and 9. Wear your brightest red lipstick, a brilliant scarf or bow featuring crimson in the pattern, for personality.	★ Your job is exactly what you chose to make it. If you have an emotional storm over personal affairs, your work will suffer and it will need extra effort to catch up.	★ Creative ideas, venturesome plans, and unorthodox methods of carrying them out add a new look to your programme. You may drag the family in to help.	★ Don't be surprised if you are told a secret by the beloved which explains a number of things which have recently mystified you. Do not criticise, but join in the fun.	★ Your social life will be important not merely on the surface in the way of good times, but underneath it may be leading towards a goal you have in view.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week 2. Best days are April 6 and 10. Those white beads or earrings will show off your summer tan and bring the right vibrations for success.	★ Because someone is away sick, you may be asked to take on work new to you. This means valuable experience, increasing your knowledge and general standing.	★ Keep up a steady pace and don't go rushing into something about which you know little. Put on the brakes if younger people let their imagination run riot.	★ Should the one you love be under considerable strain, he, or she, needs sympathetic understanding. Demonstrations of affection will do more than probing questions.	★ A disagreement with a person or group might lead you to scrub that particular activity right out of your plans. This is no great loss, and you will soon replace it.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 20	★ Lucky number this week 5. Best days are April 5 and 7. All shades of green invite good fortune in sporting events or romantic adventures to the young in heart.	★ A sporting proposition, which appeals to you, may have also a business side; you may be going flat out on it, enjoy the fun, yet show a substantial profit.	★ This is a good time for decisions governing holiday arrangements, especially when there are conflicting opinions and needs. Do your best to reach a compromise.	★ Allow the beloved to take the lead in mutual plans for advancement, either business or social, and remain in the background yet boosting him, or her, to others.	★ An overall programme is nearly as bad as no social life at all. With so many irons in the fire, it may become difficult to keep your many appointments.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 21—JULY 20	★ Lucky number this week 4. Best days are April 7 and 11. Striking outfits, modern and smart, rather than merely pretty, will spotlight you in your group.	★ If you are applying for a job, you are exceptionally fortunate in finding a suitable post. If interested in social or voluntary work, you could be drawn into a new field.	★ It pays to know when to let well enough alone. Stubborn, contrary people should be by-passed and given no opportunity to argue, or you'll be on the pins with family.	★ Don't try to press your point when you are among a group of people, or try to get the beloved to agree to what you know is unacceptable to him.	★ Almost any interest you take up at present is likely to endure, and you have a wide choice. Before embarking on a sport or hobby, survey all possible fields.
LEO The Lion JULY 21—AUGUST 20	★ Lucky number this week 3. Best days are April 8 and 9. If you have an ornament with a purple stone set in gold, wear it or materials in those colors for a happy journey.	★ Correspondence, forms to fill in, applications for interviews are likely for you. Government departments should be favorably disposed towards requests made by you.	★ Don't tense your mind or your muscles, give relaxed attention to essential, and concentrate on your favorite pastime. Look forward with spirit to a pleasant break.	★ A spot of competition for the love of the one you love should act as a spur, so if he has plans, make sure you're included. You can't fix things unless you try.	★ Meeting with friends for pleasure fine, but meeting for a common purpose always has a greater appeal to Leo subjects, who like to be active.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 21—SEPTEMBER 20	★ Lucky number this week 5. Best days are April 5 and 9. Silver-grey has a special significance now. In conjunction with pastel green, it will produce the effect you desire.	★ At present you may be concerned more with people, or conditions, than with money. In some cases one individual is a stumbling block to success.	★ Some big issue agitating the household may be settled in a surprising manner. You may grasp an opportunity of which you had given up hope.	★ Outside influences, career matters may prevent your beloved from showing his feelings. If a man, remember your Virgo girl will not take the initiative.	★ Many of you will be intensely concerned with one single interest, and let everything else slide for the moment. This may be necessary in view of its importance.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 21—OCTOBER 20	★ Lucky number this week 1. Best days are April 6 and 9. Wear ivory, string, or burnt-umbré tints, also fawn with a spot of blue, and attract romantic adventures.	★ Instead of brooding over past disappointments, try to live on the surface and develop present undertakings to the highest possible point of efficiency.	★ Those who talk recklessly may find themselves deflated. You have been trying an admirable plan, blocked by the stupidity of those around you, but you'll win out.	★ If your beloved asks your advice, give it sincerely, but do not commit yourself too emphatically, or insist on his, or her, acceptance of it, or you could make trouble.	★ The boy or girl friend, or the marriage partner, may attend a number of social functions in your company. Dress is likely to require considerable thought.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 21—NOVEMBER 20	★ Lucky number this week 6. Best days are April 6 and 9. Saxe-blue is ace-high for all occasions. Add a suggestion of rose and you are bound to triumph.	★ A lucky break could mean the difference between putting up with your job or growing enthusiastic about it. You are likely to find work and associates congenial.	★ Strict attention to details will be the price of success just now. Leave no loopholes for mischief or misunderstanding, and give clear directions in all your work.	★ Should the one you love have his mind on almost anything or anybody but you, don't remind it. Scorpio feelings run deep, but they have distractions.	★ You are inclined to be deadly serious about everything you do. Find the lighter touch, and don't worry if things do not go off exactly according to schedule.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 21—DECEMBER 20	★ Lucky number this week 8. Best days are April 8 and 11. Black or black-and-white will set off the real you, and add dignity and prestige to your appearance.	★ Many of you will take the attitude that you couldn't care less, and devote most of your energies to outside interests. Savings and investments under kindly stars.	★ Slick and smooth-running days for workers at home or elsewhere. You'll join in the fun and escape from the grind of monotony, that is, if you are wise.	★ This Fire sign is burning brightly, so the one you love will not be apt to sit in a corner and wait for you to notice him, or her. You'll need to be a human dynamo.	★ Whether you perform a stroke of genius in your social life, or whether you make a whopping big mistake, you'll at least find an outlet for your amazing energy.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21—JANUARY 20	★ Lucky number this week 3. Best days are April 8 and 11. Black or black-and-white will set off the real you, and add dignity and prestige to your appearance.	★ There is a tendency to shift from one task to the next, yet leaving everything unfinished. An unsettled frame of mind may render concentration difficult.	★ Some of you will just lock up and soon away into new scenery for a day or two. Others may get on with a domestic rehabilitation scheme. All of you will be active.	★ Since your plans are likely to include helping a third person, your love may appear to be temporarily in the background, yet be favorably affected by events.	★ Big occasions are out; only informal casual affairs are likely to find a place in your calendar. Many of you will manufacture excuses in order to avoid going out.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 21—FEBRUARY 20	★ Lucky number this week 7. Best days are April 7 and 10. Charcoal-grey, enlivened with a pastel tint such as pale green or yellow, will bring benefits in many ways.	★ Rapid progress for any artist who plans to appear before the public. General success in the market-place through buying or selling goods and services.	★ Having obtained approval to your rainbow proposition, you'll be happy no matter what you are doing, although there may be a few hitches in your plans.	★ Everything going along fine, then there's an explosion. It has probably been building up for weeks, but it will clear the atmosphere and may turn a "no" into "yes".	★ Much coming and going of no particular importance. You are likely to be surrounded by friends and mildly bored by what's going on around you.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 21—MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week 8. Best days are April 7 and 10. Charcoal-grey, enlivened with a pastel tint such as pale green or yellow, will bring benefits in many ways.	★ Rapid progress for any artist who plans to appear before the public. General success in the market-place through buying or selling goods and services.	★ Having obtained approval to your rainbow proposition, you'll be happy no matter what you are doing, although there may be a few hitches in your plans.	★ Everything going along fine, then there's an explosion. It has probably been building up for weeks, but it will clear the atmosphere and may turn a "no" into "yes".	★ Much coming and going of no particular importance. You are likely to be surrounded by friends and mildly bored by what's going on around you.

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HW 21.WW74g



two wonderful **Kia-ora** dishes for Lent

So simple! **BAKED BEAN STEW**

All you need for this is one 16 oz. tin of Kia-ora Baked Beans, 1½ cups of chopped celery, 2 small onions, 1 tablespoon of Worcester Sauce, 1½ cups of chopped tomatoes, ¼ lb. of Brussel Sprouts or ½ lb. of fresh green peas, ¼ teaspoon of pepper. All you need to do is: Drain the Baked Beans. Add to bean liquor enough water to make 1½ cups and cook the vegetables in it for 10 minutes. Put Beans in casserole, add cooked vegetables and bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes.



So delicious! **SPAGHETTI & FISH RAMEKINS**

Take one 16 oz. tin of Kia-ora Spaghetti, 2 cups of cooked, flaked fish, 1 tablespoon grated onion, salt and pepper. Mix the Kia-ora Spaghetti and the fish gently together. The fish should not be broken too finely. Stir onion through and season liberally. Spoon into individual ramekins, top with breadcrumbs and bake in a moderate oven for 15 minutes.



Available in 3 handy sizes! 16 ozs, 8 ozs. and 4 ozs. Stock up now! *Kia-ora means "Good Health".

Hot cross buns and fish for Good Friday are highlights of the traditional Easter food pattern



PEACH MELBA, home-made hot cross buns, and smoked fish casserole are three dishes you will enjoy making for family or guests over the Easter weekend.

Easter Weekend

By LEILA C. HOWARD, Our Food and Cookery Expert

HERE are dishes for each day of the Easter weekend, with detailed recipes to make advance preparation easy.

Other dishes for the 12 week-end meals we leave to you. The ones suggested here are a good start and give you a variety of dishes from which to choose.

All spoon measurements are level.

SMOKED FISH CASSEROLE

One pound smoked haddock, 3lb. potatoes, 2 small green peppers, 1lb. tomatoes, 2 large leeks, butter, paprika.

Soak the fish 1 hour in cold water, remove skin, and break fish into flakes. Peel potatoes and slice thinly, chop the green peppers, slice the leeks thinly. Arrange in layers in greased casserole, starting with a thick layer of potato, then a layer of green pepper and peeled tomato slices and a layer of fish. Continue until all ingredients are used, making the layers of potato fairly thick, and finishing with a layer of tomato, green pepper, and sliced leeks mixed together. Dot generously with butter. Bake in moderate oven 1½ hours. Dust with paprika, serve hot.

HOT CROSS BUNS

One pound plain flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1oz. compressed yeast, ½ pint milk, 2oz. sultanas, 2oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg.

Crumble yeast into a basin, mix in 1 teaspoon each of flour and sugar and lukewarm milk. Stand basin in warm place for 15 minutes or until mixture is spongy. This is called "setting the sponge." Sift flour and salt into a large basin. Rub in butter, add sugar and sultanas. Beat egg well and add to the yeast mixture, then stir this into the flour, making a soft dough with the milk. Stand in a warm place for 40 minutes. Cover with a clean cloth or tea-towel, but do not allow it to touch the dough.

Turn on to lightly floured board (not on to a marble slab, as this is too cold and will prevent rising). Knead well, turning the outside edges of the dough into the centre. Knead until mixture is smooth and elastic. Cut into 16 even-sized pieces and knead each piece into a round, and mark a deep cross on each with back of a knife. Place close together on flat, greased tin.

Set again in a warm place for 10 to 15 minutes. Bake in a hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Remove from oven and glaze with 1 tablespoon gelatine and 1 tablespoon sugar dissolved in 1 tablespoon water. Cool on cake-cooler.

Note: For best results use fresh compressed yeast, and keep all ingredients and utensils warm, but not hot, during the whole mixing process.



PEACH MELBA

Six peach halves, fresh or tinned, ¼ cup sugar, ¼ cup water (or ¼ cup syrup from tinned peaches), 1 teaspoon vanilla, ice-cream, raspberry syrup.

Place peach halves, cut side down, in ovenware dish. Add sugar and water or syrup from tinned peaches, and vanilla. Cook in moderate oven until peaches are tender. Allow to cool in syrup, then chill in refrigerator or ice-chest. Place 2 or 3 spoonfuls of ice-cream in each serving dish, top with a chilled peach half, or more than one if peaches are small. Trickle raspberry syrup over and serve at once.

SOUSED FISH WITH SALAD

One fish, about 2lb. in weight, or use 2lb. fish fillets, 1 sliced onion, bunch herbs (parsley, thyme, marjoram), ½ teaspoon spice, salt to taste, 1 small red chilli or 1 tablespoon diced red pepper (sweet red pepper is not hot and is sometimes preferred to the hot chilli), ¼ cup vinegar.

Wash and trim the fish and slit a little more than half-way through to enable it to be placed flat on a greased baking-dish. Top with sliced onion and sprinkle with herbs, spice, salt, and chopped seeded chilli or red pepper. Pour vinegar

GLAZED leg of lamb served with baked vegetables is an appetising main dish for Easter Sunday dinner.

over, cover with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven about 20 minutes or until fish is tender. Remove from oven, allow to cool in liquor. Chill and serve with salad.

GLAZED LEG OF LAMB

One leg of lamb, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 2 tablespoons red currant jelly, 1 tablespoon vinegar.

Wipe meat well with clean damp cloth. Place in small quantity fat in baking-dish or on rack in baking-dish with about ½ in. melted fat in bottom of dish. Cook steadily in moderate oven, allowing about 30 minutes for each pound of meat. Baste occasionally and dust with salt and pepper after meat has cooked about 1 hour. Add prepared vegetables 45 to 50 minutes before end of cooking time. About 20 minutes before meat is due to be done, remove it to another dish and brush thickly with brown sugar, currant jelly, and vinegar mixed together. Return to oven for 20 minutes. Serve with baked vegetables and gravy.

THE BRIANT'S another happy Vegemite family

The talented Briant Family
of Eltham, Victoria.



Meet Mr. and Mrs. Briant — Nancy — Margaret and young Grant! Music is the chief interest of this wonderful, close family. They've topped Australia's Amateur Hour poll . . . appeared in concerts all over Victoria . . . and entertained in many hospital and charity performances.

"IT'S HARD WORK — BUT GOOD FUN", says Mrs. Briant, who is a good manager. These versatile Briants fit in a lot of other activities, too — the girls are sports-minded, and Grant, says Mr. Briant, is always riding! A happy Vegemite family!

After music, cooking is Mrs. Briant's main interest. "I love cooking, and Vegemite is a favourite ingredient. I add it to soups and stews and gravies for extra flavour . . . and it's so good for you." Breakfast? Yes, Vegemite on toast . . . and that's a Briant recommendation!



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PEPPER AND SALT WHENEVER
YOU SET THE TABLE.

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PRIZE RECIPE



CRUSTED honey slices
(above) are good for after-
noon tea or supper. The
honey-slice mixture is spread
with meringue and topped
with brown sugar and cinnam-
on before cooking (right).

USE this week's prize-
winning recipe for
crusted honey slices to
make a delicious after-
noon-tea treat.

These rich, spicy slices,
with a crusty meringue top-
ping, are inexpensive and easy
to make.

The recipe wins £5 in this
week's popular recipe contest.
All spoon measurements are
level.

CRUSTED HONEY SLICES

Two egg-yolks, 1/3rd cup
shortening, 1/2 cup honey, 1/2
cup brown sugar, 2 teaspoons
cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ground
ginger, 2 1/2 cups flour, 1 tea-
spoon bicarbonate of soda, 1/2
cup milk.

Topping: 2 egg whites, 4
tablespoons sugar, 2 table-
spoons brown sugar, 1/2 teaspoon
cinnamon.

Put egg-yolks into mixing
bowl with softened shorten-



ing, honey, and brown sugar.
Beat until light colored and
creamy. (Honey may be
slightly warmed in cold
weather to speed process).
Sift together flour, spices, and
soda, and fold in alternately
with milk. Pour into 9in.
square tin and spread evenly.
Beat egg-whites until stiff but
not dry. Add sugar gradually
and beat until dissolved.
Spread over cake mixture and
sprinkle with brown sugar
and cinnamon. Bake 30 min-
utes in moderate oven. Cool
in tin, and when cold cut into
squares or fingers.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. J.
Barclay, 180 West St., Umina,
N.S.W.

FAMILY DISH

THIS week's family dish is
an appetising layered cas-
serole using the remains of
the week-end corned beef (or
lamb or roast beef). It costs
approximately four shillings
and threepence and serves
four.

One tablespoon butter or
substitute, 2 cups minced or
diced cooked corned beef, 1 1/2
to 2 cups medium thickness
white sauce, salt and pepper
to taste, 1 dessertspoon curry
powder, 1 dessertspoon lemon
juice, 2 cups cooked rice, 1
extra tablespoon butter or
substitute, 1 tablespoon finely

chopped onion, 1/2 cup bread-
crumbs.

Melt butter or substitute,
add corned beef, and heat
through. Add to white sauce
with salt, pepper, curry pow-
der, and lemon juice. Place
alternate layers of cooked rice
and curried beef in greased
ovenproof dish. Melt extra
butter or substitute, add onion,
and cook until tender. Add
breadcrumbs, stir until thor-
oughly moistened. Sprinkle
over casserole and bake in a
moderate oven until heated
through and breadcrumbs
lightly browned.

Tony's luxury dish

ORANGE BREAD

THIS unusual orange bread is delightfully
flavored. It may be sliced and spread with
butter and it is quite delicious and delicate if
toasted for afternoon-tea.

Peel of 2 oranges, 1/3rd cup water, 1 cup sugar,
1 egg, 1/2 cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 teaspoons
baking powder, 3 cups flour.

Cook orange peel about one hour in 1/2 cup
water. Scrape off the white substance and discard
it, and chop the yellow finely. Bring sugar and
water to the boil, add the orange peel and cool.
Beat egg and milk, add orange mixture and the
dry ingredients sifted together. Place in a greased
loaf-tin and bake one hour in moderate oven.

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warm water—shake till
mixed—now you have
a pint of the best,
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lotion you've ever used.
Get concentrated
Curlypet for 3/6 from
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QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET
CN.5

Thank goodness for NESCAFÉ . . . it only takes a jiffy to make and I'm sure of perfect coffee every time.

AA-a-ah, that's real coffee . . . with its superb flavour and aroma, you can tell it's NESCAFÉ!

NESCAFÉ, eh? Better flavour than even good ground coffee . . .

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Clever girl . . . she'll always be praised for her coffee while she serves NESCAFÉ.

AA-a-ah . . . that's real coffee!

One of the pleasures of gracious living is the enjoyment of a really good cup of coffee. And that's just what NESCAFÉ gives you . . . rich, full-flavoured coffee of excellent aroma, superbly brewed.

No wonder Nescafé is preferred by good hostesses. It not only makes perfect coffee *cup after cup after cup*—it's so wonderfully convenient. With a teaspoonful of Nescafé in the cup, you just add piping hot water and

serve . . . no "perking," no straining, no risk! As for cost—well, Nescafé is an econo'miser." A tin of Nescafé costs about *half* as much as a pound of good ground coffee, yet that small tin of Nescafé makes just about as many cups!

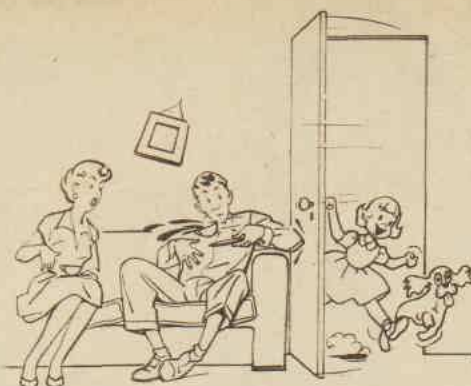
Be sure there's always a tin of Nescafé in your cupboard . . . then you're always ready to serve PERFECT coffee at a moment's notice.

NESCAFÉ

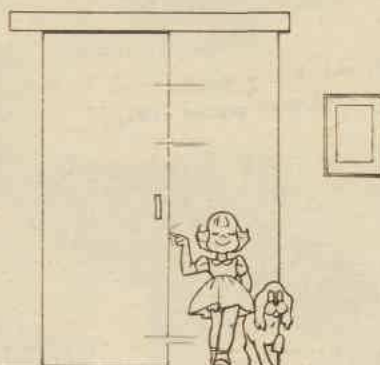
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VIEW from the lounge doors, which open on to the entry deck and panoramic views of the Manly district. The curtains are natural match-stick bamboo, hung vertically.



FRONT DOOR from the entry deck. The painted vertical board is chartreuse. The door is terracotta and the window-frames and architraves of the door are painted white.



REAR VIEW of the house showing the kitchen door set between double and single windows, and bathroom windows on the higher level with laundry entrance below.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 6, 1955



"TALL TIMBERS," home of Miss Susie Bowen at Balgowlah, N.S.W., which was planned by architect John P. Ley. This view of the house from the street gives a clear picture of the arrangement of the floor levels. The floor level of the bedroom and bathroom wing is about two feet six inches higher than that of the lounge and kitchen areas, thus permitting the garage and laundry to be placed on the ground level. Miss Bowen retained as many trees as possible.

Planned for two levels

This house, situated at Balgowlah, N.S.W., was designed for a sloping site by the well-known architect John P. Ley and built under his supervision for Miss Susie Bowen, who has called it "Tall Timbers."

THE house was planned not only to make the most of the view but to provide for a spacious garage and laundry in the foundation areas.

To accommodate the garage and laundry, the floor level of the bedroom and bathroom wing was raised approximately 2ft. 6in. above the level of the entry, living, and kitchen areas.

The picture at bottom right of the page shows the three shallow steps (which are removable for cleaning purposes) that lead from the foyer to the landing of the bedroom and bathroom wing.

A study of the plan will show that the architect has reduced the number of walls and passages to the minimum.

To keep down costs, the usual practice of installing ceiling joists and normal ceiling construction was disregarded. Instead, the rafters of the skillion roof were featured in the ceiling in the foyer and living areas.

The house is constructed of vertical cypress pine boarding with a V-joint to each board on a base of common brick-work painted white. The skillion roof has a covering of corrugated asbestos cement.

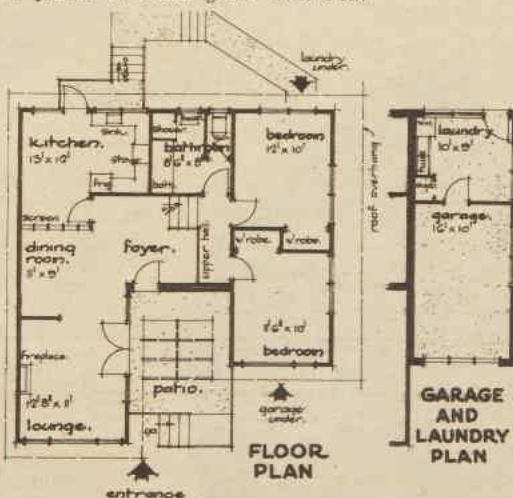
All external timber is oiled except for one wall beside the front door.

Miss Bowen, whose hobbies are spinning, weaving, knitting, pottery making, and remodelling period furniture, collaborated with the architect in choosing colors for the interior.

The ceiling is pale primrose, with the beams and rafters in white.

The doors opening on to these areas are all grey-green with white architraves.

The kitchen has three grey walls and one pale blue. The ceiling is pale primrose and the cupboards are white. — EVE GYE.



PLAN of Miss Bowen's two-level house at Balgowlah, N.S.W. The main floor covers an area of 900 square feet and the garage and laundry (placed below) 304 square feet.



ABOVE: Dining area with the foyer at right of the picture. Behind the glazed screen set in the wall is the modern kitchen.

RIGHT: Entrance foyer looking up to the bedroom wing. The steps are removable, making it easy to clean them and replace the carpet, which is merely wrapped round the treads.

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CHAIR CONVERTED

An idea for making three useful items for the home—a chopping-board, a tray, and a bathroom stool—from a high-chair wins £3/3/- this week in our homemakers' contest.

THIS winning entry was sent in by Mrs. G. R. Grayson, c/o S.M.A., Cabramurra, via Adaminaby, N.S.W.

"My little boy's high-chair was no longer used," Mrs. Grayson wrote. "The chair was solid ash with attractive turning and moulding, and the wood grain in the tip-up tray and chair back was quite good."

"I wanted to make some use of it and decided on this easy conversion, which gave me three very useful pieces for the home."

"The tray, arm and foot rests, and the chair back were removed, then the legs cut down. The holes in the seat

and front legs that were left after removing the arm and foot-rests were filled with wood filler, and two shelves were fitted across the chair rungs.

"The surfaces were then sanded and an undercoating and two coats of enamel paint were applied. This made the useful bathroom stool with storage underneath for bathroom requisites that I have sketched."

"The back of the chair was made into a large chopping-board. The squared-off edges were shaped to match the curved top and a hole was drilled so that the board could be hung up. Several layers of the surface were planed off to bring up the wood grain, and the board was then scrubbed white."

"The feeding tray required only the addition of two handles to make it into a drink tray. The surface was lightly sanded and painted with two coats of shellac to prevent spilled liquids penetrating the wood."

Each week a cash prize of £3/3/- is paid to the reader who sends in the most interesting entry for this contest on how to make something new from something old.

Address your entry to The Editor, Homemaker Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

CHOPPING BOARD



CHOPPING-BOARD that was made from the back section of the high-chair.



A HANDLE added to either end of the feeding tray converted it into this useful drink tray.



CHILD'S high-chair from which the stool, chopping-board, and tray were made.



PLYWOOD, wallboard, or plateglass can be fitted over the rungs as shelves for the bathroom stool.

NEW KNITWEAR

THESE are seven of the 51 designs you'll find in The Australian Women's Weekly Family Knitting Book which is now on sale.

This new 48-page book, which is priced at only 1/6, is really outstanding value. Every design is illustrated and complete easy-to-follow instructions are given. Get your copy today from any newsagent or bookstall or from our head office.



THIS lovely set (above) of slip-on shoulderette and matching booties is knitted on No. 12 needles.

LEFT: Patterns for these smart American-styled accessories are in our new Family Knitting Book.



ABOVE: Polo-neck sweater and matching cap are a warm playtime set in a hard-wearing wool.

LEFT: Instructions for this new English design, a cosy zippered jacket for boys, are in the book.

"Soaping" dulls hair—HALO glorifies it!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or cream shampoos hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film.

Halo — made with special ingredients — contains no soap or sticky oils to dull your hair. Halo reveals shimmering highlights... leaves your hair soft, fragrant, marvellously manageable! No special rinses needed. Scientific tests prove Halo does not dry... does not irritate!



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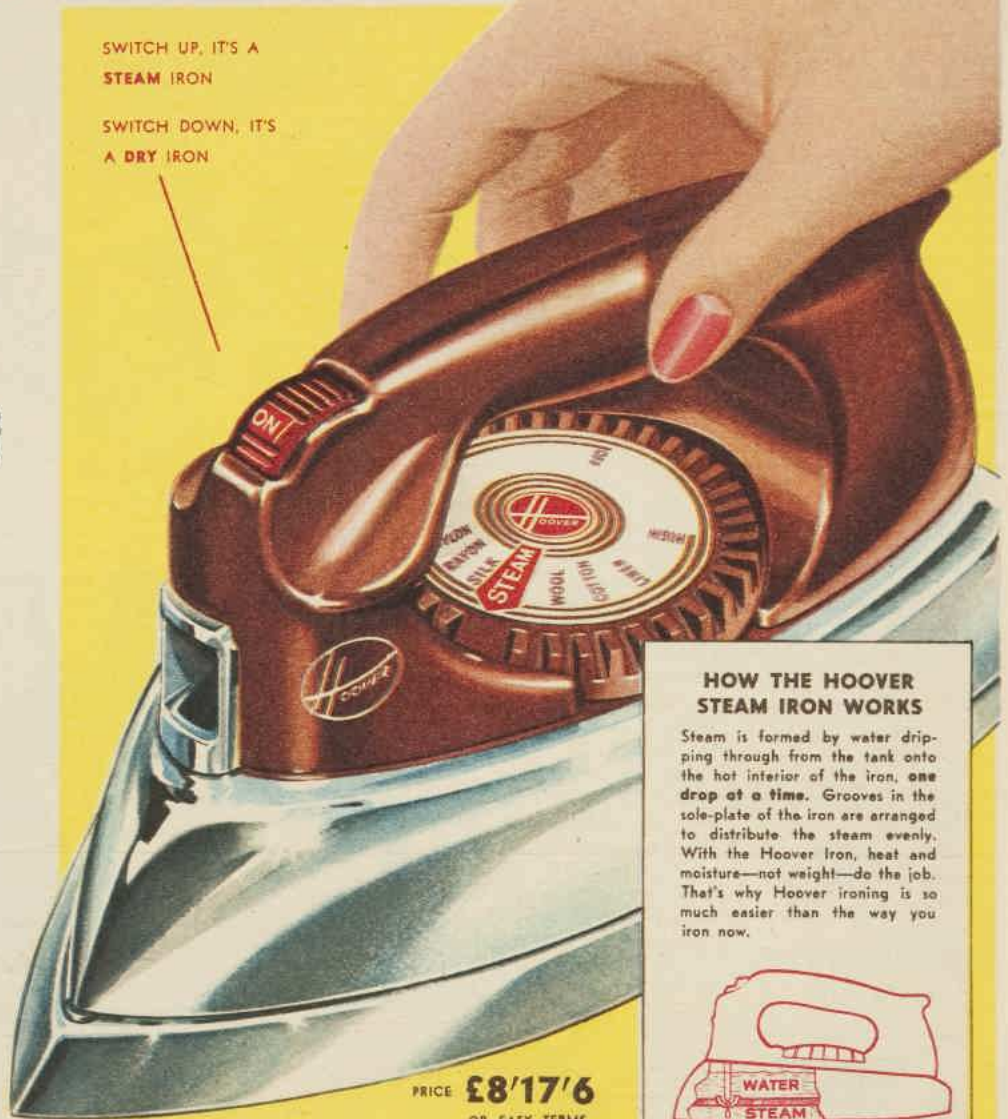
The Hoover lightweight iron gives a real professional finish.

**NOW YOU SAVE
TIME AND ENERGY
BECAUSE *STEAM*
DOES THE WORK**

Here it is — greatest labour saver since the washing machine! An iron that makes pressing and ironing easier than you ever dreamed because it uses steam to save you the hardest part of the job.

There's no need now for hard pressure or weight. You simply let the Hoover Iron steam out the creases for you. As you iron, steam is gently fed into the fabric, damping it far more evenly and thoroughly than you ever could by hand. So easy, too—the Hoover just *glides* across the fabric! Once you've done your ironing this new way you'll use steam-ironing for almost everything. You'll press suits, school tunics and skirts like a tailor. And you won't need a damping cloth for a thing.

When you need a dry iron just flip down the switch. It's the lightest, easiest iron you've ever used, and there's an automatic control to give exactly the right temperature for every type of fabric. Go to your Hoover retailer for a demonstration to-day.



SWITCH UP, IT'S A
STEAM IRON

SWITCH DOWN, IT'S
A DRY IRON

HOW THE HOOVER STEAM IRON WORKS

Steam is formed by water dripping through from the tank onto the hot interior of the iron, one drop at a time. Grooves in the sole-plate of the iron are arranged to distribute the steam evenly. With the Hoover iron, heat and moisture—not weight—do the job. That's why Hoover ironing is so much easier than the way you iron now.



PRICE **£8/17/6**
OR EASY TERMS



A TAILOR-LIKE FINISH

You need no damping cloth to press suits, skirts and school tunics to perfection. You can put in creases or pleats like a tailor.



SAVES DAMPING DOWN

Steam-ironing with the Hoover iron is not only easier and quicker in itself, it saves all damping down except, of course, with heavy cottons, linens and starched fabrics.



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You don't need a heavy iron when clothes are correctly damped. This marvellous Hoover steam-and-dry iron weighs only 3½ lbs. dry, less than 4 lbs. with the tank full.



EASY TO FILL

Simply pour cold water through the opening in front of the handle. (No need to empty the tank for dry ironing—just flick the control down, that's all.)



HELLEBORUS NIGER, or Christmas rose, is a freshly rooted perennial with flowers which vary in color from creamy white or pale lime-green to a dark, reddish purple. Its common name, Christmas rose, was given because it flowers in England at Christmas-time. In Australia it flowers in July, August, and September.

April is the time to:

... plant Christmas roses ...
build a compost heap ... set a
bed of shallots ... deal with
pests that attack cabbages and
cauliflowers.

AUTUMN is a fine time in the garden. The weather is pleasant and cool enough to encourage every gardener into action. The most vigorous summer weeds have done their worst, and it is possible to get ahead.

• April is the time to look to your Christmas roses, botanically called *Helleborus*.

This is a specially useful plant, as it flowers in late winter when flowers are scarce, and will grow under trees, if the shade is not too dense.

The Christmas rose is an ideal cut flower for winter decoration. Flowers will keep for a week in a vase or up to ten days in a float bowl.

The name "helleborus" is an ancient one given to various plants supposed to cure madness. The Christmas rose, which belongs to the species, has a flower resembling a single rose.

The leaves of the Christmas rose are dark green, shiny, and leathery, and are produced on stalks about one to two feet tall. They are attractive all through the year. If you have a shady garden bed, think about filling it with a mass of these attractive and rather unusual beauties.

Christmas roses should be planted or divided early in autumn for best results.

They like a well-prepared, humus-rich soil. At planting time the roots must be well spread. Take care not to bury the plants too deeply, or they may rot or fail to flower.

There are several strains which vary slightly in flower form and color. The blooms are green, greenish white, white, pink, and mauve, according to the variety.

Christmas roses should be given weekly applications of weak liquid manure from early autumn and throughout

the flowering season. Apart from this and plenty of water in summer they don't need much attention, as they are extremely hardy.

Once established, *Helleborus* should not be moved for some years, but if they must be divided April is the best time.

They are easily divided, but to obtain variations in color they must be grown from seed. If the seed pods are not removed, seedlings usually spring up all around the old plants.

• **Build a compost heap.**

Autumn is leaf time and gardens are transformed into a flaming glory. But this is followed later by unsightly

lightly forked in so that it is more or less evenly distributed.

Quality of the compost is improved by adding fowl or animal manure and a sprinkling of superphosphate.

This is not essential, but the result is so much better that it is worth while.

The heap should be kept damp but not sloppy, and should be turned once a month, to hasten decomposition.

When the heap has reached capacity, as governed by its sides, it should be covered with an inch or so of soil and allowed to rest.

Decomposition takes about two months in summer and four to five in winter.

• **Plant a bed of shallots.**

This vegetable is a member of the onion family, but is preferred by many people for its milder flavor.

Shallots like a light, well-drained, rich, loamy soil, with plenty of humus but without fresh manure.

Prior to planting, complete fertiliser should be used at the rate of 2oz. to 3oz. per square yard.

Drainage is important, as the bulbs are apt to rot in soggy soil.

For planting, the bulbs are broken up into their component parts, which are called cloves.

These are set out one inch deep, four inches apart, in drills one foot apart. They should be covered with soil and the drill firmed down.

Small French is the best variety.

During the growth of the crop, weeds must be controlled.

Shallots can be harvested and eaten fresh as soon as they have reached sufficient size or they can be allowed to mature, and when the tops die off they are dug up and stored in a cool, dry place until required.

• **Watch out for grubs of white butterfly and cabbage moth on young cabbages, cauliflowers, broccoli, kohlrabi, or turnips.**

As soon as the adult butterflies appear, dust the plants at seven to 10-day intervals with two per cent. DDT dust as a preventive.

GARDENING

leaf litter on the lawns, paths, and beds.

To get rid of old leaves, organise the family, provide them with rakes, and instead of the wasteful practice of burning the leaves, put them on a compost heap.

This pays handsome dividends, for by spring or early summer you will have a wonderful supply of rich humus to spread over garden beds.

To be completely satisfactory, compost heaps need to be confined with fairly finely meshed sheep or pig wire, wood, or cement blocks.

Many things besides leaves can go into the heap — lawn clippings, vegetable tops, weeds prior to seeding, and residues from disease-free crops all do their bit in making enough compost to "do" a garden.

When a layer several inches thick has been built up, it should be moistened, then dusted with ground dolomite, using roughly 5lb. per 100lb. of vegetable matter.

The dolomite should be

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ROUGH COMPANY

By Donald Hamilton

Columbia Pictures snapped up this novel for one of their top films for 1955. Set in the American West, it is the story of a war between big and little ranchmen, with an ex-cavalry captain of the Civil War as hero.

Price, 12/-
From all Booksellers

Continuing . . .

No Hero at Home

from page 69

Val was going to throw a suitcase at him. But when she spoke she had firm control of herself. "Ralph and I are going, then. If you come to your senses overnight, we'll be glad to see you tomorrow."

Phil looked at Ralph. "You sure you want to go fishing?" It was evident that Ralph's honesty hurt even himself; he looked at his father with pain in his eyes. "I'd rather do it than watch baseball, Dad. Won't you come with us?"

"Have a nice week-end," Phil said.

He knew he was being stubborn, maybe even downright foolish. He had taken up playing ball again only to impress Ralph — and Ralph had shown that he couldn't have cared less. But he wasn't going to throw away the past weeks just when the climax of them was due.

He would make the State team, go out there and play as he had never played before, and Ralph would have to recognise that his father had just as much claim to fame as any of the strangers whose names were so freely and frequently thrown about the house.

On Saturday Phil caught the bus out to the local oval. It was a fine sunny day, not cold at all, just right for baseball. And for fishing. Though he tried hard to concentrate on the ball game, several times while waiting his turn to bat he found himself thinking of the disappointment on Ralph's face when he had said he wasn't going with them.

It didn't help his game thinking of the two of them at Pittwater now, and he played without inspiration. He made no errors, but he played automatically, a tradesman using the skill that came naturally to him after so long in the game.

He knew he might just as well have gone fishing for all the impression he made on the selectors that afternoon. All he would have in his favor when the selectors met that night would be his past reputation. He could only hope that it would impress them more than it had his son.

Val and Ralph came back Sunday night.

"Get any fish?" Phil said.

Ralph shook his head. "Didn't try. I went out in the boat with Mr. Nevin, but I dunno, I wasn't keen on it somehow."

Phil looked at Val, but she turned her back and went out to the kitchen. Ralph slumped down in a chair and began to take off his shoes and socks. "I wish I'd come to Pittwater," Phil said.

Ralph was busy with a lace that seemed to be knotted. "I saw this morning's papers, dad. Bad luck."

"They just thought Kingsgrove was better, that's all." He had thought of trying to laugh it off, but he hadn't a laugh left in him.

"Well, you're in the reserves, anyway." Then Ralph snapped the shoe lace and looked up, his voice hoarse and his face flushed under the sunburn. "But gee, dad, don't they know who you are? Has Kingsgrove ever played in an All-Star game?"

Phil blinked. "Are you on my side?"

"Well, crikey, why not? You're my dad, aren't you?"

"And you mean you think I'm not crazy for wanting to make that State side?"

"Why not? Gee, I'd give anything to play for the State at cricket!"

And then Phil knew they were still poles apart. He got up, put his hand on Ralph's

head. "The ball carnival finishes Saturday," he said. "Sunday we'll go fishing."

Then Val came into the room, saw them together, and walked up behind Phil and kissed him on the back of the neck. "I'll come every day to the ball game," she said. "Since you're the reserve, you can sit on the sidelines and keep me company."

"And I'll come each afternoon after school," Ralph said. "Maybe Kingsgrove won't play well, and then the selectors will call you in."

But Kingsgrove played better than he had ever played before. He was a cocky youngster, and he played with the air of a man who wished the crowd was bigger. He was better than anyone else on the field, and he knew it. And Phil knew it too.

Each of the six States had entered a team, and by the last day New South Wales and Victoria had established themselves as the finalists. Ralph came to Phil that morning as the latter was packing his bag.

"I shan't be coming today, dad. It's a big day at the coaching class — they want to look us over for next summer. Arthur Morris, Keith Miller and a lot of the other Test players are going to be there." He looked up at Phil. "I'd come, dad, if you were playing. But it doesn't look as if you will be, does it?"

Phil straightened up, went to say something, then changed his mind. "Maybe one of these days I'll come and watch you play cricket." He grinned.

"When you're a Test man."

Ralph grinned back at him. "That'll be the day. You'll be as proud as billy-ho when you see the kids rushing me for my autograph." He sighed as he walked away. "It must be some fun being a hero, eh, dad?"

"I've forgotten," said Phil, but he said it to himself.

Kingsgrove that afternoon was flashier and cockier than ever. Phil sat against the fence just below Val and watched him and knew what a crowd-pleaser the boy would have been in the States.

When he had first started he had been a little like that himself, but after a season or two he had had it all knocked out of him—not by the crowd but by the players. Seasoned ball players had little time for the grandstanders, and Phil had learned his lesson.

And then in the bottom half of the sixth, one of the Victorians, either accidentally or because he had grown tired of Kingsgrove's playing to the gallery, came into home plate with his spikes higher than his head. Kingsgrove saw the danger, but he was too late. The spikes went into his arm and he whirled away, his mouth open in a yell of pain.

Phil was on his feet, peeling off his blanket. "That's the end of him for the game! Quick, scram over and get Ralph!"

Val looked at him. "But the man's hurt, Phil! Is that all you care?"

Phil leant on the fence, holding her hand. "Look, honey. The man had it coming to him. If he'd been concentrating on the game instead of the crowd, he'd have seen those spikes coming. A good catcher doesn't let himself get spiked that easy."

"Are you good?" Then when he looked sharply at her she said, "I just don't want to see you spiked."

"I'll be all right," he said, then turned as he saw the manager beckoning him. "Get Ralph over here, will you?"

He found himself sweating

To page 84

THERE'S A

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YOUR NAME

YOUR ADDRESS

Continuing

No Hero at Home

(from page 82)

as he took his place behind the plate, almost like a novice lining up for his first game. He fumbled the first pitch, but the Victorians made no attempt to steal on the fumble. They had men on first and second and a score of 2-0 on the board, and they could afford to wait and see what this new man was like before they started taking chances again.

They knew he had been an All-Star player, a dyed-in-the-dust-of-a-thousand-home-plates old pro, and that fumble could have been just a trick up his sleeve. Only Phil knew that it wasn't.

He went up to bat in the home team's next inning, but fled out to left field. As he went out to the plate at the bottom half of the seventh, he looked across toward where Val had been sitting. She hadn't had to go far for Ralph, and they were there now, sitting beside a man with fair hair.

Ralph waved, then turned and pointed to the fair man, who grinned and waved, too. Phil nodded, then pulled down his mask and settled down to catch. It puzzled him who the fair man was.

Larrabee, the pitcher, had plenty of speed but little else. He was a big muscular kid, quiet and eager to learn, and in the next two innings he learned how a good catcher can make an average pitcher look something out of the ordinary.

Phil called every pitch, and Larrabee had enough humility to respond. When they came in at the end of the eighth he walked close to Phil.

"Not a man on base that time. I wish you'd been in here all along, Phil. That scoreboard would have looked different."

In the eighth New South Wales got three men home. When they went out for the bottom half of the ninth the score was still 3-2, and the Victorians were determined to haul the game out of the fire.

Larrabee struck out the first man up and had two strikes on the second when he abruptly lost control. The ball floated in and the next moment it was on its way to centre field for a safe two-bagger. Larrabee was disgusted.

Phil called for time out and walked out to the mound. "Easy, kid. We all make slips now and again."

"I was trying a fancy one," Larrabee looked ready to kick himself. "If I'd just pitched it in there, no fancy stuff—"

Phil patted him on the shoulder. "Let's have three pitches, three strikes, eh?"

It was four pitches, three strikes, but it was good enough. Two down and the man still on second. The next Victorian up was a youngster who was already famous as a Test cricketer.

He was a natural athlete, quiet but capable-looking, and right now Phil found himself wishing that the dark-haired youngster was somewhere else playing cricket instead of standing here, facing up to Larrabee with the undermannered determination of a man who wanted a homer and thought he had the power to hit it.

The ball came in, right over the plate and a little low. The batter swung, beautifully smooth in the movement, and then the ball was going the other way out towards right field but a little wide of him. Right field took two swift steps, then dived.

He got the ball, rolling over and coming up on his feet in as nice a piece of fielding as one could wish to see. But the

Victorian on base was already coming around third, and right field had to hurry his throw. Phil saw it was going to be a bad throw and he moved out to take it. He saw the Victorian coming in, and he turned half towards him. It was going to be close.

The ball came in over his right shoulder but wide, and he went with it, his glove outstretched, taking the ball and diving toward the sliding Victorian at the same moment. They met inches short of the plate, Phil hurtling over the Victorian like a man shot out of a speeding car.

He hit the ground with a thud that knocked the wind from him, and he lay there unable to rise, stunned and breathless, knowing that if he hadn't tagged that first runner then the game was over and lost, for he couldn't rise to get the other man who had already reached third and was on his way home.

Then Larrabee was hauling him to his feet, rummelling him on the back. "You flaming beauty! Oh, you bobby-dazzler!"

He stood up painfully, saw the umpire turning away and the New South Welshmen running in with wide smiles on their faces, and he knew he had never done a better job of tagging in all his life.

Hearing the roar of the crowd in his ears, he began to walk towards the gate to the dressing-room.

"Hey Dad!"

RALPH was already over the fence and running towards him. The fair-haired man was helping Val over the fence, then they, too, were hurrying to him.

"Gee, Dad, you were great!" Ralph grabbed his father's arm. "That last bit of fielding — golly. I bet Keith Miller couldn't have bettered that!" Phil put his arm about Ralph's shoulders. "You reckon I'm as good as some cricketers?"

Then Val and the fair-haired man came up. Val kissed him, holding him tight for a moment, her eyes shining. Phil held her to him and looked over her shoulder at the fair-haired man. The latter grinned and put out his hand.

"That was the nicest piece of fielding I've seen anywhere," he said. "If ever I have any children and then ask me about great moments in sport, I'll tell them about that one."

"Thanks," said Phil modestly. "Are you a reporter?"

Ralph let out a howl of shocked indignation. "Gee Dad, this is Arthur Morris!"

Arthur Morris grinned. "If your son grows up to play cricket as well as his father plays baseball, Mr. Corderov, he'll play in a Test some day."

Phil looked down at Ralph. The boy was staring up at his father, his eyes wide with pride, one hand still clutching his father's arm and the other holding his cricket bat. He would never grow up to play the sport his father loved, but he had just discovered that his father could be as much of a hero as any stranger.

Phil recognised the look in his son's eyes and he was satisfied. In the coming summer he might even try to understand cricket. He would need to understand it if Ralph, his son, the boy who might have played for the Yankees, went out to play for Australia in a Test.

He looked up and grinned at Arthur Morris. "Would you care to come home for dinner?"

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 6, 1955

Fashion PATTERNS

BARGAIN PATTERN

F3595.—Small boy's smock suit. Sizes: Length 17in., 18in., 19in., for 2, 3, and 4 years. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/-.

F3590.—Tailored pinafore dress; features an oval neckline and gathered skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

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F3592.—Simple smart lines for a versatile one-piece dress. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3593.—Elegant coat designed with a fitted waistline and double-breasted fastening. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 54in. material. Price, 4/6.

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F3594.—Fitted bodice and swing skirt are combined in a long-sleeved winter dress. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

• Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from the date of publication.



No. 871.—SMALL GIRL'S PINAFORE
The pinafore is obtainable cut out ready to make in a fine corduroy velvet. The color choice includes bright red, apple-green, American beauty, dark brown, and royal-blue. Sizes: Length 18in. for 2 years, 15/8—postage and registration, 1/9 extra; 20in. for 3 to 4 years, 17/8—postage and registration, 1/11 extra; 23in. for 5 to 6 years, 21/6—postage and registration, 2/- extra; 27in. for 7 to 8 years, 24/9—postage and registration, 2/3 extra.

No. 872.—CUSHION-COVER
The cover is cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with an early Victorian girl motif. The material and color choice includes: Irish linen in white and cream; sheer linen in pastel blue, lemon, pastel pink, and pastel green; and headcloth in white, cream, blue, lemon, pink, and green. Size: 18in. x 18in. Price, linen 10/6; headcloth 5/6. Postage and registration, 1/3 extra.

No. 873.—LUNCHEON SET
The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with a wild-rose design. The material and color choice includes: Irish linen in cream and white, and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: Centre mat 11in. x 17in., plate mats 11in. x 11in., cup-and-saucer mats 6in. x 6in. Nine-piece set, including 1 centre, 4 plate, and 4 cup-and-saucer mats, 18/9—postage and registration, 2/3 extra. Thirteen-piece set, including 1 centre, 8 plate, and 4 cup-and-saucer mats, 22/8—postage and registration, 2/3 extra. Serviettes to match, 1/6 each—postage 4d. extra.

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The pyjamas are cut out ready to make in good quality flannelette, the color choice includes white, pastel blue, and pastel pink. Sizes: Length 29in. for 2 years, 11/8—postage and registration, 1/6 extra; 33in. for 3 to 4 years, 13/3—postage and registration, 1/9 extra; 37in. for 5 to 6 years, 15/3—postage and registration, 1/9 extra; 41in. for 7 to 8 years, 18/6—postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

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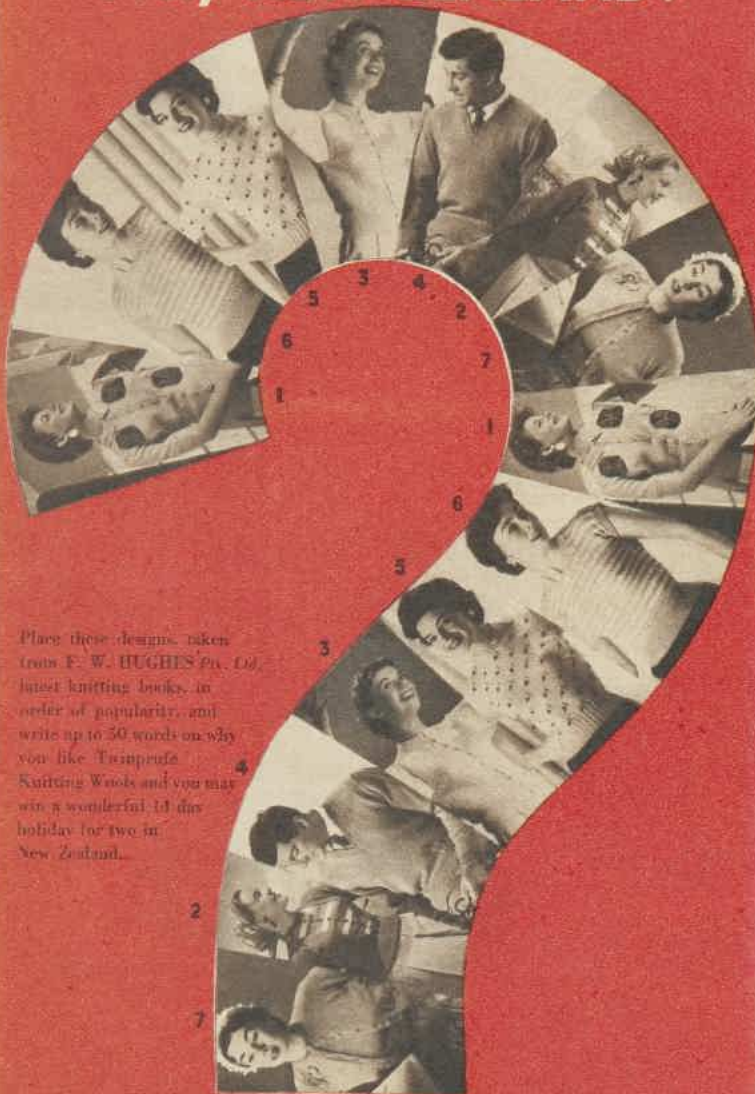
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by Linda Terry

I WAS JUST THINKING OF JOEY, ERNEST, NICKY, DENNIS, BUSTER AND THAT BOY WE SAW IN THE MILK BAR THIS MORNING.... THEY SORTA RENEW MY FAITH IN MAN.



- I MEAN, I MAY EVEN GIVE UP MY MOVIE CAREER AND MARRY ONE.



AFTER ALL, WHAT'S A MOVIE CAREER COMPARED WITH THE NATURAL FULFILLMENT OF WOMANHOOD, I.E. BEING A WIFE AND MOTHER?



WHY LIVE ALONE, WHEN I CAN HAVE A HANDSOME HUSBAND TO JUST WORSHIP ME, AND BUY ME MINKS AND DIAMONDS AND SWIMMING POOLS, AND—



-- WAIT FOR ME OUTSIDE THE STUDIO EVERY NIGHT IN A CAR A BLOCK LONG --

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Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 78/8; 36in. and 38in. bust, 79/9—postage and registration, 2/9 extra.

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Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 56/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 58/8—postage and registration, 3/9 extra.

• Fashion Frocks are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 43. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.



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